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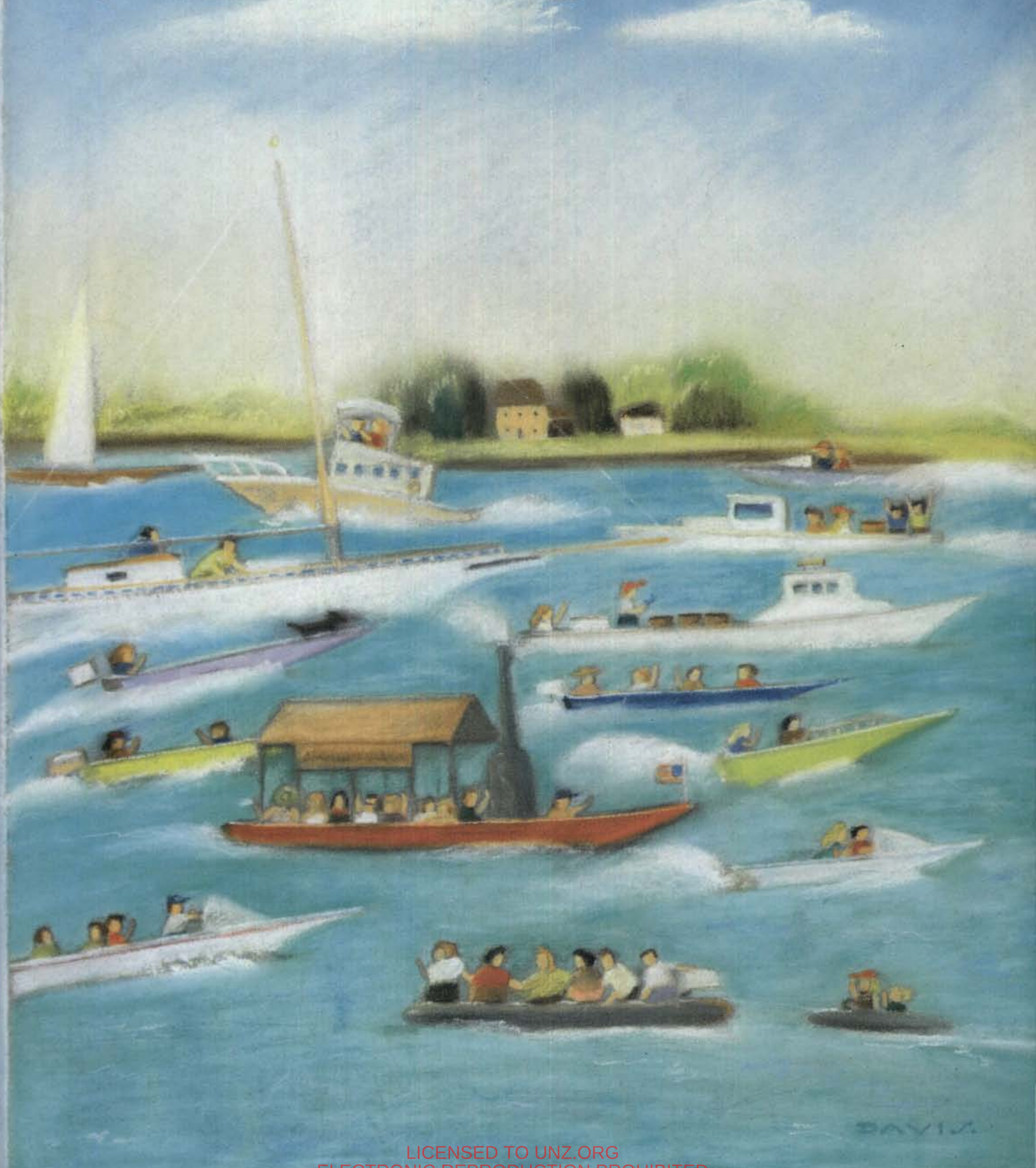

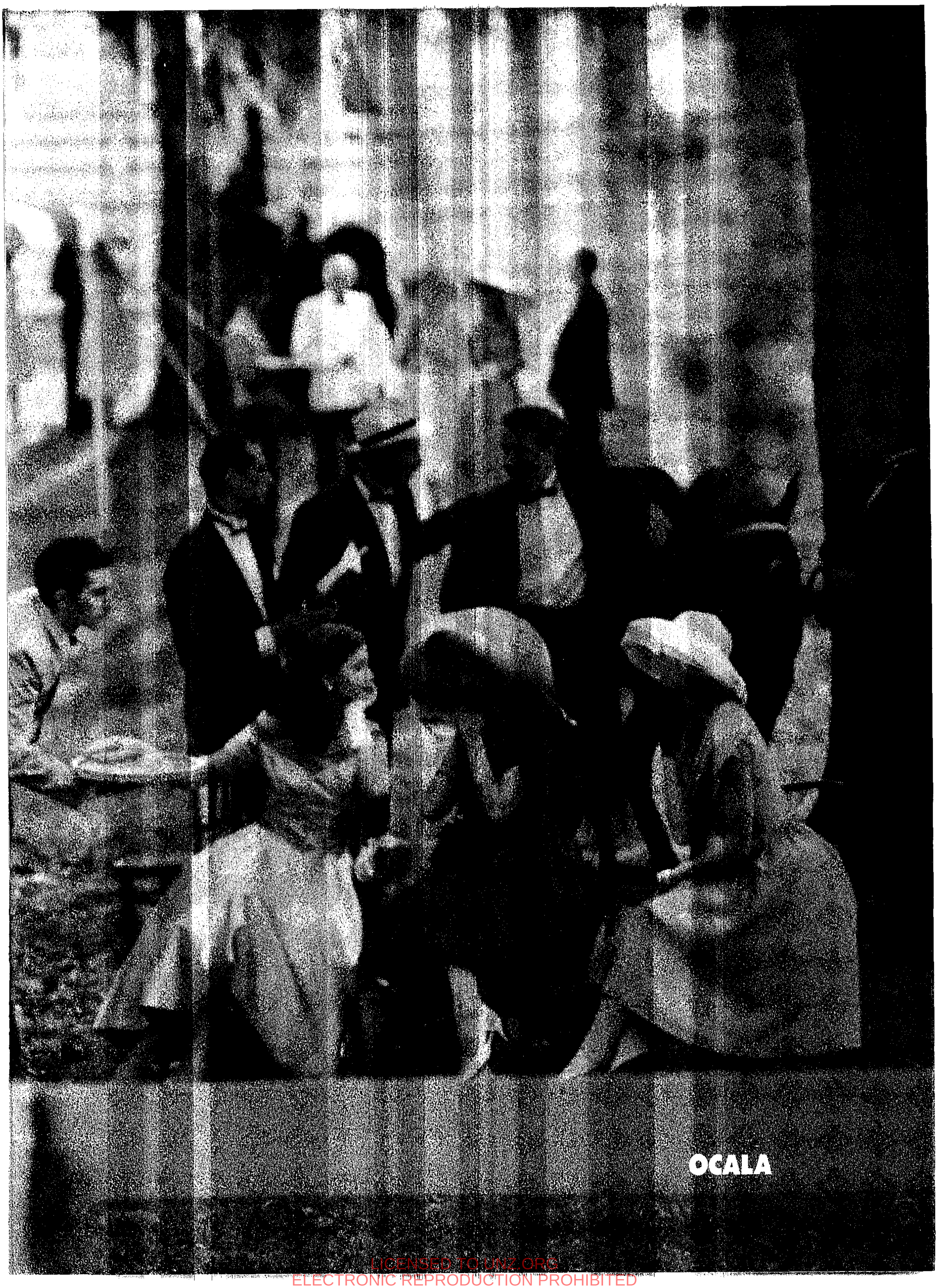
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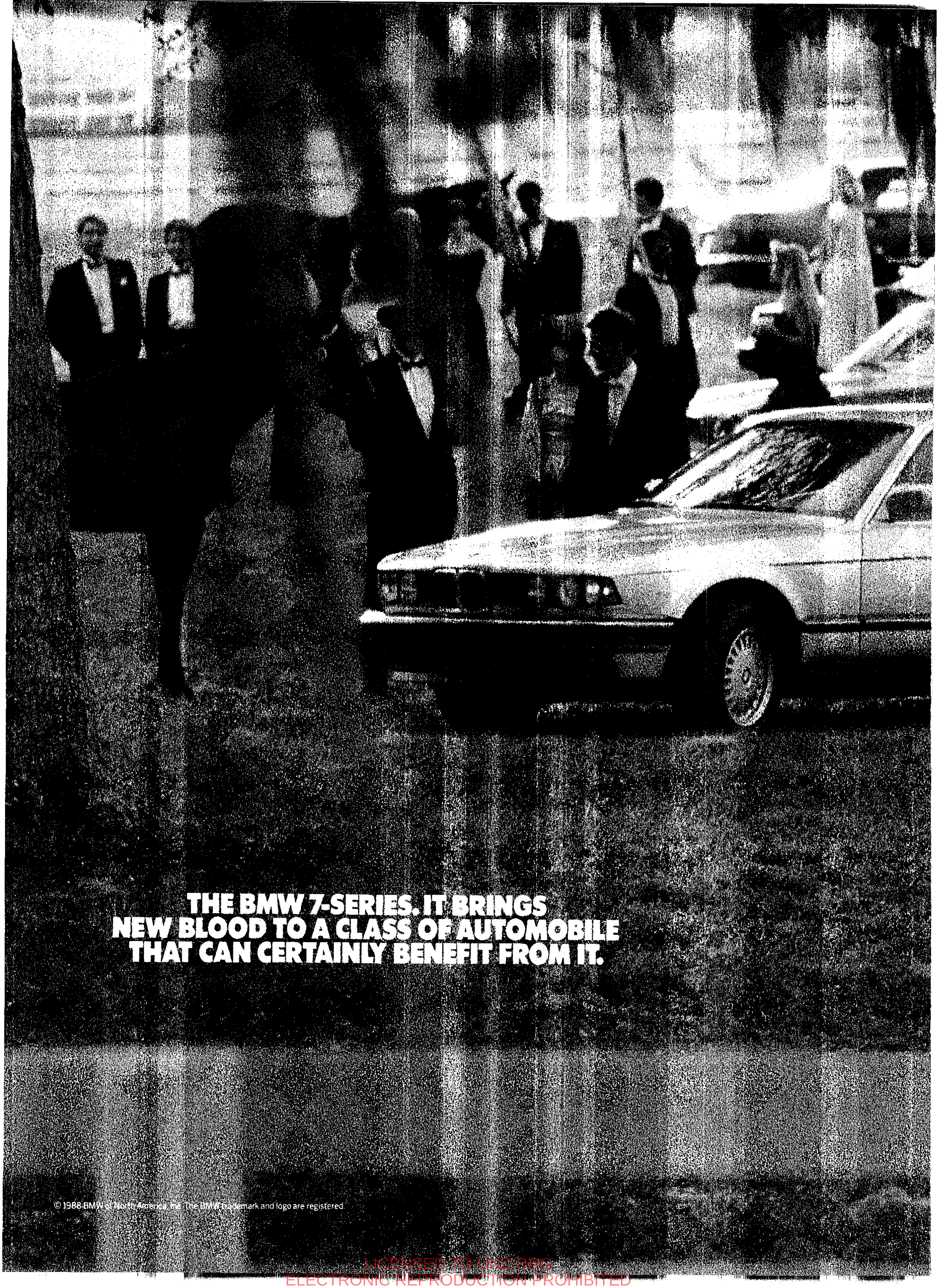
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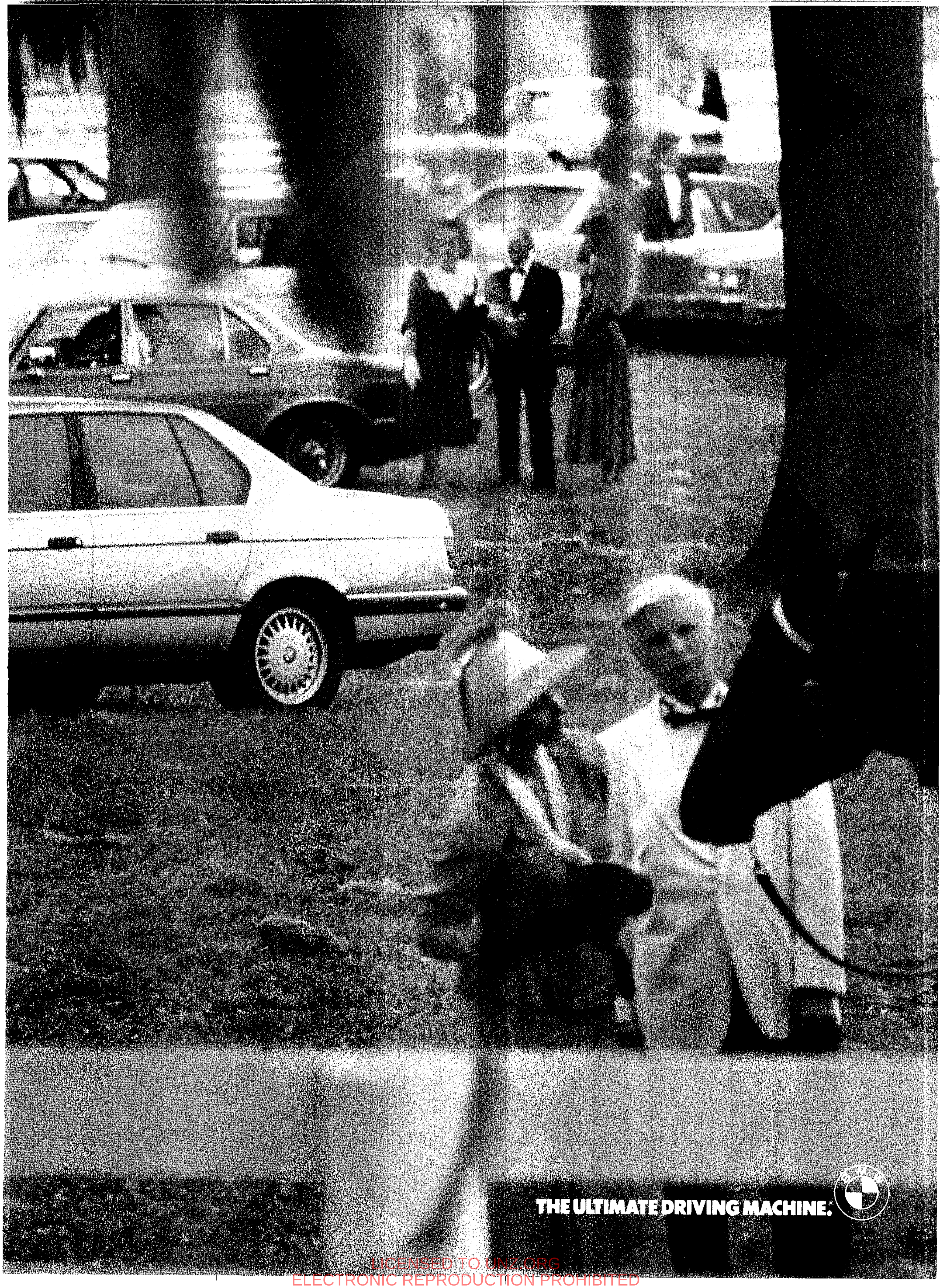
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MORGAN STANLEY

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

THE THEATRE

PLAYS AND MUSICALS

Checkmates—A comedy by Ron Milner. With Ruby Dee, Marsha Jackson, Denzel Washington, and Paul Winfield; directed by Woodie King, Jr. Previews Tuesday and Wednesday, Aug. 2-3. Opens officially on Thursday, Aug. 4. (46th Street Theatre, 226 W. 46th St. 246-0102. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8; opening-night curtain at 6:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

The Film Society—Set in South Africa in 1970, this beautiful and engrossing new play by Jon Robin Baitz uses the image of a conservative boys' school as a microcosm to explore the psychological workings of repression. It plays like the witty academic comedies of Simon Gray but reverberates like the best work of Athol Fugard. The exquisite direction is by John Tillinger, and the first-rate cast includes Nathan Lane, Daniel Gerroll, and Laila Robins. (Reviewed in this issue.) (Second Stage, Broadway at 76th St. 873-6103. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Saturdays at 2.)

Godspell—A revival of the 1971 musical by Stephen Schwartz and John-Michael Tebelak. (Lambs, 130 W. 44th St. 239-6200. Fridays and Saturdays at 8. Matinées Saturdays at 2 and Sundays at 3.)

M. Butterfly—David Henry Hwang's funny, mysterious, and often beautiful play is based on an actual case: in 1964, a French diplomat took as his mistress a star of the Beijing Opera, and some twenty years later—when they were both charged with being spies—discovered that "she" was a he. John Lithgow, in the leading role, gives an exceptional performance, and so does B. D. Wong as his lover. Lori Tan Chinn, George N. Martin, and Rose Gregorio give them sound support. (Reviewed in our issue of 4/4/88.) (Eugene O'Neill, 230 W. 49th St. 246-0220. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Miracolo d'Amore—This theatre piece, conceived and directed by the extraordinary Martha Clarke, was inspired by, among other things, the Punchinello drawings of Tiepolo, the eighteenth-century Venetian artist. The score was composed by Richard Peaslee, the setting and costumes were designed by Robert Israel, and the lighting was by Paul Gallo. The show is a treat for the eye and ear and, occasionally, the funny bone for the mere sixty minutes it runs. (7/11/88) (Public, 425 Lafayette St. 598-7150. Tuesdays and Thursdays at 8, and Wednesdays, Fridays, and Saturdays at 7:30 and 9:30. Closes Saturday, Aug. 13.)

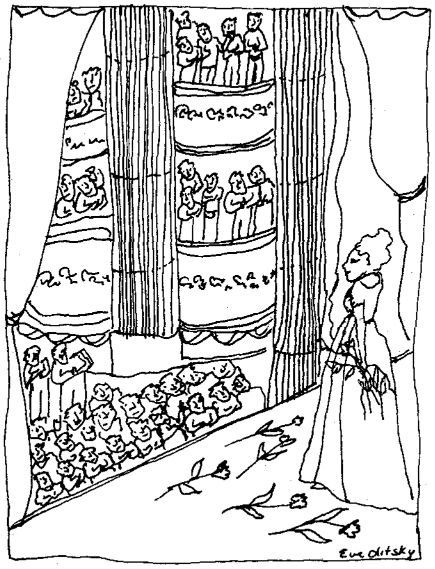
The Mistress of the Inn—Carlo Goldoni's 1753 play, with Tovah Feldshuh. Previews Tuesday evening, Aug. 2, and Wednesday matinée, Aug. 3. Opens officially on Wednesday evening, Aug. 3. (Roundabout, 100 E. 17th St. 420-1883. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2.)

The Night of the Iguana—Except for the performances of Jane Alexander and Maria Tucci, this revival of Tennessee Williams' play is disappointing. (7/11/88) (Circle in the Square, 50th St. west of Broadway. 239-6200. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

The Phantom of the Opera—The much ballyhooed Andrew Lloyd Webber musical is fun—if you're not bothered by theatre that cares not a whit for words and contains not one ghost of an idea. Except for the sets (by Maria Björnson), everything about the show is negligible, including the overhyped performance of Michael Crawford in the title role. (2/8/88) (Majestic, 245 W. 44th St. 239-6200. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Road—Betsy Aidem, Kevin Bacon, and Joan Cusack in a play by Jim Cartwright. (La Mama Annex, 66 E. 4th St. 475-7710. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Saturdays at 2 and Sundays at 3.)

The Road to Mecca—An absorbing, if somewhat elusive, play by the South African dramatist Athol Fugard, about an aging woman sculptor who is mystical and independent, and who resists the attempts of a local minister to persuade her to go into an old-people's home. With Yvonne Bryceland, Mr. Fugard himself, and Kathy Bates, as a young disciple of the sculptor. Mr. Fugard directed. (4/25/88) (Promenade, Broadway at 76th St. 580-1313. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)



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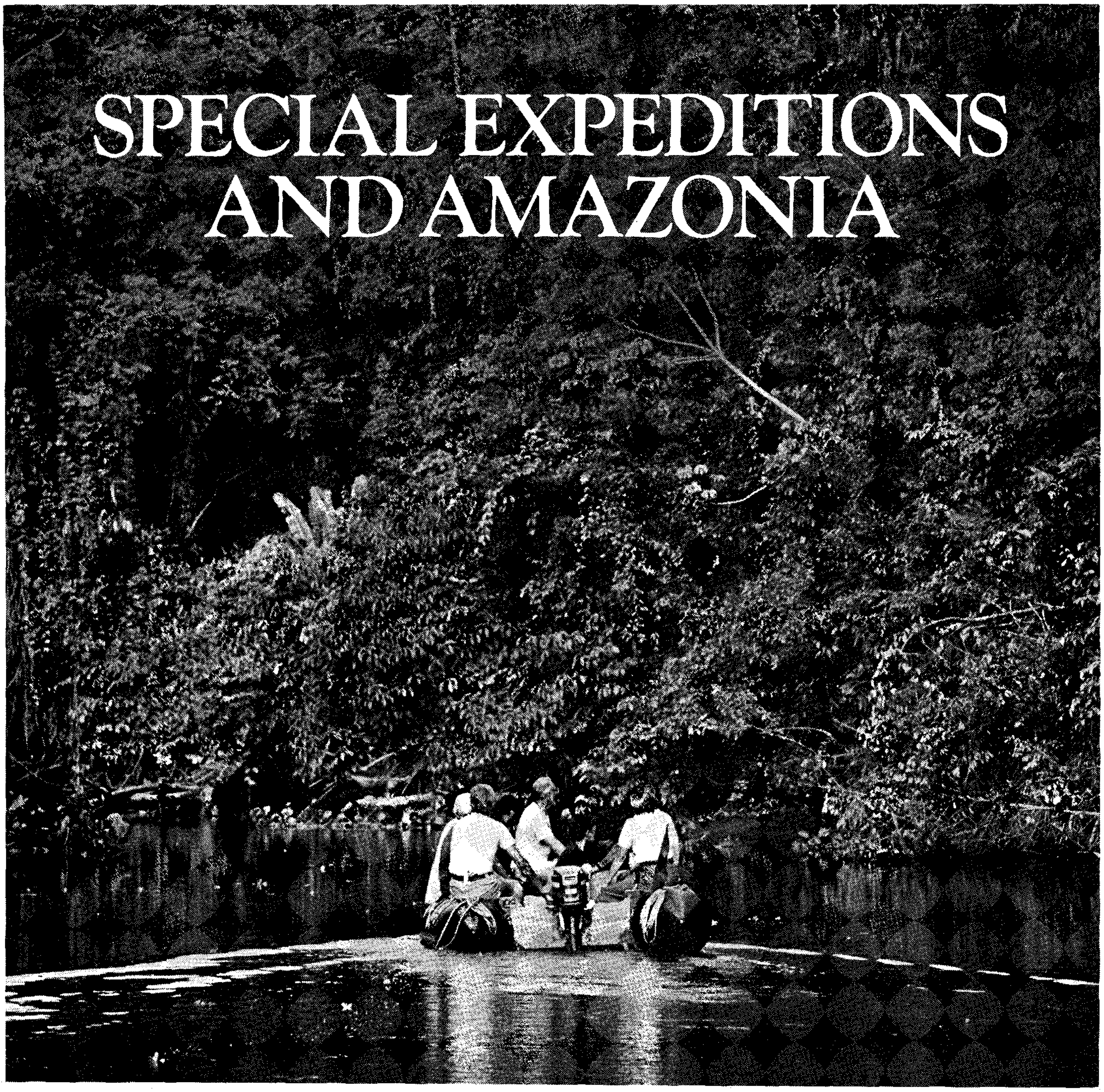
Romance/Romance—A pair of charming one-act musicals that have travelled successfully from Off to Broadway. Scott Bakula and Alison Fraser are as romantic as required in the leading roles. Barry Harman wrote the clever books and lyrics, and Keith Herrmann wrote the engaging scores. Mr. Harman directed. (5/16/88) (Helen Hayes, 240 W. 44th St. 944-9450. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Speed-the-Plow—David Mamet's satire on Hollywood is just as scathing, just as acute as his "Glengarry Glen Ross," and even funnier, if that can be imagined. Under the direction of Gregory Mosher, Joe Mantegna and Ron Silver give stunning performances as a pair of sleazy producers, and Madonna does well, too, as a wide-eyed secretary. (5/16/88) (Royale, 242 W. 45th St. 239-6277. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Tamara—A participatory theatrical encounter, in which the audience must literally follow the characters as they move from room to room in what is supposed to be Gabriele D'Annunzio's villa. (7th Regiment Armory, Park Ave. at 66th St. 239-2590. Mondays through Wednesdays, and Fridays, at 8; Saturdays at 5 and 9; and Sundays at 7. The matinée schedule varies; please call ahead.)

Long Runs—**anything goes:** This exuberant revival is primarily a celebration of Cole Porter himself. The company, which includes Bill McCutcheon, Howard McGillin, Patti LuPone, and Kathleen Mahony-Bennett, does more than justice to the words and score. (Vivian Beaumont, Lincoln Center. 239-6200. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **broadway bound:** A rueful comedy in which Neil Simon studies the middle-class depths from which he sprang and has kept springing. Joan Rivers plays Eugene Jerome's mother. (Broadhurst, 235 W. 44th St. 239-6200. Nightly, except Sundays and Monday, Aug. 1, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **burn this:** A play by Lanford Wilson, with Eric Roberts as a foulmouthed restaurant manager who woos and wins his dead brother's dancing partner. (Plymouth, 236 W. 45th St. 239-6200. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) . . . **cats:** Some twenty poems about cats by T. S. Eliot, set to music by Andrew Lloyd Webber. A mighty spectacle about mighty little, owing its effectiveness to Trevor Nunn's direction and to the sets and costumes by John Napier. (Winter Garden, Broadway at 50th St. 239-6200. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) . . . **a chorus line:** A group of young dancers audition for a handful of chorus jobs in a show not yet in rehearsal, and by the time the evening is over we know everything about all of them. (Shubert, 225 W. 44th St. 239-6200. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) . . . **driving miss daisy:** Frances Sternhagen and Earle Hyman star in Alfred Uhry's play, which tells of the growing attachment of a cranky old woman in Atlanta to her black chauffeur. Directed by Ron Lagomarsino. (John Houseman, 450 W. 42nd St. 564-8038. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **the fantasticks:** The longest long run recently turned twenty-eight. (Sullivan Street Playhouse, 181 Sullivan St., at Bleecker St. 674-3838. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.) . . . **42nd street:** A musical based on the old Warner Brothers movie, and by no means an improvement on it. Directed and choreographed by the late Gower Champion. (St. James, 246 W. 44th St. 398-0280. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8:15. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:15, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **frankie and johnny in the clair de lune:** Carol Kane and Bruce Weitz in Terrence McNally's enchanting comedy about sex and the sudden onset of love in an apartment on Tenth Avenue. (Westside Arts, 407 W. 43rd St. 541-8394. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Wednesdays at 2:30 and Sundays at 3.) . . . **into the woods:** This musical by Stephen Sondheim and James Lapine is an attempt to show what lurks beneath the surface of conventional fairy tales. The songs are beautiful or funny—sometimes both. With Dick Cavett as the Narrator. Directed by Mr. Lapine. (Martin Beck, 302 W. 45th St. 246-6363. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **me and my girl:** An infelicitously rehabilitated British musical out of the thirties, with Jim Dale. (Marquis, Broadway at 45th St. 246-0102. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **les misérables:** Tim Shew and Norman Large star in the musical adaptation of the Victor Hugo novel, but the real standouts of the production are the settings, by John Napier, and the lighting, by David Hersey. (Broadway Theatre, Broadway at 53rd St. 239-6200. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Saturdays at 2.) . . . **nunsense:** A musical comedy by Dan Goggin. (Douglas Fairbanks, 432 W. 42nd St. 239-4321. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **oil city symphony:** Mike Craver, Mark Hardwick, Debra Monk, and Mary Murfitt, gifted and sophisticated singers and instrumentalists, appear as a quartet of dedicated hicks reuniting at their small-town high school in this very funny musical. (Circle in the Square Downtown, 159 Bleecker St. 254-6330. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.) . . . **sarafina!:** This South African musical, an explosion of talent, was conceived, written, and directed by Mbongeni Ngema, who also, with Hugh Masekela, composed and arranged the score. The acting, dancing, and singing, to a local form of popular music called Mbaqanga, are a wonder. (Cort, 138 W. 48th St. 239-6200. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **a shayna maidel:** A



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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

THE THEATRE—Cont'd

well-wrought and deeply moving play by Barbara Lebow about a Polish-Jewish family torn apart by the events of the Hitler era. The production is beautifully directed by Mary B. Robinson. Bring lots of Kleenex to this one, but expect to leave uplifted. (Westside Arts, 407 W. 43rd St. 541-8394. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **STARLIGHT EXPRESS:** A bore on roller skates. (Gershwin, 51st St. west of Broadway. 586-6510. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **STEEL MAGNOLIAS:** This first play by Robert Harling is set in a beauty shop in a small town in Louisiana and consists mainly of the often amusing, wisecracking chatter of the proprietress, her assistant, and four steady customers. (Lucille Lortel, 121 Christopher St. 924-8782. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 6 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

MISCELLANY

FESTIVAL LATINO IN NEW YORK—Opening performances of a three-week theatrical *celebración*, featuring plays from Latin America, Spain, and the United States, which will run through Saturday, Aug. 27. Unless otherwise noted, all performances are in Spanish. The schedule: "De la Calle," by Jesús González Dávila. A production of Mexico's Compañía Nacional de Teatro. Wednesday through Friday, Aug. 3-5, at 8; Saturday and Sunday, Aug. 6-7, at 3 and 8; and Monday and Tuesday, Aug. 8-9, at 8. (Simultaneous-translation sets available Aug. 3-4 and Aug. 8-9.) . . . ¶ "The Island," a 1972 play by Athol Fugard, John Kani, and Winston Ntshona; translated into Spanish and directed by Filander Funes. Wednesday through Friday, Aug. 3-5, at 8; Saturday and Sunday, Aug. 6-7, at 3 and 8; and Monday through Wednesday, Aug. 8-10, at 8. (Simultaneous-translation sets available Aug. 3-4 and Aug. 9-10.) . . . ¶ "Made in Lanús," by Nelly Fernández Tiscornia. Sunday through Wednesday, Aug. 7-10, at 8. (Simultaneous-translation sets available Aug. 7-8.) (Public, 425 Lafayette St. 598-7150.) . . . **NOTE:** There will also be programs of Latin-American and Spanish films at the Public, Aug. 5-21.

"SERIOUS FUN!"—Final performances of this second annual summer series. Tuesday, Aug. 2, at 8: A program of the spoken word, with Allen Ginsberg (accompanied by Philip Glass on piano), Paul Krassner, Karen Finley, and Frank Maya. . . . ¶ Wednesday and Thursday, Aug. 3-4, at 8: Nine dancer-choreographers in their own works—Keith Young, Sarah Skaggs, Charles Moulton, Mark Dendy, Elizabeth Streb, David Parsons and Daniel Ezralow, Ohad Naharin, and Molissa Fenley. (Alice Tully Hall. 362-1911.)

WITHOUT YOU I'M NOTHING—Sandra Bernhard in a one-woman show. (Orpheum, 126 Second Ave., at 8th St. 477-2477. Wednesdays and Thursdays at 8; Fridays and Saturdays at 8 and 10:30; and Sundays at 5:30 and 9.)

JACKIE MASON'S "THE WORLD ACCORDING TO ME!"—The comedian's one-man show. (Brooks Atkinson, 256 W. 47th St. 719-4099. Wednesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Sundays at 3.)

LIGHT OPERA OF MANHATTAN—Presenting Gilbert and Sullivan's **PIRATES OF PENZANCE.** (Playhouse 91, at 316 E. 91st St. 831-2000. Wednesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays and Sundays at 3:30. Closes Sunday, Aug. 21.)

TEN PERCENT REVUE—A musical revue by Tom Wilson Weinberg about gay life. (Actors Playhouse, 100 Seventh Ave. S. 691-6226. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 4.)

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NIGHT LIFE

(A highly arbitrary listing, in which bold-face type is used to pick out a few of the more notable performers in town. . . . ¶ Musicians and night-club proprietors live complicated lives that are subject to last-minute change; it is therefore always advisable to call ahead.)

BIRDLAND, 2745 Broadway, at 105th St. (749-2228)—The long-gone midtown pleasure dome (1949-65) after which this airy, two-tier operation is named had a midget m.c. named Pee Wee Marquette, caged finches, and Bird himself; the new room has waiters and waitresses in bowling shirts, an avian logo (two long-billed, long-legged fowl taking it easy), and jazz people of various old and new schools. Saxophonist **LOREN SCHOENBERG** leads a quartet on Thursday, Aug. 4; **MEL LEWIS,** who is drumming for the Schoenberg band, brings in his own foursome Friday and Saturday, Aug. 5-6; **TINY GRIMES,** the four-string guitarist who played with Charlie Parker and Art Tatum in the forties, will be here with a trio on Wednesday, Aug. 10. Music from nine Sundays through Thursdays, and from nine-thirty Fridays and Saturdays. Dining.

BLUE NOTE, 131 W. 3rd St., near Sixth Ave. (475-8592)—A really blue but not really New York jazz club; the idea for the brass plaques that are engraved with the names of visiting jazz stars and embedded in the blue tables appears to have been borrowed from Hollywood. The strain of jazz known as fusion—bombast is a key component—is the main fare here for the next couple of weeks. George Howard and his followers will be at it Tuesday through Sunday, Aug. 2-7; keyboardist Bob James brings in his band on Tuesday, Aug. 9. Two of Lennie Tristano's disciples—pianist **CONNIE CROTHERS** and tenor saxophonist **LENNY POPKIN**—lead a quartet on Monday, Aug. 1; **MAD ROMANCE,** a harmony quartet from Washington, D.C., performs on Monday, Aug. 8. First set at nine. Dining.

BOTTOM LINE, 15 W. 4th St., at Mercer St. (228-6300)—On the east side of the building, behind a dusty display window, there's a New York *Post* review of a Santana concert that took place here circa 1978; curatorial neglect seems to have made it a permanent exhibit. Inside, on Thursday, Aug. 4, it's **VERN GOSDIN,** a late-blooming country singer (he made his first solo LP in 1977, when he was forty-two; his "Set 'Em Up Joe," an homage of sorts to Ernest Tubb, is a hit single this summer) who pulls at your heartstrings in familiar ways. **DONOVAN,** that model of mellowness for sixties youth, performs on Friday, Aug. 5. Shows Sundays through Thursdays at eight and eleven, and Fridays and Saturdays at eight-thirty and eleven-thirty.

BRADLEY'S, 70 University Pl., at 11th St. (228-6440)—A great up-close view from a barstool (unless there are a lot of standees, which is usually the case) of first-rate pianists and bassists. **FRED HERSCH** and **MICHAEL FORMANEK** collaborate through Saturday, Aug. 6; starting Monday, Aug. 8, **RICHIE BEIRACH** will be assisted by bassist **RON MC CLURE** and drummer **ADAM NUSSBAUM.** Music from nine-forty-five. Dining.

CARLOS I, 432 Sixth Ave., at 10th St. (982-3260)—Long communal tables swathed in pink and a bandstand panelled in oak. Hard-bop saxophonist **JIMMY HEATH** leads a quartet Tuesday through Sunday, Aug. 2-7; **JIMMY HAMILTON,** who played pure-toned clarinet in the Ellington orchestra for twenty-five years and is rarely heard at this latitude (he lives in the Virgin Islands), brings in a sextet on Tuesday, Aug. 9. Mondays belong to baritone-sax man **HAMIET BLUIETT** and his big band. Music from nine.

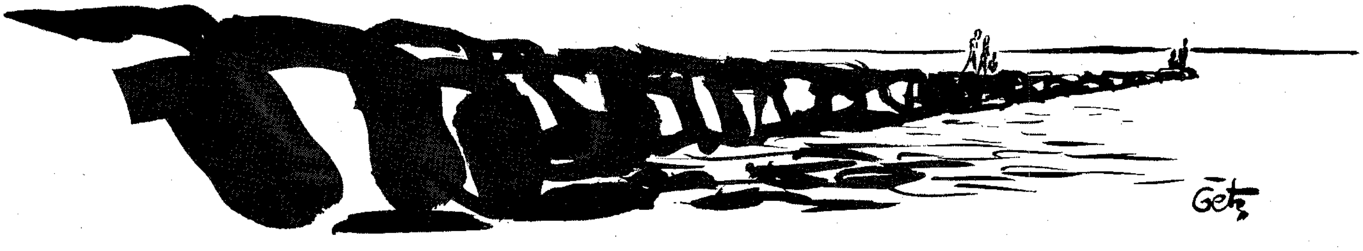
FAT TUESDAY'S, 190 Third Ave., at 17th St. (533-7902)—There's not a lot of elbow- or headroom in this downstairs jazz club, but the musicians sometimes make you forget all about it. **JERRY BERGONZI,** a tenor saxophonist formerly employed by Dave Brubeck, directs a band Tuesday through Sunday, Aug. 2-7. On Mondays, guitarist-inventor **LES PAUL,** the Thomas Edison of reverb, leads a trio. Music from eight. Dining.

FORTUNE GARDEN PAVILION, 209 E. 49th St. (753-0101)—A satisfying combination of Chinese food and homegrown music. Rubberneckers may see the moon wheeling by the greenhouse roof on its nightly tour of romantic Manhattan. Pianist **CAROL BRITTO** works with bassist **MAJOR HOLLEY** Tuesday through Saturday, Aug. 2-6; **DAVE MC KENNA,** a hard-swinging "barroom pianist" (his term) from Woonsocket, R.I., does a one-night stand on Sunday, Aug. 7; **BARRY HARRIS,** whose piano flies under the flag of Charlie Parker and Bud Powell, brings in a trio on Tuesday, Aug. 9. Music from nine-thirty Tuesdays through Saturdays, and from seven on Sundays.

GREENE STREET, 101 Greene St. (925-2415)—Only slightly smaller than an airplane hangar but considerably fancier. The piano, situated in a grove of palms in the south-central region of the dining room, is visible from the bar on clear nights. **MICKEY TUCKER,** a pianist who moves in hard-bop circles, will be on hand Tuesday through Saturday, Aug. 2-6; **MIKE LONGO,** a former Dizzy Gillespie sideman, goes to work on Tuesday, Aug. 9. Sets begin at seven Tuesdays through Thursdays, at seven-thirty on Fridays and Saturdays, and at six-thirty on Sundays. Closed Mondays.

J'S, 2581 Broadway, at 97th St. (666-3600)—An Upper West Side spa, one flight up from the hurly-burly. Jazz people are on the premises nightly except Sundays, when a jukebox stocked with sixties rock and soul lights up. The schedule: Tuesday, Aug. 2, singer-pianist **RICHARD RODNEY BENNETT;** Wednesday, Aug. 3, pianist **LYNN BERNSTEIN'S** trio; Thursday, Aug. 4, singer-guitarist **JOHN PIZZARELLI'S** trio; Friday, Aug. 5, clarinettist **KEN PEPLOWSKI'S** band; and Saturday, Aug. 6, pianist **JOEL FORRESTER'S** trio. Music from eight Mondays through Thursdays, and from nine Fridays and Saturdays. Dining.

JAN WALLMAN'S, 49 W. 44th St. (764-8930)—A cozy room for singers and their followers, cheek by jowl with the Iroquois Hotel. **BARBARA LEA,** a pippin of a singer, will be here on Saturday, Aug. 6; **ARTHUR SIEGEL,** a veteran music-theatre man whose sets might include something from "Yokel Boy" (a 1939 Broadway show remembered chiefly for Phil Silvers), or a medley of songs about spinach, or an obscure Jerome Kern song, performs on Monday, Aug 8; **DICK SUDHALTER,** a cornettist and a former jazz critic for the *Post*, teams up with **MARTY GROSZ** (guitar and vocals) and



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NIGHT LIFE—Cont'd

MURRAY WALL (bass) on Tuesday, Aug. 9. Shows at nine and eleven. Dining. Closed Sundays.

KNICKERBOCKER, 33 University Pl., at 9th St. (228-8490)—A busy corner bar and restaurant with a piano at the center of things. **LEE ANN LEDGERWOOD** works out on it, with bassist **STEVE LA SPINA** at her side, Tuesday through Saturday, Aug. 2-6. Pianist **HARRY CONNICK, JR.**, the latest good news from New Orleans, flies all by himself on Sundays and Mondays. Music from nine-thirty.

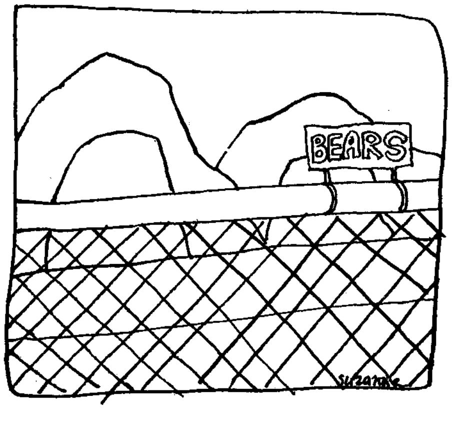
KNITTING FACTORY, 47 E. Houston St., near Mulberry St. (219-3055)—A second-floor retreat that features avant-garde jazz, advanced and unadvanced rock, medicinal teas, medicinal beer, and space to think your thoughts in. Saxophonist **JOSEPH JARMAN**, a member of the free-spirited Art Ensemble of Chicago, leads a group on Wednesday, Aug. 3; pianist **MUHAL RICHARD ABRAMS**, the founder of the Association for the Advancement of Creative Musicians (the Chicago black-music collective out of which Jarman and the Art Ensemble came), will be here with a quartet on Thursday, Aug. 4; the lower-brow **BEN VAUGHN COMBO**, a rock-and-humor band from New Jersey, has the floor on Saturday, Aug. 6; and the **LOUNGE LIZARDS**, the fractured-jazz bunch dear to the hearts of downtown hipsters, commence a five-night visit on Wednesday, Aug. 10. Music after nine.

LONE STAR CAFÉ, 61 Fifth Ave., at 13th St. (242-1664)—This hangout for homesick Texans, French tourists, and local yokels brags that it's "the biggest and best honky-tonk north of Abilene." Big it ain't, but it does feature some genuine honky-tonk music, a souvenir stand, and TV monitors (which permit you to watch the action onstage in case your view of it is obscured by a cowboy or a structural element). **NAPPY BROWN**, a fifty-eight-year-old R. & B. singer from North Carolina who had a couple of hits in the fifties ("Don't Be Angry," "It Don't Hurt No More"), and who sounds like a hellfire preacher, performs on Wednesday, Aug. 3, with the **BROADCASTERS**, who are led by guitarist **RONNIE EARL**; the Broadcasters appear again on Thursday, Aug. 4, with Grady Gaines, and on Saturday, Aug. 6, with New Orleans R. & B. singer **EARL KING**; bang-up blues guitarist **ALBERT KING** plays Tuesday and Wednesday, Aug. 9-10. Music after nine. Hot vittles.

MICHAEL'S PUB, 211 E. 55th St. (758-2272)—A mid-Manhattan pub for well-heeled gents and their high-heeled foxes. A combo modelled after Django Reinhardt's Quintette du Hot Club de France—**FRANK VIGNOLA**, a fleet young Long Island guitarist, is the Reinhardt of the group—will be on the premises Tuesdays through Saturdays; they'll be joined by a ham named **PHOEBE LÉGÈRE**, whose talents (she plays several instruments, sings, and does campy variations on the red-hot-mama routine) have made her popular in chic downtown spas as well as in swell rooms such as this one. Shows at nine and eleven. **JOAN RIVERS**, who is doing a stint at the Broadhurst as the mother of the Neil Simon character in "Broadway Bound," talks to you Thursdays through Saturdays after Phoebe and the other young people have retired for the night. Dining. Closed Sundays.

MIKELL'S, 760 Columbus Ave., at 97th St. (864-8832)—A spiffy uptown bar and restaurant, with signed photographs of some swinging non-musicians on the walls (Reggie Jackson smiling shyly, Dave Winfield tuning up in the cage) and some heavy hitters on the bandstand. **ART FARMER**, a flugelhornist with a gentle, decorous sound, will be here Friday and Saturday, Aug. 5-6, with a quintet that features tenor saxophonist **CLIFFORD JORDAN**. Music from about ten until two.

RED BLAZER TOO, 349 W. 46th St. (262-3112)—A big, busy, theatre-district establishment devoted to traditional jazz (big- and little-band Swing, several varieties of Dixieland). Music from six on Sundays, from eight-thirty Mondays through Thursdays, and from nine Fridays and Saturdays.



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RITZ, 119 E. 11th St. (254-2800)—Fifty years ago, people practiced the jitterbug and the foxtrot in this ballroom; today's patrons listen mainly to rock, which issues from speakers the size of mobile homes, and sometimes engage in a combination of exercise and intimacy known as slam dancing. **FATS DOMINO**, the New Orleans grandee who likes to ramble around his piano with a pound or two of rings on his fingers, is here with a thirteen-piece band Monday through Sunday, Aug. 1-7. An hour or so of Fats will set you back a minimum of thirty dollars (if you want to take him in sitting down). Shows at nine and eleven-thirty.

SOUNDS OF BRAZIL, 204 Varick St., at W. Houston St. (243-4940)—A big, cheerful room, painted a light tropical blue, where you can pick 'em up and set 'em down to sounds from Brazil, Africa, the Caribbean, and elsewhere. Ample seating for the contemplative. The **MEDITATIONS**, a reggae harmony group, and **INI KAMOZE**, a reggae chanter, share the stage Wednesday and Thursday, Aug. 3-4; the **AMBITIOUS LOVERS**, a downtown Manhattan outfit (original Lounge Lizard **ARTO LINDSAY** and electronics specialist **PETER SCHERER** are the principals) that can go from a jangly New York funk tune to a wispy Brazilian one without cracking a smile, hold forth on Tuesday, Aug. 9. Music from nine Tuesdays through Thursdays and from ten on Fridays and Saturdays. Dining. Closed Sundays and Mondays.

SPEAKEASY, 107 Macdougal St. (598-9670)—A central Village lounge for folkies and others who practice low-decibel (but not necessarily low-voltage) music. **PIERRE BENSUSAN**, a virtuoso French guitarist whose material runs from bourrées and hornpipes to Middle Eastern folk tunes, has the floor on Friday, Aug. 5. Shows nightly from about eight-thirty. Dining.

SWEET BASIL, 88 Seventh Ave. S., at Bleecker St. (242-1785)—**PHIL WOODS**, a hard-blowing, Charlie Parker-inspired altoist, will be in this Village temple of jazz (pressed-tin ceiling, grainy b. & w. photos of your favorite demigods, knee-to-knee seating) with his quintet Tuesday through Sunday, Aug. 2-7; a quintet run by bassist **RICHARD DAVIS**—**ROLAND HANNA** (piano) and **FREDDIE WAITS** (drums) make up the rest of the powerful rhythm section; **CECIL BRIDGEWATER** (trumpet) and **RICKY FORD** (tenor saxophone) are the front line—comes in on Tuesday, Aug. 9. Shows from ten. Dining.

TRAMPS, 125 E. 15th St. (777-5077)—"Irish" is what the canopy above the entrance to this bar says, but rock and roll is what the boys and girls in the back room mainly do. **PINETOP PERKINS**, a seventy-five-year-old blues and boogie-woogie pianist who worked for Muddy Waters for a dozen years, brings a band here on Friday and Saturday, Aug. 5-6. Shows after nine-thirty.

VILLAGE GATE, 160 Bleecker St. (475-5120)—In the gym-size downstairs room, Latin-jazz bands play for their excitable fans on Mondays after nine-thirty. **TANIA MARIA**, the Brazilian piano thumper and whizzing scat singer, leads a band here Friday through Sunday, Aug. 5-7, and for six more nights starting Tuesday, Aug. 9. Sets at nine and eleven. . . . ¶ One flight up, in the airy space known as the Terrace Bar, the reliable piano-bass team of **JUNIOR MANCE** and **MARTY RIVERA** performs nightly except Mondays. On Tuesdays, they trade sets with **HELLMAN'S ANGELS**, a string trio whose head angel, **DAPHNE HELLMAN**, plays the harp. Music from ten.

VILLAGE VANGUARD, 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (255-4037)—People from all over the world descend the stairs to this ancient jazz club; many of them later emerge from it in an excited condition. **BIRELI LAGRENE**, the formidable Gypsy guitarist from Alsace-Lorraine whose "early work" (he made his first record in 1980, when he was thirteen) reflected Django Reinhardt and whose most recent recording suggests a turn toward fusionist pyrotechnics, leads a quartet Tuesday through Sunday, Aug. 2-7; **DAVID (FATHEAD) NEWMAN**, a Texas tenor man who played shouting, churchy R. & B. with Ray Charles in the fifties and sixties, brings in a hard-bop quintet on Tuesday, Aug. 9. **BOB MINTZER'S** big band occupies the Monday-night slot until Aug. 8, when **MEL LEWIS'S** troops return. Music from ten.

WEST END, 2911 Broadway, at 113th St. (666-8750)—The big room in this student rest stop (Columbia U. is across the street) has a non-institutional cafeteria, a bar that can seat a marching band, and a jukebox. The smaller room has tables, booths, a couple of hanging plants, and live jazz. **OLIVER LAKE**, one of the alto voices of the World Saxophone Quartet, leads his funk band, **JUMP UP**, Wednesday through Sunday, Aug. 3-7; the **WIDESPREAD JAZZ ORCHESTRA**, a youthful nine-piece outfit that plays the music of the Old Masters (Ellington, Carter, Basie, Lunceford), comes in for five nights starting Wednesday, Aug. 10. On Mondays, comedians stand up and fall down. Shows from about nine.

ZINNO, 126 W. 13th St. (924-5182)—If you like pictures of cows, there's a good one here, by the British painter Malcolm Morley, of some Holsteins adrift in a Turneresque landscape. There's also jazz, which flows peaceably from a passageway between the front-room bar and the back-room restaurant. Pianist **KIRK LIGHTSEY** and bassist **CECIL MC BEE** work together through Saturday, Aug. 6; **JOHN HICKS**, who once served as Betty Carter's accompanist and whose improvisations sometimes turn into billowing, Tyner-like washes of sound, takes over on Monday, Aug. 8. Music from eight. Closed Sundays.

JAZZ / ROCK / PERSONAL APPEARANCES / PERFORMANCE ART, ETC.

ROBERT PALMER—Radio City Music Hall, Sixth Ave. at 50th St. 757-3100. Tuesday, Aug. 2, at 8.

THE JETS—With Stacey Q. (Roseland, 239 W. 52nd St. Friday, Aug. 5, at 9. For information about tickets, call 757-3100.)

BRYAN FERRY—Radio City Music Hall. Tuesday through Thursday, Aug. 9-11, at 8.

CLASSICAL JAZZ—Friday, Aug. 5: Tommy Flanagan, George Mraz, Kenny Washington, and Dameronia. . . . ¶ Saturday, Aug. 6: Anita O'Day, Jon Hendricks, Earl Coleman, Frank Morgan, and Joe Lee Wilson. . . . ¶ Monday, Aug. 8: Harry (Sweets) Edison, J. J. Johnson, Wynton Marsalis, Doc Cheatham, George Coleman, Clifford Jordan, Hank Jones, Buster Williams, and Ben Riley. . . . ¶ Tuesday, Aug. 9: Max Roach and Abbey Lincoln Moseka. . . . ¶ Wednesday, Aug. 10: The Duke Ellington All-Star Big Band. (Alice Tully Hall. 362-1911. Evenings at 8.)

ART

(Unless otherwise noted, galleries are open Mondays through Fridays from around 10 or 11 to between 5 and 6.)

GALLERIES

JOSÉ CAMPECHE (1751-1809)—A Puerto Rican who recorded the high society of San Juan in his portraits. Forty-seven of his paintings are currently on view at the Metropolitan Museum. Through Sept. 25. (Museo del Barrio, 1230 Fifth Ave., at 104th St. Wednesdays through Sundays, 11 to 5.)

Joseph Cornell (1903-72)—Collages from the sixties. Through Sept. 16. (Pace, 32 E. 57th St.)

Julio González (1876-1942)—Paintings and drawings. Through Aug. 19. (Kent, 41 E. 57th St.)

Nancy Graves / John Walker—Small-scale sculptures in sterling silver. / Monoprints. Through Sept. 2. (Knoedler, 19 E. 70th St.)

Oliver Johnson—New paintings and drawings. Through Aug. 26. (Felicie, 141 E. 56th St.)

Charles Moore—Drawings the architect made for such projects as the Beverly Hills Civic Center and a condominium complex in Sea Ranch, California. Through Aug. 12. (Protetch, 560 Broadway. Closed Mondays.)

Ree Morton (1936-77)—More than twenty of the sculptor's sketchbooks—containing drawings, quotations, and reminders ("Read some Montana history," "Ask to meet Louise Bourgeois")—are shown in cases, along with selected photocopied pages. Through Aug. 27. (Franklin Furnace, 112 Franklin St. Opens at noon Tuesdays through Saturdays.)

Dennis Oppenheim—A model and drawings for a sculpture the artist recently installed in Seoul's Olympic Park. Through Aug. 12. (Plumb, 81 Greene St.)

Group Shows—At the **DAVIDSON,** 415 West Broadway: Still-lifes on canvas and on paper by Carol Anthony, Deborah Deichler, Janis Goodman, Ruth Miller, and George Stave. Through Sept. 2. . . . **FRUMKIN-ADAMS,** 50 W. 57th St.: Sculptures by Mel Chin and Carol Kumata, and paintings by Jeanette Cole and David Krueger. Through Aug. 12. . . . **GIBSON,** 568 Broadway: Paintings in various mediums, including pieces by Merrill Wagner and Suzan Etkin. Through Aug. 26. (Closed Mondays.) . . . **HERSTAND,** 24 W. 57th St.: Sculptures and drawings by Auguste Rodin, Isamu Noguchi, and Jenny Lee, among others. Through Sept. 16. . . . **PEARL,** 420 West Broadway: Works by three painters from Chicago—Didier Nolet, Dan Gustin, and Rodney Carswell—and by a sculptor from Philadelphia, Stephen Robin. Through Aug. 12. (Closed Mondays.) . . . **SHARPE,** 152 Wooster St.: Sculptures by Terry Rosenberg and Steve Wood, and paintings by Stephen Williams. Through Friday, Aug. 5. . . . **SPANIERMAN,** 50 E. 78th St.: "American Flower Painting: 1858-1936," including works by Edmund Tarbell, Charles Demuth, and Albert Bierstadt. Through Aug. 12. (Closes at 3 on Fridays.) . . . **TILTON,** 24 W. 57th St.: Paintings and drawings by Hispanic artists, including Patricia González and Robert Gil de Montes. Through Aug. 15.

¶ Exhibitions of works by gallery artists can also be seen at **DAVIS & LANGDALE,** 231 E. 60th St. . . . **FISCHBACH,** 24 W. 57th St. . . . **GALERIE ST. ETIENNE,** 24 W. 57th St. (Closed Mondays.) . . . **HEIDENBERG,** 50 W. 57th St. . . . **HOLLY SOLOMON,** 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St. . . . **MARCUS,** 578 Broadway. (Closed Mondays.) . . . **MUNROE,** 415 West Broadway. (Closed Mondays.) . . . **NOSEI,** 100 Prince St. . . . **PRETTO,** 103 Sullivan St. (Opens at 1 Tuesdays through Saturdays.) . . . **SOHO 20,** at 469 Broome St.

PHOTOGRAPHY

Joan Fontcuberta—Photographs by an artist whose work is collaged and frottaged. Through Sept. 10. (Zabriskie, 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St.)

Robert Mapplethorpe—The Whitney Museum has mounted a show of his photographs. See below, under "Museums," for dates and times.

Garry Winogrand (1928-84)—Black-and-white photographs dating from the fifties, sixties, and seventies. Through Aug. 31. (Pace-MacGill, 11 E. 57th St. Open Saturdays. A retrospective of the artist's work can currently be seen at the Museum of Modern Art.)

International Center of Photography, 1130 Fifth Ave., at 94th St.—"Collaboration in Recent American Photography," including works by Laurie Simmons and Allan McCollum, Clegg & Guttmann, and Suzanne Hellmuth and Jock Reynolds. . . . ¶ Photographs of North Korea by the Japanese photographer Hiroji Kubota. Both shows through Sept. 11. (Tuesdays, noon to 8, with no admission charge after 5; Wednesdays through Fridays, noon to 5; Saturdays and Sundays, 11 to 6.)

Group Show—Photographs of planes, trains, and boats by Laura Gilpin, Robert Doisneau, André Kertész, and many others. Through Aug. 19. (Witkin, 415 West Broadway. Closed Mondays.)

MUSEUMS AND LIBRARIES

Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St.—The earliest work in the David Hockney retrospective is a self-portrait done when the artist was seventeen. Mr. Hockney has also recorded the Acoustiguide tape for the show, on which he explains his ideas and techniques. Through Aug. 14. . . . ¶ A hundred and fifty pieces of American silver, dating from the seventeenth century to the present. The exhibition includes works by Paul Revere and Tiffany & Co. Starts Thursday, Aug. 4. . . . ¶ Religious paintings and portraits by the eighteenth-century Puerto Rican artist José Campeche. Through Sept. 25. Works by the artist are also at the Museo del Barrio. (The Metropolitan is open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays through Sundays, 9:30 to 5:15, and Tuesday evenings until 8:45.)

Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53rd St.—"Deconstructivist Architecture," drawings, models, and site plans by Coop Himmelblau, Peter Eisenman, Frank Gehry, Zaha M. Hadid, Rem Koolhaas, Daniel Libeskind, and Bernard Tschumi. The chief organizer of the exhibit was Philip Johnson, who describes these architects as having eschewed harmony, unity, and clarity for the sake of disharmony, fracturing, and mystery. Through Aug. 30. . . . ¶ The Garry Winogrand retrospective. Through Aug. 16. Pace-MacGill has a complementary show. . . . ¶ Ninety of Matisse's black-and-white prints, including etchings, lithographs, and monotypes. Starts Saturday, Aug. 6. (Open daily, except Wednesdays, 11 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 9.) . . . **NOTE:** The museum's sculpture garden, at 14 W. 54th St., is open, free, on Fridays and Saturdays from 6 to 10; on these nights musicians from the Juilliard School perform works by John Cage and others at 7:30.

Guggenheim Museum, Fifth Ave. at 89th St.—A retrospective of works by Georges Braque. Through Sept. 11. . . . ¶ A loan show of sixty modern paintings from the National Gallery in Prague, consisting entirely of works that are in America for the first time. The artists include Cézanne, Chagall, Klimt, Gauguin, and Matisse, and their Czech counterparts. Through Sept. 18. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 11 to 7:45, with no admission charge after 5; Wednesdays through Sundays, 11 to 4:45.)

Whitney Museum of American Art, Madison Ave. at 75th St.—Frank Gehry's architecture is surveyed in more than two hundred and fifty drawings, photographs, and models. The projects represented include the Fishdance Restaurant in Kobe, Japan, and the Laser Laboratory Building at the University of Iowa in Iowa City. Also on display are several walk-through constructions. Through Oct. 2. . . . **PHOTOGRAPHY:** Fifteen years' worth of Robert Mapplethorpe's prints are represented in a show of nudes, portraits, and still-lifes. Through Oct. 23. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 1 to 8, with no admission charge after 6; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 11 to 5; Sundays, noon to 6.)

Brooklyn Museum, Eastern Parkway—"The Uses of Photography in Contemporary Art," a small exhibit from the permanent collection, with works by Julie Wachtel, Ellen Carey, and David Hockney. Through Oct. 10. (Open daily, except Tuesdays, 10 to 5.)

American Museum of Natural History, Central Park W. at 79th St.—Fossils from China—including several dicynodonts that are about two hundred and fifty million years old—along with some of their North American counterparts taken from the museum's collection. . . . ¶ Three Buddhist monks, including Lobsang Samten—an attendant to the Dalai Lama—create a sand mandala before your eyes. The sand men do not create on Mondays. Through Aug. 21. (Open daily. Hours: Mondays, Tuesdays, Thursdays, and Sundays, 10 to 5:45; Wednesdays, 10 to 9; Fridays and Saturdays, 10 to 9, with no admission charge after 5.)

American Craft Museum, 40 W. 53rd St.—A show on the contemporary partnership between artists and architects, focussing on the artists' contributions. There are, for instance, stone seats by Scott Burton that are like those he made for the Equitable Center, and objects in glass by three artists who worked on the redesigned Rainbow Room. Through Sept. 4. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 10 to 8, with no admission charge after 5; Wednesdays through Sundays, 10 to 5.)

Cooper-Hewitt Museum, Fifth Ave. at 91st St.—Two feather suits (complete with feather crowns) that Roger Chapelain-Midy designed for the Paris Opéra's production of "Die Zauberflöte" are among the costumes on display in an exhibit documenting the history of the Paris Opéra House. Also included are costume designs, in watercolors, by Erté, André Derain, and Yves Saint Laurent, original architectural studies by Charles Garnier, and stage jewelry. Through Sept. 25. . . . ¶ The museum's garden is currently dotted with lawn chairs in every conceivable style. These bizarre—but comfortable—pieces are the work of thirty-one San Francisco Bay Area artists, including Martha Schwartz, Veronica di Rosa, and Daniel Friedlander. Through Sept. 18. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 10 to 9, with no admission charge after 5; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, noon to 5.)

Frick Collection, 1 E. 70th St.—Paintings and drawings Henry Clay Frick collected as a young connoisseur in the early eighteen-eighties have been brought from his Pittsburgh residence, Clayton, and hung alongside some of the Old Masters he acquired later. In the former group are works by Jean-Charles Cazin, Pascal Dagnan-Bouveret, and William M. Harnett. Through Sunday, Aug. 7. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 6; Sundays, 1 to 6.)

Grolier Club, 47 E. 60th St.—A retrospective of etchings, woodcuts, and lithographs by the English painter Graham Sutherland (1903-1980). The prints range from pastoral land-

GOLDEN APPLE MARKET
GOLDEN APPLE MARKET
Westman

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

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ART–Cont'd

scapes to expressionistic renderings of birds and insects. Through Sept. 30. (Open Mondays through Fridays, 10 to 5.)

Jewish Museum, Fifth Ave. at 92nd St.—A show in which Jewish themes are explored in video art: installations by Juan Downey, Beryl Korot, and Grahame Weinbren and Roberta Friedman, mounted in separate galleries; and six videos that run on a single, continuous tape for just over two hours, including "Harold's Bar Mitzvah," by Bart Friedman, and "Women in the Camps," by Barbara Rosenthal. Through Sept. 1. (Open daily except Fridays and Saturdays. Hours: Mondays, Wednesdays, and Thursdays, noon to 5; Tuesdays, noon to 8, with no admission charge from 5 to 8; Sundays, 11 to 6.)

Morgan Library, 29 E. 36th St.—A comprehensive exhibit of the works of Beatrix Potter (1866-1943) which includes watercolors of her familiar subjects (Peter Rabbit, Jemima *Puddle-Duck) and her not so familiar* subjects—insects, plants, and fossils. Through Aug. 21. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10:30 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

Studio Museum in Harlem, 144 W. 125th St.—"The Portrayal of the Black Musician in American Art," a show of paintings, sculptures, and lithographs dating from 1830 to 1970. Through Aug. 28. (Open daily except Mondays and Tuesdays. Hours: Wednesdays *through Fridays, 10 to 5;* Saturdays and Sundays, 1 to 6.)

SPORTS

(The ticket-information number for Shea Stadium is 1-718 507-8499, and for Yankee Stadium 293-6000.)

Baseball—**mets** at Shea Stadium: Vs. Pittsburgh, Monday, Aug. 1, at 7:35. . . . ¶ Chicago, Tuesday and Wednesday, Aug. 2-3, at 7:35, and Thursday, Aug. 4, at 1:35. . . . **yankees** at Yankee Stadium: Vs. Minnesota, Friday and Saturday, Aug. 5-6, at 7:30, and Sunday, Aug. 7, at 1:30. . . . ¶ Toronto, Tuesday and Wednesday, Aug. 9-10, at 7:30.

Racing—At **belmont:** Monday, Aug. 1, at 1. . . . **monmouth park,** Oceanport, N.J.: Weekdays at 1:30; through Saturday, Sept. 3. . . . **atlantic city race course,** McKee City, N.J.: Mondays and Wednesdays through Saturdays at 7:15; through Saturday, Sept. 3. . . . **saratoga:** Daily, except Tuesdays, at 1:30, from Wednesday, Aug. 3, through Monday, Aug. 29. The Test, Thursday, Aug. 4; and the Whitney Handicap, Saturday, Aug. 6.

Trotting—At **meadowlands:** Weeknights at 7:30; through Friday, Aug. 19. Post time will be at noon on Saturday, Aug. 6; the Hambletonian will be the featured race. . . . **yonkers raceway:** Nightly at 8, and Tuesdays at 1. . . . **saratoga raceway,** Saratoga Springs: Weeknights at 7:45.

MUSIC

New York City Opera—Tuesday evening, Aug. 2: "Il Barbiere di Siviglia," with Erie Mills, Jane Shaulis, Robert Orth, and Gran Wilson; conducted by Sergiu Comissiona. . . . ¶ Wednesday evening, Aug. 3: "Cavalleria Rusticana," with Leslie Richards-Pellegrini, Stefano Algieri, and Rodger Hugh Wangerin; and "Pagliacci," with Marianna Christos, Jon Frederic West, Pablo Elvira, and Ned Barth. Sergiu Comissiona conducting both. . . . ¶ Thursday evening, Aug. 4: "Rigoletto," with Maureen O'Flynn, Janis Eckhart, Frederick Burchinal, and Richard Leech; Elio Boncompagni. . . . ¶ Friday evening, Aug. 5: "La Traviata," with Leigh Munro, Stephen O'Mara, and Pablo Elvira; Michael Morgan. . . . ¶ Saturday matinée, Aug. 6: "Madame Butterfly," with Elizabeth Holleque, Jane Shaulis, Stefano Algieri, and Kenneth Shaw; Imre Pallo. . . . ¶ Saturday evening, Aug. 6: "Die Zauberflöte," with Elizabeth Hynes, Rachel Rosales, Gran Wilson, and Stephen Dickson; Sergiu Comissiona. . . . ¶ Tuesday evening, Aug. 9: "Cavalleria Rusticana," with Pamela Kucenic, Stefano Algieri, and Rodger Hugh Wangerin; and "Pagliacci," with Marianna Christos, Jon Frederic West, Pablo Elvira, and Ned Barth. Sergiu Comissiona conducting both. . . . ¶ Wednesday *evening, Aug. 10: "Madame Butterfly,"* with Elizabeth Holleque, Jane Shaulis, Stefano Algieri, and Kenneth Shaw; Imre Pallo. (New York State Theatre. 870-5570. Evenings at 8. Matinées Saturdays at 2 and Sundays at 1. Through Sunday, Nov. 20.)

Mostly Mozart Festival—Monday, Aug. 1, at 8: The Emerson String Quartet, with Heinz Holliger, oboe, and Lilian Kallir, piano. . . . ¶ Tuesday and Wednesday, Aug. 2-3, at 8: Gerard Schwarz conducting the Festival Orchestra, *with Jean-Pierre Rampal, flute,* and Stephen Hough, piano. . . . ¶ Thursday, Aug. 4, at 8: Chamber music, with Shlomo Mintz, violin; Pinchas Zukerman, viola; Ralph Kirshbaum, cello; and Yefim Bronfman, piano. . . . ¶ Friday and Saturday, Aug. 5-6, at 8: Leopold Hager conducting the Festival Orchestra, with Alexander Toradze, piano, and Shlomo Mintz, violin. . . . ¶ Monday, Aug. 8, at 8: The Cleveland String Quartet, with guest artists Emanuel Ax, piano, and Paula Robison, flute. . . . ¶ Tuesday and Wednesday, Aug. 9-10, at 8: Hermann Michael conducting the Festival Orchestra, with Mr. Ax, piano, and David Shifrin, clarinet. (Avery Fisher Hall. 874-2424. Through Saturday, Aug. 27.)

American Soviet Youth Orchestra—A hundred and ten young musicians from the Soviet Union and the United States are here as part of their tour this summer. Dmitri Kitayenko, music director of the Moscow Philharmonic, *will conduct the binational program.* (Avery Fisher Hall. 874-2424. Sunday, Aug. 7, at 3.)

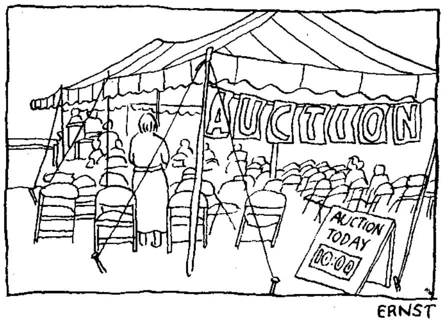
Elaine Comparone and the Bach Family Strings—Harpsichord and chamber ensemble, with Robert Stallman, flute. (St. Michael's Church, Amsterdam Ave. at 99th St. Wednesday, Aug. 3, at 8. For tickets, call 666-9427.)

THE GREAT OUTDOORS

Central Park Zoo—More than four hundred and fifty animals are exploring their renovated habitats and will be ready for the admiration of the public starting Monday, Aug. 8. (Fifth Ave. at 64th St. Mondays through Fridays, 10 to 5; Saturdays and Sundays, 10 *to 5:30.)*

New York Philharmonic—Concerts in various local parks. James DePreist conducting. **central park's great lawn:** Monday, Aug. 1, at 8. . . . **marine park,** Brooklyn: Tuesday, Aug. 2, at 8. . . . **cunningham park,** Queens: Wednesday, Aug. 3, at 8. . . . **heckscher state park,** Long Island: Saturday, Aug. 6, at 8. . . . ¶ Andrew Davis conducting. **eisenhower park,** Long Island: Sunday, Aug. 7, at 8. . . . **central park's great lawn:** Monday, Aug. 8, at 8. . . . ***crocheron park,** Queens: Tuesday, Aug. 9, at* 8. . . . **prospect park,** Brooklyn: Wednesday, Aug. 10, at 8.

Music Cruises—Monday, Aug. 1: Herbie Mann, with Astrud Gilberto. . . . ¶ Monday, Aug. 8: Stanley Clark. (On the De Witt Clinton, South Street Seaport, Pier 16, East River at Fulton St. The boat leaves at 7 and 10. For information about tickets, call 406-3434.)



Washington Square Park—Tuesday, Aug. 2, at 8: Johannes Somary conducting the Festival Orchestra, in an all-Mozart program. With *Yuval Waldman, violin; Margaret Schecter,* flute; and Janet Paulus, harp. (In the event of rain, the concert will take place at the Loeb Student Center Auditorium, New York University, Washington Sq. S. and LaGuardia Pl.) . . . ¶ Tuesday, Aug. 9, at 8: Abba Bogin conducting the Festival Orchestra. With Masako Yanagita, violin, and Henry Schuman, oboe. (In the event of rain, the concert will take place at Washington Square Church, 135 W. 4th St.)

Damrosch Park, Lincoln Center—Wednesday through Friday, Aug. 3-5, at 8:15: The Paul Taylor Dance Company. . . . ¶ Tuesday, Aug. 9, at 8:15: The Limón Dance Company.

Central Park Band Shell—Friday, Aug. 5, at 8:30: Martha Bowers Dance/Theatre/Etcetera, and Bebe Miller and Company. . . . ¶ Saturday, Aug. 6, at 3: Denise LaSalle. . . . ¶ Sunday, Aug. 7, at 3: Marion Williams. (Mid-Park at 72nd St. For rain-date information, call 860-1335.)

South Street Seaport—Alex De Grassi, with Kurt Wortman; and the Philharmonia Virtuosi, conducted by Richard Kapp. (Pier 16, East River at Fulton St. Saturday, Aug. 6, at 6:30.)

Music Festival on the Pier—The Miller beer people's summer series. Gregg Allman, Johnny Winter, and Treat Her Right. (Pier 84, Twelfth Ave. at 45th St. Saturday, Aug. 6, at 7. For information about tickets, call 249-8870.)

Prospect Park Band Shell—Saturday, Aug. 6, at 8: Anton Coppola conducting the Brooklyn Philharmonic and Il Piccolo Teatro dell'Opera in a performance of "Cavalleria Rusticana" and "Pagliacci." . . . ¶ Sunday, Aug. 7, at 8: David Amram conducting the Brooklyn Philharmonic and the Giora Feidman trio. (For rain-date information, call 1-718 768-0699.)

Riverside Park Rotunda—Deuce and the Bill Kirchner Nonet. (W. 79th St., near the Boat Basin. Sunday, Aug. 7, at 4.)

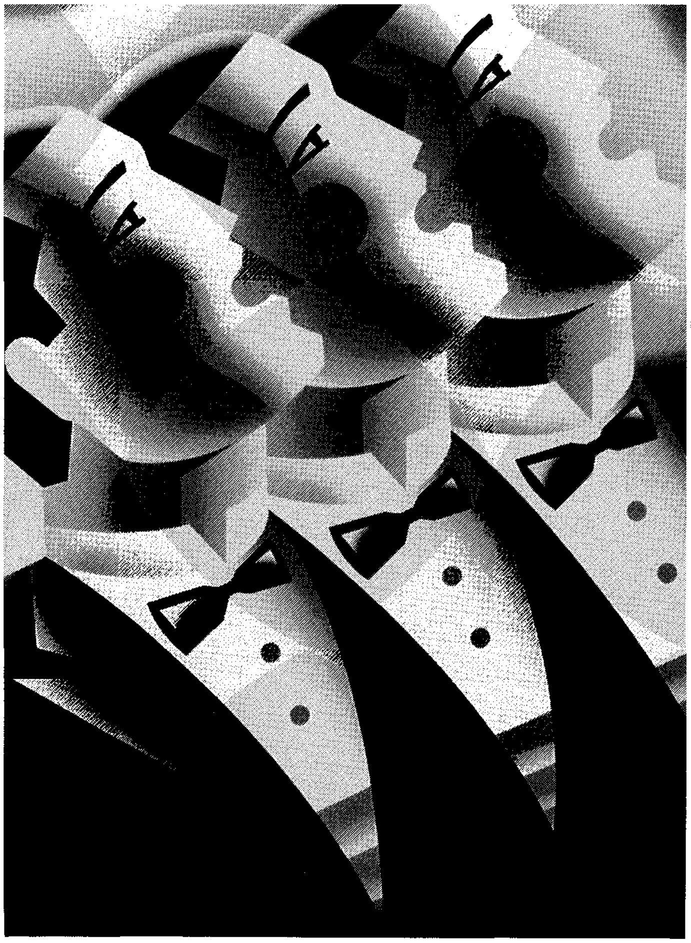
IN THE COUNTRY

Caramoor Music Festival—Friday, Aug. 5, at 9: Chamber music from the Bridgehampton Festival. With Ani and Ida Kavafian, violin; Marya Martin, flute; André-Michel Schub, piano; Fred Sherry, cello; and others. . . . ¶ Saturday, Aug. 6, at 8:30: The Canadian Brass. . . . ¶ Sunday, Aug. 7, at 5:30: Rudolf Firkušný, piano. (Katonah, N.Y. Through Sunday, Aug. 21. Trains leaving Grand Central Terminal on Saturdays at 2:48 and 5:48, and on Sundays at 3:48, are met at Katonah by buses for Caramoor. For information about tickets and trains, call 1-914 232-5035.)

Tanglewood—The summer residence of the Boston Symphony. Tuesday, Aug. 2, at 2:30: The *annual* "Tanglewood on Parade" program, including offerings by resident student musicians and a concert (at 8:30) by the Boston Symphony and the Tanglewood Music Center Orchestra, conducted by Seiji Ozawa and Leon Fleisher. With James Galway, flute, and Ann Hobson Pilot, harp. . . . ¶ Thursday, Aug. 4, at 8:30: Heinz and Ursula Holliger, oboe and harp, and others. . . . ¶ Friday, Aug. 5, at 9: Seiji Ozawa conducting the orchestra, with Mr. Holliger, oboe and English horn. . . . ¶ Saturday, Aug. 6, at 8:30: Seiji Ozawa conducting the orchestra, with Yo-Yo Ma, cello. . . . ¶ Sunday, Aug. 7, at 2:30: Jesús López-Cobos conducting the orchestra, with Claudio Arrau, piano. (Lenox, Mass. Through Sunday, Aug. 28. For information about tick*ets, call 1-413 243-0745.)*

Jacob's Pillow Dance Festival—Pilobolus. (Becket, Mass. Tuesday through Thursday, Aug. 2-4, at 8; Friday, Aug. 5, at 8:30; and Saturday, Aug. 6, at 2 and 8:30. The festival continues through Saturday, Aug. 27. For information about tickets, call 1-413 243-0745.)

In Performance at the White House
Hosted by the President and Mrs. Reagan



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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

THE MOVIE HOUSES

EAST SIDE

Public Theatre, 425 Lafayette St. (598-7171; theatre opens in the late afternoon and is closed Mondays.)
Through Aug. 4: (Separate admissions) “Loose Connections” (directed by Richard Eyre); and “The Color of Destiny” (1987; Jorge Duran; a Brazilian film, in Portuguese).
From Aug. 5: A program of Latin-American films.

Movieland 8th Street Triplex, 36 E. 8th. (477-6600)
Theatre 1: “Die Hard” (†).
Theatre 2: “Red Heat” (Walter Hill), with Arnold Schwarzenegger and Jim Belushi.
Theatre 3: “Caddyshack II” (Allan Arkush), with Jackie Mason and Chevy Chase.

Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd. (475-1660)
“Who Framed Roger Rabbit” (†).

Bay Cinema, 2nd Ave. at 32nd. (679-0160)
“Die Hard” (†).

Murray Hill, 160 E. 34th. (689-6548)
Through Aug. 4: “Bull Durham” (†).
From Aug. 5: To be announced.

Loews 34th Street Showplace, 238 E. 34th. (532-5544)
Theatre 1: “Coming to America” (John Landis), with Eddie Murphy.
Theatre 2: “Big Top Pee-wee” (Randal Kleiser), with Pee-wee Herman.
Theatre 3: “Monkey Shines: An Experiment in Fear” (George A. Romero).

34th St. East, 241 E. 34th. (683-0255)
“Cocktail” (Roger Donaldson), with Tom Cruise, Bryan Brown, and Elisabeth Shue.

Eastside Cinema, 3rd Ave. at 55th. (755-3020)
“Bambi” (†).

Sutton, 3rd Ave. at 57th. (759-1411)
Through Aug. 4: “The Dead Pool” (Buddy Van Horn), with Clint Eastwood.
From Aug. 5: “The Rescue” (Ferdinand Fairfax).

Gotham Cinema, 3rd Ave. at 58th. (759-2262)
“Big” (†).

Plaza, 42 E. 58th. (355-3320)
Through Aug. 4: (Matinées only) “The New Adventures of Pippi Longstocking” (Ken Annakin); and (evenings only) “Caddyshack II” (Allan Arkush), with Jackie Mason and Chevy Chase.
From Aug. 5: “Vibes” (Ken Kwapis), with Cyndi Lauper and Jeff Goldblum.

Manhattan Twin, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (935-6420)
Theatre 1: “Midnight Run” (†).
Theatre 2: “Midnight Run” (†).

D. W. Griffith, 235 E. 59th. (759-4630)
“Monkey Shines: An Experiment in Fear” (George A. Romero).

Baronet and Coronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (355-1663)
Theatre 1: “Die Hard” (†).
Theatre 2: “Who Framed Roger Rabbit” (†).

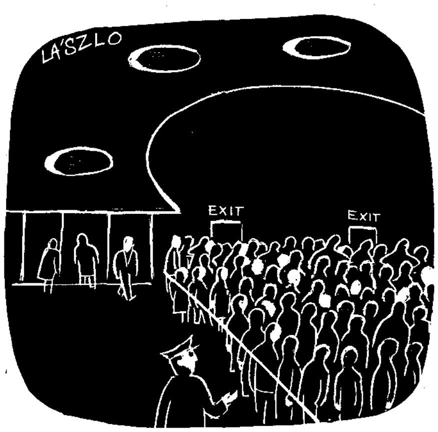
Cinema I and II, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (753-6022/0774)
Theatre 1: “Pascali’s Island” (James Dearden), with Ben Kingsley, Charles Dance, and Helen Mirren.
Theatre 2: “Cocktail” (Roger Donaldson), with Tom Cruise, Bryan Brown, and Elisabeth Shue.

Gemini I and 2, 2nd Ave. at 64th. (832-1670)
Theatre 1: Through Aug. 4: “Short Circuit 2” (Kenneth Johnson), with Fisher Stevens and Michael McKean. From Aug. 5: “The Blob” (Chuck Russell), with Kevin Dillon and Shawnee Smith.
Theatre 2: “Coming to America” (John Landis), with Eddie Murphy.

Beekman, 2nd Ave. at 66th. (737-2622)
“Arthur 2 on the Rocks” (Bud Yorkin), with Dudley Moore, Liza Minnelli, and John Gielgud.

Loews New York Twin, 2nd Ave. at 67th. (744-7339)
Theatre 1: “Bull Durham” (†).
Theatre 2: “Big Top Pee-wee” (Randal Kleiser), with Pee-wee Herman.

68th St. Playhouse, 3rd Ave. at 68th. (734-0302)
“Mr. North” (Danny Huston), with Anthony Edwards.



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FILMS ACCOMPANIED BY A DAGGER ARE DESCRIBED IN THE "IN BRIEF" SECTION, STARTING ON PAGE 16.

Loews Tower East, 3rd Ave. at 71st. (879-1313)
“A Fish Called Wanda” (†).

U. A. East, 1st Ave. at 85th. (249-5100)
“Caddyshack II” (Allan Arkush), with Jackie Mason and Chevy Chase.

Loews Orpheum I and 2, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (289-4607)
Theatre 1: “Coming to America” (John Landis), with Eddie Murphy.
Theatre 2: Through Aug. 4: “The Dead Pool” (Buddy Van Horn), with Clint Eastwood. From Aug. 5 (tentative): “The Blob” (Chuck Russell), with Kevin Dillon and Shawnee Smith.

86th Street East Twin, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (249-1144)
Theatre 1: “Die Hard” (†).
Theatre 2: “Cocktail” (Roger Donaldson), with Tom Cruise, Bryan Brown, and Elisabeth Shue.

WEST SIDE

Film Forum I and 2, 57 Watts St. (431-1590; Mondays through Fridays, theatres open in the late afternoon.)
Theatre 1: Through Aug. 2: “God Doesn’t Believe in Us Anymore” (1981; directed by Axel Corti; in German); and “Santa Fe” (1985; Axel Corti; in German). From Aug. 3: “Alice” (†).
Theatre 2: See listings under “Revival Houses.”

Bleecker St. Cinema I and 2, 144 Bleecker St. (674-2560)
Theatre 1: (Separate admissions) “A Taxing Woman” (†) and “Tampopo” (†).
Theatre 2: “Family Viewing” (Atom Egoyan).

Waverly I and 2, 6th Ave. at 3rd. (929-8037)
Theatre 1: “The Dead Pool” (Buddy Van Horn), with Clint Eastwood.
Theatre 2: “Cocktail” (Roger Donaldson), with Tom Cruise, Bryan Brown, and Elisabeth Shue.

8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th. (674-6515; Mondays through Fridays, theatre opens in the late afternoon.)
Through Aug. 4: “Hairspray” (†).
From Aug. 5: “The Blob” (Chuck Russell), with Kevin Dillon and Shawnee Smith.

Art Greenwich Twin, Greenwich Ave. at 12th. (929-3350)
Theatre 1: “Big” (†).
Theatre 2: “Midnight Run” (†).

Quad Cinema, 34 W. 13th. (255-8800)
Theatre 1: Through Aug. 4: “The Manchurian Candidate” (†). From Aug. 5: (Matinées only) “The New Adventures of Pippi Longstocking” (Ken Annakin); and (evenings only) “The Manchurian Candidate” (†).
Theatre 2: “Tokyo Olympiad” (1965; Kon Ichikawa), the uncut, 170-minute documentary of the 1964 Summer Olympic Games.
Theatre 3: Through Aug. 4: (Matinées only) “The New Adventures of Pippi Longstocking;” and (evenings only) “Patti Rocks” (†). From Aug. 5: “Vibes” (Ken Kwapis), with Cyndi Lauper and Jeff Goldblum.
Theatre 4: “A World Apart” (†).

23rd St. West Triplex, 333 W. 23rd. (989-0060)
Theatre 1: Through Aug. 4: (Matinées only) “Bambi” (†); and (evenings only) “Big Business” (†). From Aug. 5: “The Rescue” (Ferdinand Fairfax).
Theatre 2: “Midnight Run” (†).
Theatre 3: “Bull Durham” (†).

Guild, 33 W. 50th. (757-2406)
“Bambi” (†).

Ziegfeld, 141 W. 54th. (765-7600)
“Who Framed Roger Rabbit” (†).

Festival, 6 W. 57th. (307-7856)
“A World Apart” (†).

57th St. Playhouse, 110 W. 57th. (581-7360)
“Shame” (Steve Jodrell).

Carnegie Hall Cinema, 7th Ave. between 56th and 57th. (265-2520)
“White Mischief” (†).

Carnegie Screening Room, 7th Ave. between 56th and 57th. (757-2131)
“Au Revoir les Enfants” (“Goodbye, Children”) (†).

Paris, 4 W. 58th. (688-2013)
“A Handful of Dust” (†).

Cinema 3, 2 W. 59th. (752-5959)
Through Aug. 4: “Crocodile Dundee II” (John Cornell), with Paul Hogan.
From Aug. 5: To be announced.

Loews Paramount, B’way at 61st. (247-5070)
“A Fish Called Wanda” (†).

Lincoln Plaza I, 2, and 3, B’way at 63rd. (757-2280)
Theatre 1: “Commissar” (1967; Alexander Askoldov; in Russian).
Theatre 2: “Bagdad Café” (†).
Theatre 3: “Boyfriends and Girlfriends” (“L’Ami de Mon Amie”) (†).

Cinema Studio I and 2, B’way at 66th. (877-4040)
Theatre 1: “Babette’s Feast” (†).
Theatre 2: “Wings of Desire” (“Der Himmel über Berlin”) (†).

Regency, B’way at 67th. (724-3700)
“Cocktail” (Roger Donaldson), with Tom Cruise, Bryan Brown, and Elisabeth Shue.

Embassy 72nd St. I and 2, B’way at 72nd. (724-6745)
Theatre 1: “Big” (†).
Theatre 2: Through Aug. 4: “Big Business” (†). From Aug. 5: “The Rescue” (Ferdinand Fairfax).

Loews 84th Street Sixplex, B’way at 84th. (877-3600)
Theatre 1: “Coming to America” (John Landis), with Eddie Murphy.
Theatre 2: “Caddyshack II” (Allan Arkush), with Jackie Mason and Chevy Chase.
Theatre 3: “Bull Durham” (†).
Theatre 4: “Big Top Pee-wee” (Randal Kleiser), with Pee-wee Herman.
Theatre 5: “Monkey Shines: An Experiment in Fear” (George A. Romero).
Theatre 6: Through Aug. 4: “Coming to America.” From Aug. 5 (tentative): “The Blob” (Chuck Russell), with Kevin Dillon and Shawnee Smith.

Metro Cinema I and 2, B’way at 99th. (222-1200)
Theatre 1: Through Aug. 4: “Bambi” (†). From Aug. 5: To be announced.
Theatre 2: Through Aug. 4: “The Dead Pool” (Buddy Van Horn), with Clint Eastwood. From Aug. 5: “Vibes” (Ken Kwapis), with Cyndi Lauper and Jeff Goldblum.

Columbia Cinema, B’way at 103rd. (316-6660)
“Who Framed Roger Rabbit” (†).

Olympia I and II, B’way at 107th. (865-8128)
Theatre 1: “Midnight Run” (†).
Theatre 2: “Die Hard” (†).

TIMES SQUARE AREA

Criterion Center, B'way at 44th. (354-0900)
Theatre 1: "Monkey Shines: An Experiment in Fear" (directed by George A. Romero).
Theatre 2: "Red Heat" (Walter Hill), with Arnold Schwarzenegger and Jim Belushi.
Theatre 3: Through Aug. 4: "Caddyshack II" (Allan Arkush), with Jackie Mason and Chevy Chase. From Aug. 5: "The Blob" (Chuck Russell), with Kevin Dillon and Shawnee Smith.
Theatre 4: Through Aug. 4: "Short Circuit 2" (Kenneth Johnson), with Fisher Stevens and Michael McKean. From Aug. 5: "The Blob."
Theatre 5: "Die Hard" (†).
Theatre 6: "Bull Durham" (†).

Embassy 1, B'way at 46th. (757-2408)
"Cocktail" (Roger Donaldson), with Tom Cruise, Bryan Brown, and Elisabeth Shue.

Embassy 2, 3, and 4, 7th Ave. at 47th. (730-7262)
Theatre 2: "Big Top Pee-wee" (Randal Kleiser), with Pee-wee Herman.
Theatre 3: "Bambi" (†).
Theatre 4: Through Aug. 4: "Crocodile Dundee II" (John Cornell), with Paul Hogan. From Aug. 5: "The Rescue" (Ferdinand Fairfax).

Loews Astor Plaza, 44th St. at B'way. (869-8340)
"Coming to America" (John Landis), with Eddie Murphy.

Movieland, B'way at 47th. (757-8320)
Through Aug. 4: "Phantasm II" (Don Coscarelli).
From Aug. 5: "Vibes" (Ken Kwapis), with Cyndi Lauper and Jeff Goldblum.

National Twin, B'way at 44th. (869-0950)
Theatre 1: "The Dead Pool" (Buddy Van Horn), with Clint Eastwood.
Theatre 2: "Midnight Run" (†).

Warner, 7th Ave. between 42nd and 43rd. (764-6760)
"Big" (†).

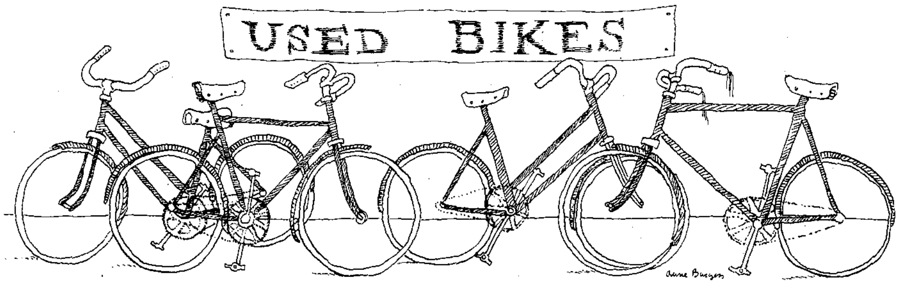
REVIVAL HOUSES

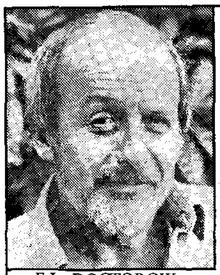
Biograph Cinema, 225 W. 57th. (582-4582)
Through Aug. 2: "Top Hat" (1935; directed by Mark Sandrich), with Ginger Rogers and Fred Astaire; and "Shall We Dance" (1937; Mark Sandrich), with Ginger Rogers, Fred Astaire, Edward Everett Horton, Jerome Cowan, and Eric Blore.
Aug. 3-4: "The Band Wagon" (1953; Vincente Minnelli), with Fred Astaire, Cyd Charisse, and Nanette Fabray; and "The Barkleys of Broadway" (1949; Charles Walters), with Fred Astaire and Ginger Rogers.
Aug. 5-6: "Roberta" (1935; William Seiter), with Ginger Rogers, Fred Astaire, Irene Dunne, Randolph Scott, and Helen Westley; and "You Were Never Lovelier" (1942; William Seiter), with Rita Hayworth, Fred Astaire, and Adolphe Menjou.
Aug. 7-8: "A Damsel in Distress" (1937; George Stevens), with Fred Astaire, Joan Fontaine, and Burns and Allen; and "Flying Down to Rio" (1933; Thornton Freeland), with Dolores Del Rio, Gene Raymond, Raul Roulien, Ginger Rogers, and Fred Astaire.
Aug. 9-10: "Bachelor Mother" (†) and "Roxie Hart" (†).

Cinema Village, 22 E. 12th. (924-3363)
Through Aug. 2: Two programs of Warner Brothers cartoons shown each day—one program featuring the work of Chuck Jones.
Aug. 3-4: "The Untouchables" (1987; Brian De Palma), with Kevin Costner, Robert De Niro, Sean Connery, Andy Garcia, and Charles Martin Smith; and "Scarface" (1983; Brian De Palma), with Al Pacino.
Aug. 5-6: "Blade Runner" (†); and "A Boy and His Dog" (1976; L. Q. Jones), with Don Johnson and Jason Robards.
Aug. 7: "Zabriskie Point" (†); and "Blow-Up" (1966; Michelangelo Antonioni), with Vanessa Redgrave and David Hemmings.
Aug. 8-9: Two programs of Warner Brothers cartoons shown each day—one program featuring the work of Frank Tashlin and Robert McKimson, and the other the work of Friz Freleng.
From Aug. 10: "Anna" (1987; Yurek Bogayevicz), with Sally Kirkland; and "All About Eve" (†).

Film Forum 2, 57 Watts St. (431-1590; Mondays through Fridays, theatre opens in the late afternoon.)
Aug. 1: "Forbidden Planet" (1956; Fred M. Wilcox), with Walter Pidgeon, Anne Francis, and Leslie Nielsen; and "First Men in the Moon" (1964; Nathan Juran).
Aug. 2: "The Brain from Planet Arous" (1958; Nathan Hertz), with John Agar; and "The Crawling Eye" (1958; Quentin Lawrence), with Forrest Tucker and Janet Munro.
Aug. 3-4: "Red Planet Mars" (1952; Harry Horner); and "The Invasion of the Body Snatchers" (1956; Don Siegel), with Kevin McCarthy and Dana Wynter.
Aug. 5: "It! The Terror from Beyond Space" (1958; Edward L. Cahn); and "The Monster That Challenged the World" (1957; Arnold Laven), with Tim Holt and Audrey Dalton.
Aug. 6: "The 7th Voyage of Sinbad" (1958; Nathan Juran), with Kerwin Mathews, Kathryn Grant, and Richard Eyer; and "Journey to the Center of the Earth" (1959; Henry Levin), with Pat Boone, James Mason, and Arlene Dahl.
Aug. 7-8: "Alphaville" (1965; Jean-Luc Godard; in French), with Eddie Constantine, Anna Karina, and Akim Tamiroff; and "Barbarella" (†).
Aug. 9: "The Hideous Sun Demon" (1959; Robert Clarke), with Clarke; and "She Demons" (1958; Richard E. Cunha), with Irish McCalla.
Aug. 10: "The 5,000 Fingers of Dr. T." (†); and "7 Faces of Dr. Lao" (1964; George Pal), with Tony Randall, Barbara Eden, and Arthur O'Connell.

Thalia SoHo, 15 Vandam St. (675-0498)
Aug. 1: "The Kindergarten" (1983; Yevgeny Yevtushenko; in Russian), with Klaus Maria Brandauer.
Aug. 2: "Manhunter" (1986; Michael Mann), with William L. Petersen; and "To Live and Die in L.A." (1985; William Friedkin), with William L. Petersen and Willem Dafoe.
Aug. 3: "Mr. Hulot's Holiday" (1953) and "Jour de Fête" (1950), both films directed by, and with, Jacques Tati.
Aug 4: "You Only Live Once" (†) and "You and Me" (†).
Aug. 5-6: "That Obscure Object of Desire" (1977; Luis Buñuel; in French), with Fernando Rey, Carole Bouquet, and Angela Molina; "Un Chien Andalou" (†); "Nazarin" (†); and "Land Without Bread" (1932; Luis Buñuel; in Spanish), a short film.
Aug. 7: "The Night of the Shooting Stars" (†); and "Paisan" (1946; Roberto Rossellini; in English, French, Italian, and German).
Aug. 8: "Let's Scare Jessica to Death" (1971; John Hancock), with Zohra Lampert; and "Isabel" (†).
Aug. 9: "Kiss of Death" (†); and "The Dark Corner" (1946; Henry Hathaway), with Lucille Ball, Mark Stevens, and Clifton Webb.
Aug. 10: "Valentino" (†); and "The Four




E.L. DOCTOROW

NANCY MILFORD

HERMAN WOUK

THEODORE H. WHITE

PHOTOS, TOP L-R: © 1984 Nancy Crampton. LOWER L-R: © 1978 David Kennerly/Gamma Liaison, © Carl Mydans.

Some of their best works began in the same setting.

Whether their books begin in the south of France or the streets of New York City, all of these authors chose the same place to work — The New York Public Library.

It's where E. L. Doctorow did research for *Ragtime*. It's where Herman Wouk worked on *The Caine Mutiny*, Nancy Milford wrote *Zelda*, and Theodore H. White, *The Making of the President, 1964*.

Author Jerzy Kosinski said, "This library is probably the most important single address I can think of since my arrival in this country twenty-seven years ago."

The Library is important to so many others as well.

For children, it's a place to enjoy puppet shows and the magic of literature. For dancers and choreographers, it's a place to perfect their performances by viewing original films and tapes. For students, businessmen, scientists and artists, it's a place where learning is accessible and free.

For countless people, with needs of every kind, the Library is the perfect setting.

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MOVIE HOUSES—Cont'd

Horsemen of the Apocalypse" (1920; Rex Ingram), with Rudolph Valentino, Alice Terry, and Wallace Beery.

Theatre 80 St. Marks, 80 St. Marks Pl. (254-7400)

Aug. 1: "Carmen" (1983; Carlos Saura; in Spanish), with Antonio Gades; and "El Amor Brujo" (1986; Carlos Saura; in Spanish).

Aug. 2: "Morocco" (1930; Josef von Sternberg), with Marlene Dietrich and Gary Cooper; and "Dishonored" (1931; Josef von Sternberg), with Marlene Dietrich and Victor McLaglen.

Aug. 3: "Butterfield 8" (1960; Daniel Mann), with Elizabeth Taylor, Laurence Harvey, Eddie Fisher, and Dina Merrill; and "Daisy Kenyon" (1947; Otto Preminger), with Joan Crawford, Dana Andrews, and Henry Fonda.

Aug. 4: "The Wild Bunch" (†) and "Straw Dogs" (†).

Aug. 5-6: "On the Waterfront" (†) and "The Wild One" (†).

Aug. 7: "The Misfits" (†); and "River of No Return" (1954; Otto Preminger), with Robert Mitchum and Marilyn Monroe.

Aug. 8: "Beauty and the Beast" (†); and "Black Orpheus" (1959; Marcel Camus; a Brazilian film, in Portuguese).

Aug. 9: "Blonde Venus" (†) and "Shanghai Express" (†).

Aug. 10: "I Love You Again" (1940; W. S. Van Dyke) and "Double Wedding" (1937; Richard Thorpe), both with Myrna Loy and William Powell.

FILM LIBRARIES, ETC.

Museum of Modern Art, Roy and Niuta Titus Theatres, 11 W. 53rd St. (708-9490; a limited number of tickets are available to those applying for them in person at the museum after 11 on the day of the showing.)

Theatre 1: Aug. 1 at 2:30: "Hollow Triumph" (1948; directed by Steve Sekely), with Paul Henreid, Joan Bennett, and Leslie Brooks. . . . ¶ Aug. 1 at 6: "The Red Menace" (1949; R. G. Springsteen), with Robert Rockwell and Anne Axman. . . . ¶ Aug. 2 at 2:30: "La Vida Nocturna" (1930; James Parrott; in Spanish, with no English subtitles), with Stan Laurel and Oliver Hardy; and "Politiquerias" (1930; James W. Horne; in Spanish, with no English subtitles), with Laurel and Hardy. . . . ¶ Aug. 2 at 6: "Copacabana" (1947; Alfred E. Green), with Groucho Marx, Carmen Miranda, and Gloria Jean. . . . ¶ Aug. 4 at 2:30: "My Man Godfrey" (1936; Gregory La Cava), with William Powell, Carole Lombard, and Eugene Pallette. . . . ¶ Aug. 4 at 6: "For Whom the Bell Tolls" (1943; Sam Wood), with Gary Cooper, Ingrid Bergman, and Katina Paxinou. . . . ¶ Aug. 5 at 2:30: "The Red Menace." . . . ¶ Aug. 5 at 6: "The Animal Kingdom" (1932; Edward H. Griffith), with Leslie Howard, Ann Harding, and Myrna Loy. . . . ¶ Aug. 6 at 2: "Copacabana." . . . ¶ Aug. 6 at 5: "Bullfighter and the Lady" (1951; Budd Boetticher), with Robert Stack, Gilbert Roland, and Katy Jurado. . . . ¶ Aug. 7 at 2: "The Animal Kingdom." . . . ¶ Aug. 7 at 5: "A Star Is Born" (1937; William A. Wellman), with Janet Gaynor, Fredric March, and Adolphe Menjou. . . . ¶ Aug. 8 at 2:30: "Bullfighter and the Lady." . . . ¶ Aug. 8 at 6: "The Bat" (1926; Roland West; a silent film), with Louise Fazenda, Jack Pickford, and Tullio Carminati. . . . ¶ Aug. 9 at 2:30 and 6: "On Your Back" (1930; Guthrie McClintic), with Irene Rich, Raymond Hackett, and Ilka Chase.

Theatre 2: Theatre closed.

French Institute–Alliance Française, 22 E. 60th St. (355-6100)—Aug. 3 at 12:30, 3:15, 6, and 8:45: "The Baker's Wife" (1938; Marcel Pagnol; in French, with English subtitles), with Raimu, Ginette Leclerc, Fernand Charpin, Robert Vattier, and Alida Rouffe. . . . ¶ Aug. 10 at 12:30, 3:15, 6, and 8:45: "The Well-Digger's Daughter" (1940; Marcel Pagnol; in French, with English subtitles), with Raimu, Josette Day, Fernandel, Fernand Charpin, and Line Noro.

Cathedral of St. John the Divine, Amsterdam Ave. at 112th St. (662-2133)—Aug. 4 at 8: "The Lodger" (1926; Alfred Hitchcock; a silent film), with Ivor Novello. Original organ score written and played by Lee Erwin.

Murder, Mystery and Mayhem—A series of films set in New York City during the thirties, forties, and fifties. Aug. 7 at 2: "The Seventh Victim" (1943; Mark Robson), with Tom Conway, Kim Hunter, and Jean Brooks. (New-York Historical Society, 170 Central Park W., at 77th St. 873-3400.)

Museum of Broadcasting, 1 E. 53rd St. (752-7684)—"Woody Allen: The Television Work," featuring Allen's 1969 one-hour television special and a thirty-minute compilation of other appearances he made between 1958 and 1967. Showings Tuesdays through Saturdays at 12:05, 1:45, and 3:30. . . . ¶ Aug. 2 at 5:30: "The Broadway of Lerner and Loewe" (1962; Norman Jewison), with performances by Julie Andrews, Richard Burton, Robert Goulet, and Maurice Chevalier.

Japan Society, 333 E. 47th St. (752-3015)—Aug. 4 at 6:30: "Barefoot Gen: Part II" (1986; Toshio Hirata; in Japanese, with English subtitles), an animated film.

IN BRIEF

SEE ABOVE FOR THEATRE ADDRESSES AND TELEPHONE NUMBERS.
IF A MOVIE HAS BEEN REVIEWED IN "THE CURRENT CINEMA" DURING THE PAST TWO YEARS, THE DATE OF ITS REVIEW IS GIVEN.

(Unsigned notes are by Pauline Kael; others are by Terrence Rafferty.)

Alice—Directed by Jan Švankmajer. (Reviewed in this issue.) (Film Forum; starting Aug. 3.)

All About Eve (1950)—Ersatz art of a very high grade, and one of the most enjoyable movies ever made. A young aspiring actress, Eve Harrington (Anne Baxter), intrigues to take the place of an aging star, Margo Channing (Bette Davis), onstage and in bed, and the battle is fought with tooth, claw, and a battery of epigrams. The bad taste, exhibited with verve, of the scriptwriter-director, Joseph L. Mankiewicz, is more fun than any careful, mousy, dehydrated good taste. Bette Davis, at her most instinctive and assured, makes the whole thing come alive (though it's hard to believe that Anne Baxter could ever be a threat to Bette Davis). With George Sanders, Celeste Holm, Gary Merrill, Thelma Ritter, Gregory Ratoff, Hugh Marlowe, Barbara Bates, Walter Hampden, and Marilyn Monroe. (Cinema Village; starting Aug. 10.)

Au Revoir les Enfants ("Goodbye, Children")—It's set in Occupied France in 1944, when the writer-director Louis Malle was an eleven-year-old at a Catholic boys' boarding school near Fontainebleau that sheltered several Jewish boys. The Gestapo learned they were there, and sent the ones they found to Auschwitz, and the headmaster to a work camp. One of the Jewish boys was in Malle's class, but Malle didn't get to know him well and didn't realize that he was Jewish. For the dramatic purposes of the movie, he has conceived a close friendship between his alter ego, the fair-haired Julien Quentin (Gaspard Manesse), and the dark boy who is using the false name Jean Bonnet (Raphaël Fejtö). But nothing comes into clear focus—not the boys' attitudes, not even the images. The film (especially the first half) seems padded, formal, discreet. It's like watching a faded French classic. And there's something unseemly about the way Jean is used as an aesthetic object—spiritual, sensitive, exotic. With Francine Racette as Julien's mother and François Négret as the informer. In French. (Reviewed in our issue of 2/22/88.) (Carnegie Screening Room.)

Babette's Feast—In a village on Denmark's gray, blustery Jutland peninsula, sometime in the eighteen-eighties, Babette (Stéphane Audran), the French servant of a pair of elderly unmarried sisters (Birgitte Federspiel and Bodil Kjer), prepares a special dinner for her employers and their guests—a lavish, one-time-only orgy of haute cuisine served to a group of devout Lutherans who are used to receiving the Lord's bounty in the form of grim little slabs of boiled fish. Adapting one of Isak Dinesen's "Anecdotes of Destiny," Gabriel Axel, the writer-director, tells this simple tale simply. He establishes a lulling, bedtime-story tone right from the start, perhaps too successfully: our eyelids begin to seem very heavy after twenty minutes or so. The whole thing turns out to be about the consolations of art, and the union of "righteousness and bliss." The film is more righteous than blissful: a more austere celebration of the pleasures of the senses would be difficult to imagine. In Danish and French. —T.R. (Cinema Studio.)

Bachelor Mother (1939)—Ginger Rogers played dozens of variations on Cinderella, and looked surprised each time she caught the prince. This time he's David Niven, the heir to the department store founded by his old-codger father (Charles Coburn). Ginger, who works at the toy counter, happens to find an infant who has been deserted; her employers, taking her for an unmarried mother, are indignant at her assertions that the baby isn't hers, and to keep her job she has to keep the baby. Directed by Garson Kanin, this is a rollicking, warm, obvious comedy; it's heavy-handed yet ingenious and enjoyable, partly because of good punch lines and realistic gags. With Frank Albertson, June Wilkins, Ernest Truex, and E. E. Clive. (Biograph Cinema; Aug. 9-10.)

Bagdad Café—After an argument with her husband on a godforsaken stretch of highway at the edge of the Mojave Desert, a fat German tourist named Jasmin (Marianne Sägebrecht) checks into a crummy motel attached to the equally crummy Bagdad Café. This movie, the first in English by the German director Percy Adlon (whose 1985 "Sugarbaby" was also a vehicle for Sägebrecht), is filled with eccentrics who are apparently meant to be lovable. The rather precious conceit of the film is that Jasmin somehow brings the outcast characters together in a kind of extended family; by the end, the Bagdad Café has been transformed into a popular roadside cabaret, with everyone contributing a specialty (Jasmin does magic tricks). The American performers are trapped in a movie that treats them as merely exotic—waxwork grotesques waiting to be animated by a mysterious German touch. Eleonore Adlon and Christopher Doherty collaborated with the director on the screenplay. With CCH Pounder, Jack Palance, and Christine Kaufmann.—T.R. (Lincoln Plaza.)

Bambi (1942)—None of the animals in this animated Disney feature has a gooier gaze than the little fawn, Bambi, who is still dependent on his mother. The mother-child relationship is so tender and close that when the mother is killed by hunters small children in the audience frequently scream and cry. It all ends happily when Bambi, grown to staghood, marries the virginally sweet doe Faline. The picture is a classic of sorts, if only for the uncannily awful sound of the young woodland creatures in conversation; when puberty sets in and these voices suddenly change, Walt Disney begins to seem as berserk as Busby Berkeley. Still, there's no denying that for many people some of the sequences (such as Bambi's birth) have an enduring primal power. From the Felix Salten novel. (Eastside Cinema, Guild, and Embassy. . . . ¶ 23rd St. West Triplex; through Aug. 4, matinées only. . . . ¶ Metro Cinema; through Aug. 4.)

Barbarella (1968)—The décor and effects in Roger Vadim's erotic comic strip are disappointing, but Jane Fonda has the skittish naughtiness of a teen-age voluptuary. She's the fresh, bouncy American girl triumphing by her innocence over a lewd, sadistic world of the future. David Hemmings shows unexpected comic talent as an absent-minded revolutionary. With John Phillip Law, Anita Pallenberg, Milo O'Shea, Marcel Marceau, Ugo Tognazzi, and Claude Dauphin. (Film Forum 2; Aug. 7-8.)

Beauty and the Beast (1946)—Jean Cocteau's first full-length movie is perhaps the most sensuously elegant of all filmed fairy tales. In Christian Bérard's makeup, Jean Marais is a magnificent Beast; Beauty's self-sacrifice for him holds no more horror than a satisfying romantic fantasy should have. The transformation of the Beast into Prince Charming is ambiguous—what we have gained cannot quite take the place of what we have lost. The delicate Josette Day is, quite properly, Beauty. With Marcel André, Michel Auclair, and Mila Parély. In French. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Aug. 8.)

Big—A formula fantasy film that has been directed very gently and tactfully by Penny Marshall; she sleepwalks you through the script (by Gary Ross and Anne Spielberg) about a twelve-year-old boy who wishes he were big and is magically given the body of a man in his thirties—Tom Hanks. There are neat, flaky moments, but everything has a tepid inevitability, and even as you smile you may be groaning inwardly, because "Big" is dedicated to awakening the child in all of us. Of course, the Hanks character isn't ready to function as an adult; he wants to go back. The movie wants to go back, too. It's nostalgic for childhood, for suburbia, for innocent fun. (It isn't about kids wanting to be big; it's about grownups feeling little.) In its wholesome way, "Big" is selling the slick wonders of immaturity. With the slyly sexy Elizabeth Perkins, and good comic work by Robert Loggia and Jared Rushton. Also with John Heard, David Moscow, Jon Lovitz, and Mercedes Ruehl. (6/27/88) (Gotham Cinema, Art Greenwich Twin, Embassy 72nd St., and Warner.)

Big Business—Bette Midler and Lily Tomlin, in a farce about two sets of identical twins accidently mismatched at birth. They're the Ratliffs, who live in a backwoods Southern town, and they're the Sheltons, who run the New York conglomerate Moramax. The four women and their various courtiers, flunkies, and love objects wind up spending the weekend at the Plaza Hotel. The film often looks third class, and the director, Jim Abrahams, doesn't have the knack of making the details click into place. Yet the picture moves along, spattering the air with throwaway gags, and a minute after something misfires you're laughing out loud. Fred Ward, who plays Tomlin's down-home suitor, is serenely unself-conscious, and takes over as the film's hero. Midler breezes through, kicking one gong after another. She's pure appetite. And as the mogul of Moramax she flips up her collar and her gesture bespeaks perfect self-satisfaction. (Chaplin did this sort of thing, and he didn't do it better.) With Leo Burmester as the bum. Script credited to Dori Pierson and Marc Rubel. (6/27/88) (23rd St. West Triplex; through Aug. 4, evenings only. . . . ¶ Embassy 72nd St.; through Aug. 4.)

Blade Runner (1982)—Ridley Scott's futuristic thriller is set in a hellish, claustrophobic city, dark and polluted, and with a continual drenching rainfall—Los Angeles in the year 2019. The congested-megalopolis sets are extraordinary, but you're always aware of the sets as sets; it's 2019 back lot. Harrison Ford is the blade runner, a police officer who kills "replicants," the powerful humanoids manufactured by genetic engineers, if they rebel against their drudgery in the space colonies and show up on Earth. He tracks down four replicants (Brion James, Joanna Cassidy, Daryl Hannah, and the blue-eyed scenery-chewer Rutger Hauer), but Ford's mission seems of no particular consequence. The whole movie gives you the feeling of not getting anywhere—of being part of the atmosphere of decay. With Sean Young and William Sanderson. (Cinema Village; Aug. 5-6.)

Blonde Venus (1932)—Marlene Dietrich in one of those forgettable stories about women who "sacrifice" their bodies for the noblest of reasons (sick husband Herbert Marshall, child Dickie Moore); the man she sells herself to is played by the young and not yet sufficiently stylized Cary Grant. Once degraded, she sinks down to flophouse level before she pulls herself together and becomes the toast of the night-club world. The director, Josef von Sternberg, caps the silliness by putting Dietrich into a monkey suit to sing "Hot Voodoo"—a number that may define camp. With Sidney Toler, Cecil Cunningham, Hattie McDaniel, Sterling Holloway, and Dewey Robinson. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Aug. 9.)

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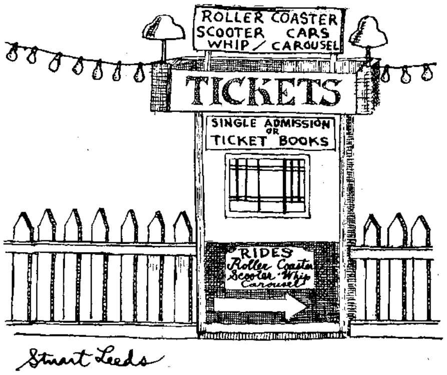
Boyfriends and Girlfriends ("L'Ami de Mon Amie")—The sixth, and last, in Eric Rohmer's series of "Comedies and Proverbs" is a light romantic comedy set in Cergy-Pontoise, an overdesigned and self-contained modern suburb of Paris. In this bourgeois Forest of Arden, four completely unremarkable young people—two women, two men—reshuffle their affections so that each winds up with the "right" partner in the end. It's essentially the same leisurely comedy of self-knowledge that Rohmer has been making for nearly twenty years, but this time he treats his themes with a frivolous, casual air. His characters are too young and too protected to have developed very complex responses to experience, and they live in an inglorious environment, but Rohmer finds real beauty in both the people and the setting. He takes pleasure in the cleanness and brightness of this world, in the contented buzz of shoppers and office workers and Sunday picnickers, in the forthright way his characters pursue their comforts. "Boyfriends and Girlfriends" is fluff of a rarefied order, so rigorously insubstantial that it seems, finally, to be about its own weightlessness. It's artificial without being oppressive—a graceful, friendly abstraction. With Emmanuelle Chaulet, Sophie Renoir, François-Eric Gendron, and Eric Viellard. In French.—T.R. (7/25/88) (Lincoln Plaza.)

Bull Durham—Written and directed by Ron Shelton, this sunny romantic comedy has the kind of dizzying off-center literacy that Preston Sturges' pictures had. It's a satirical celebration of our native jauntiness and wit; it takes us into a subculture that's like a bawdy adjunct of childhood—minor-league baseball. Kevin Costner plays the smart, hyper-articulate catcher Crash, and comes through with his first wide-awake, star performance; at his best, he's as berserkly ironic as Jack Nicholson is at some of his peaks. After playing for twelve years, Crash arrives in Durham, North Carolina, to join the Durham Bulls and learns that he's been brought in to train baby-faced Nuke (Tim Robbins), a wild young rookie pitcher who is destined to move up. Susan Sarandon plays the beautiful, passionate Annie Savoy, a baseball fanatic who has her own scorecard: "There's never been a ballplayer slept with me who didn't have the best year of his career." What you keep reacting to is the film's exuberant doodles. (6/27/88) (Loews New York Twin, 23rd St. West Triplex, Loews 84th Street Sixplex, and Criterion Center. . . . ¶ Murray Hill; through Aug. 4.)

Un Chien Andalou (1928)—Even without the famous shock image of the sliced eye, Luis Buñuel and Salvador Dali's short silent film has the hallucinatory and incendiary effect they sought. Some of the images have great poetic force, and at times they have an erotic humor that one has difficulty explaining, even to oneself. With Pierre Batcheff as the cyclist, Dali as the priest, and Buñuel as the man with the razor. (Thalia SoHo; Aug. 5-6.)



Die Hard—With Bruce Willis, Bonnie Bedelia, and Alexander Godunov; directed by John McTiernan. (Reviewed in this issue.) (Movieland 8th Street Triplex, Bay Cinema, Baronet, 86th Street East Twin, Olympia, and Criterion Center.)

A Fish Called Wanda—This caper comedy promises to embody the best of two different styles of British humor: its director, the seventy-seven-year-old Charles Crichton, made "The Lavender Hill Mob," one of the greatest of the Ealing comedies, and its writer, executive producer, and star, the towering John Cleese, was a member of the Monty Python group and the creator of the hilarious television series "Fawlty Towers." Its main characters are a very proper London barrister (Cleese) and three jewel thieves: a crafty, sexy American woman named Wanda (Jamie Lee Curtis); another American, Otto (Kevin Kline), who's violently Anglophobic and dumb as dirt; and Ken (the ex-Pythonite Michael Palin), a deranged stutterer who's perfectly happy to bump off old ladies but becomes inconsolable at the death of a small dog or a tropical fish. The actors are fun to watch—especially the uninhibitedly theatrical Kline, whose readings are relentlessly peculiar and whose gestures are *huge* (though perhaps too meticulously choreographed). The movie has a fair number of laughs, but Crichton's direction is too drab and poky for the material. Every time "Wanda" threatens to take off into the realm of insane, head-splitting farce, as "Fawlty Towers" so often did, something seems to drag it down—some impulse toward stability and restraint, at odds with the script's spirit of manic invention.—T.R. (7/25/88) (Loews Tower East, and Loews Paramount.)

The 5,000 Fingers of Dr. T. (1953)—Mostly the nightmare-fantasy of a little boy who doesn't understand why his mother insists on his practicing the piano, and who hates his music teacher, Dr. Terwilliker. You can see why: Hans Conried is Dr. T., and he's the slimiest villain since W. C. Fields slipped the gin into Baby Le Roy's bottle. With Tommy Rettig, Peter Lind Hayes, and Mary Healy. Directed by Roy Rowland. Alan Scott worked on the script with Dr. Seuss (Theodor Geisel). (Film Forum 2; Aug. 10.)

Hairspray—The writer-director John Waters treats the message movie as a genre to be parodied, just like the teenpic. Combining the two, he comes up with a pop dadaist musical comedy, set in Baltimore in 1962. Waters loves narrative, and he has half a dozen plots crisscrossing each other. In the middle are the spherical Mrs. Edna Turnblad (played by the male actor Divine) and her baby-blimp daughter, Tracy (Ricki Lake); they wear matching mother-and-daughter outfits. Tracy, who's the newest teen-age dancer on "The Corny Collins Show," discovers that black kids aren't allowed to take part and she becomes a leader in the fight for integration. Meanwhile, Divine watches over Tracy and preens like a mother hen. There's a what-the-hell quality to Divine's acting which the film needs; it would be too close to a real teenpic without it. With Ruth Brown, Debbie Harry, Sonny Bono, Jerry Stiller, Shawn Thompson, Ric Ocasek, Pia Zadora, Jo Ann Havrilla, and Waters himself as a sicko psychiatrist. (3/7/88) (8th St. Playhouse; through Aug. 4.)

A Handful of Dust—The filmmakers who have brought Evelyn Waugh's sharp, satiric 1934 novel to the screen treat it as if it were one of the writer's ponderous later works—as if it were "Brideshead Revisited." In fact, the producer, Derek Granger, and the director, Charles Sturridge, were also responsible for the plodding TV miniseries of "Brideshead" several years ago. Waugh's novel traces the decline of Tony Last, a naïve English landowner, husband, and father who is betrayed by everything and everyone he believes in—especially by his charming, shallow wife, Brenda. Although virtually all the dialogue is lifted directly from the novel, the polished cruelty rarely sounds witty. The filmmakers give the appearance of being perfectly faithful to the novel, but they're constantly betraying it. In the last half hour, though, we're treated to a brilliant performance by Alec Guinness, as the alarming Mr. Todd. Playing Tony's final betrayer, he hits the tiny notes

IN BRIEF—Cont'd

of menace and ruthless self-interest in the lulling tones of polite English discourse: his sly, precise effects are an actor's equivalent of Waugh's sneakily devastating prose. With James Wilby (as Tony), Kristin Scott Thomas (as Brenda), Judi Dench, Rupert Graves, and Anjelica Huston. Screenplay by Granger, Sturridge, and Tim Sullivan.—T.R. (7/11/88) (Paris.)

Isabel (1968)—The setting is the Gaspé coast of Canada. Geneviève Bujold, with her hair cropped, is a sensitive young girl haunted by the mysterious, violent deaths in her family. It turns out that she is probably the daughter of her mother's brother, and in the omens-of-doom dramaturgy of the Canadian writer-director Paul Almond this is sufficient excuse for her to "give herself" to a man who resembles her brother. Not a movie for the tough-minded. (Thalia SoHo; Aug. 8.)

Kiss of Death (1947)—A tense, terrifying New York crime melodrama, with an unusually authentic seamy atmosphere; the director, Henry Hathaway, brought his crew in from Hollywood and shot the entire film on location, in such places as a Harlem night club, a house in Queens, the Criminal Courts Building, the Tombs, Sing Sing. Victor Mature gives an unexpectedly subdued, convincing performance as a hoodlum convict who, for the sake of his children (their mother has committed suicide), agrees to work with the police as an informer. Richard Widmark, in his film début, created a sensation; he's a giggling, sadistic gunman with homicidal mania in his voice. Ben Hecht and Charles Lederer wrote the script, from a story by Eleazar Lipsky. With Coleen Gray, Brian Donlevy, Karl Malden, Anthony Ross, Mildred Dunnock, Millard Mitchell, Robert Keith, and Harry Bellaver. (Thalia SoHo; Aug. 9.)

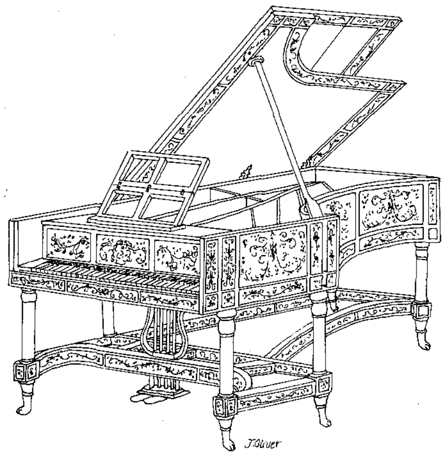
The Manchurian Candidate (1962)—A daring, funny, and far-out thriller about political extremists. George Axelrod adapted the Richard Condon novel, and John Frankenheimer came to life as a director. This picture may be the most sophisticated political satire ever made in Hollywood. With Angela Lansbury, Frank Sinatra, Laurence Harvey, and James Gregory. (Quad Cinema. Starting Aug. 5, evening performances only.)

Midnight Run—With Robert De Niro and Charles Grodin, directed by Martin Brest. (Reviewed in this issue.) (Manhattan Twin, Art Greenwich Twin, 23rd St. West Triplex, Olympia, and National Twin.)

The Misfits (1961)—Arthur Miller wrote the screenplay about contemporary cowboys—"misfits" in the film's symbolism—who hunt down wild horses and sell them to be butchered for dog food. Marilyn Monroe is a lonely, emotionally unstable divorcée who is deeply upset by the men's determination to capture the horses. Monroe had never worked her vulnerability so excessively before—she's pushy about her own sensitivity. Clark Gable plays an aging cowhand who falls in love with her, and Montgomery Clift is particularly engaging in the smaller role of a cowhand–rodeo rider with mother troubles. If there is a right tone in which to play the Miller script, the director, John Huston, doesn't find it. The film was plagued by delays caused by Monroe's psychiatric disorders, and these delays, plus the heat and the arduous actions required of him, are widely believed to have caused Gable's heart attack and death just after shooting was finished. With Eli Wallach, Thelma Ritter, Kevin McCarthy, Marietta Tree, James Barton, and Estelle Winwood. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Aug. 7.)

Nazarin (1958)—The hero, Nazarin, is a gentle Mexican priest—a Candide who is robbed and cheated—in this simple, masterly, ambiguous film by Luis Buñuel, which is (perhaps in spite of his intention) his most tender. A woman offers Nazarin a pineapple and her blessing. Nazarin is so stubbornly proud that it's a struggle for him to accept, and Buñuel himself is so proud that he will hardly allow the scene to have any weight. Humility is very difficult for him; he just tosses in the pineapple. He's determined not to give in to the folly of tenderness, but it's there. With Francisco Rabal. In Spanish. (Thalia SoHo; Aug. 5-6.)

The Night of the Shooting Stars (1982)—In its feeling and completeness, this film, by Paolo and Vittorio Taviani, may rank close to Jean Renoir's bafflingly beautiful "La Grande Illusion." The story is a woman's memories of her adventures as a six-year-old in a Tuscan village and its environs during the summer of 1944, when the American troops were rumored only days away, and the Germans who had held the area under occupation were preparing to clear out. This setting is magical, like a Shakespearean forest, and the woman's account has the quality of folklore and legend, and even its most tragic moments can be dizzyingly comic. With Omero Antonutti. The script is by the Tavianis and the producer, Giuliani G. De Negri, with the collaboration of Tonino Guerra. In Italian. (Thalia SoHo; Aug. 7.)



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On the Waterfront (1954)—The director, Elia Kazan, and the writer, Budd Schulberg, start out to expose racketeering in the waterfront unions and wind up trying to make the melodrama transcend itself. They fail, but the production took eight Academy Awards anyway, and most of them were deserved. It is one of the most powerful American movies of the fifties, and few movies caused so much talk, excitement, and dissension—largely because of Marlon Brando's performance as the inarticulate, instinctively alienated bum, Terry Malloy. Score by Leonard Bernstein. With Rod Steiger, Eva Marie Saint, Karl Malden, Lee J. Cobb, Leif Erickson, Martin Balsam, Tony Galento, Fred Gwynne, Pat Hingle, and Nehemiah Persoff. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Aug. 5-6.)

Patti Rocks—David Burton Morris's low-budget drama means to tell us something new about the war between men and women, but the movie is heavy-spirited and monotonous. Billy (Chris Mulkey), a working-class husband and father who considers himself quite a stud, is appalled when one of his girlfriends, Patti Rocks (Karen Landry), gets pregnant and won't have an abortion. He drives all night, in the company of his divorced friend Eddie (John Jenkins), to visit her and persuade her to change her mind. The conversation between the two men while they're on the road is the centerpiece of the movie; it's designed to bring out their hideously sexist attitudes, which will later be challenged by Patti's quiet strength. Billy's discourse is particularly colorful; he has a prodigious array of demeaning sexual epithets, most of which have nasty, violent overtones. He really is a pig—but that's *all* he is. Once the guys get to Patti's apartment, it's clear that the movie isn't going anywhere very interesting.—T.R. (Quad Cinema; through Aug. 4, evenings only.)

Roxie Hart (1942)—Roxie (Ginger Rogers) is the 1926 sensation of Chicago—a flapper on trial for her life who has the time of her life while on trial. She is coached and defended by Adolphe Menjou—"Roxie's simple, barefoot mouthpiece"—in sequences that may be the funniest courtroom buffoonery ever filmed. William Wellman directed, in a fast, broad, spirited style (though the end is the kind of studio-factory finish that no director can do anything with). The cast is first-rate: Iris Adrian is Two-Gun Gertie; the reporters and photographers include Lynne Overman, Phil Silvers, George Montgomery, William Frawley, and Spring Byington. (Biograph Cinema; Aug. 9-10.)

Shanghai Express (1932)—Irresistibly enjoyable. Marlene Dietrich gets to deliver what is perhaps her most memorable line: "It took more than one man to change my name to Shanghai Lily." In this glossy mixture of sex and intrigue, Shanghai Lily and her exquisitely stoic beloved (Clive Brook) fall into the hands of sinister Chinese revolutionaries led by Warner Oland. Directed by Josef von Sternberg, this movie has style—a triumphant fusion of sin, glamour, shamelessness, art, and, perhaps, a furtive sense of humor. With Anna May Wong, Gustav von Seyffertitz, and Eugene Pallette. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Aug. 9.)

Straw Dogs (1971)—Probably one of the key films of the seventies. Dustin Hoffman plays a weakling mathematician who finds his manhood when he learns to kill to protect his home, and Susan George is his snarling, pouty wife—a little beast who wants to be made submissive. Machismo, directed by Sam Peckinpah, and sold under the (then) fashionable guise of the territorial imperative. Its vision is narrow and puny; Peckinpah sacrifices the flow and spontaneity and the euphoria of spaciousness that have made him a legend—but not the savagery. The only beauty he allows himself is in eroticism and violence. Screenplay by David Zelag Goodman and Peckinpah, adapted from the novel "The Siege of Trencher's Farm," by Gordon M. Williams. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Aug. 4.)

Tampopo (1986)—Written and directed by Juzo Itami, this understated farce has its own brand of dippy enchantment. It's about noodles, pleasure, and the movies. The title, which is Japanese for "dandelion," is the name of a fortyish widow (Nobuko Miyamoto) who is trying to make a go of a run-down noodle shop on the outskirts of Tokyo. A courtly truck driver (Tsutomu Yamazaki), who wears a dark-brown cowboy hat straight across his brow, like the righteous hero of a solemn Western, makes it his mission to help her become a real noodle cook. The film crosscuts between the story of Tampopo and her cowboy samurai and the culinary-erotic adventures of a pair of lovers: a gangster in a white suit and his ready-for-everything cutie. These two demonstrate that eating and sex can be the same thing. The movie is constructed like a comic essay, with random frivolous touches, and much of it is shot in hot, bright color that suggests a neon fusion of urban night life and movie madness. The subtexts connect with viewers' funnybones at different times, and part of the fun of the movie is listening to the sudden eruptions of giggles—it's as if some kids were running around in the theatre tickling people. In Japanese. (6/1/87) (Bleecker St. Cinema.)

A Taxing Woman—The third film written and directed by Juzo Itami is his first dull one. It's a comedy about tax evasion, pitting a dishonest and very clever businessman (Tsutomu Yamazaki) against the awesome forces of Japan's national tax office, whose relentless spirit is most purely incarnated in a tiny, dogged female inspector named Mrs. Itakura (Nobuko Miyamoto). This sounds like fun, but, despite some clever notions and a handful of inventive scenes, the movie feels tentative, not fully worked out; it's as if Itami got bogged down in research and forgot about the jokes. For whatever reason, "A Taxing Woman" is much more conventional than the director's previous films, "The Funeral" and "Tampopo" (see above). In Japanese.—T.R. (Bleecker St. Cinema.)

Valentino (1977)—By attaching the names of actual people to his sadomasochistic fantasies, the director Ken Russell gives the picture a nasty inside-joke appeal. The only redeeming element is Rudolf Nureyev in the title role; he doesn't evoke Valentino, but from time to time he has a captivating, very funny temperament of his own. Russell turns the great Alla Nazimova (Leslie Caron) into nothing more than a cheap, vengeful, blackmailing bitch, and he shows no feeling for Valentino's wife, Natacha Rambova (Michelle Phillips), who was a superb Art Nouveau designer. In this movie, everybody is out to defame Valentino's manhood, and he is punched to a pulp while trying to defend himself against the charge of effeminacy. With Anthony Dowell, Carol Kane, Seymour Cassel, Felicity Kendal, and Huntz Hall. (Thalia SoHo; Aug. 10.)

White Mischief—At first, Michael Radford's film about upper-class English settlers in Kenya in the nineteen-forties seems bracingly sardonic: there isn't a hint of the sneaky romanticism and nostalgia for Empire that colonial dramas so frequently succumb to. As one aristocratic viper after another is introduced, and each member of the large and familiar cast (Greta Scacchi, Charles Dance, Joss Ackland, Sarah Miles, John Hurt, Trevor Howard, Geraldine Chaplin) makes his distinctively peculiar entrance, the movie promises to be wicked fun. Amazingly, though, as the action gets nastier the picture gets duller. The screenplay, by Radford and Jonathan Gems, is based on the real-life murder of Josslyn Hay, Earl of Errol (Dance), a colonial Casanova who conducted a flagrant affair with young Lady Diana Broughton (Scacchi), to which their jaded social set reacted with a mixture of amusement and jealousy. As the movie concentrates more and more on the unsavory triangle of Errol, Diana, and her creepy middle-aged husband (Ackland), we begin to get the uneasy feeling that the director has lost track of his own intentions. For all the melodramatic complications, the characters remain static, as if they'd been frozen in place after their initial scenes.—T.R. (Carnegie Hall Cinema.)

Who Framed Roger Rabbit—This manic comedy, in which animated cartoon characters interact with live actors, is an amazing feat of entertainment engineering—like a Disneyland ride or a World's Fair movie. The setting is Los Angeles in 1947, and the screenplay, by Jeffrey Price and Peter Seaman, takes off from the fairly witty conceit that the cartoon characters, called Toons here, are ordinary contract players in the already skewed universe of the Hollywood studio system. These strange creatures become involved in a conventional forties mystery plot, featuring a seedy, hard-drinking private eye (Bob Hoskins). The director, Robert Zemeckis, and his small army of animators and special-effects artists mean to pay homage to the Hollywood animation of the thirties and forties, but the movie doesn't have the right spirit. Technology and plot mechanics labor mightily to evoke an aura of freedom and uninhibited joy—yet there's hardly a spontaneous moment in the film. Also with Christopher Lloyd, Joanna Cassidy, and Stubby Kaye. The funniest Toon, Roger's sireny wife, Jessica, speaks with Kathleen Turner's (uncredited) voice and sings with Amy Irving's. The director of animation was Richard Williams. Adapted, very loosely, from the novel "Who Censored Roger Rabbit?," by Gary K. Wolf.—T.R. (7/11/88) (Gramercy, Coronet, Ziegfeld, and Columbia Cinema.)

The Wild Bunch (1969)—It's a traumatic poem of violence, with imagery as ambivalent as Goya's. By a supreme burst of filmmaking energy, Sam Peckinpah is able to convert chaotic romanticism into exaltation. The movie is set in the Texas and Mexico of 1913, and, in Peckinpah's words, "I was trying to tell a simple story about bad men in changing times. 'The Wild Bunch' is simply what happens when killers go to Mexico." Pouring new wine into the bottle of the Western, Peckinpah explodes the bottle; his story is too simple for this imagist epic. And it's no accident that you feel a sense of loss for each killer of the Bunch: Peckinpah has made them seem heroically, mythically alive on the screen. With William Holden, Ernest Borgnine, Robert Ryan, Ben Johnson, and Edmond O'Brien. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Aug. 4.)

The Wild One (1954)—Based on the 1947 events in Hollister, California, when a convention of four thousand motorcyclists took over the town, this film offers a nightmare image. Marlon Brando, in his magnetic, soft-eyed youth, is their moody leader. The picture seemed to be frightened of its subject—the young nihilists who said no to American blandness and conformity—and reduced it as quickly as possible to the trivial meaninglessness of misunderstood boy meets understanding girl (Mary Murphy), but this clumsy, naïve film was banned and argued about in so many countries that it developed a near-legendary status. With Lee Marvin, Robert Keith, Jay C. Flippen, and Ray Teal. Directed by Laslo Benedek. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Aug. 5-6.)

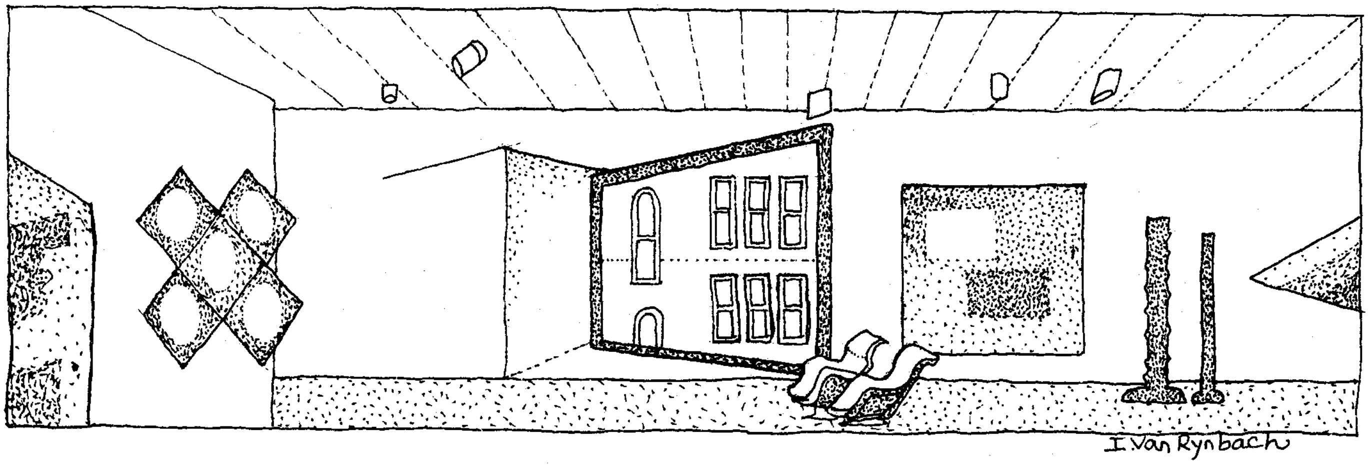
Wings of Desire ("Der Himmel über Berlin")—The director, Wim Wenders, who wrote the script with the collaboration of Peter Handke, has a theme: in an approximation of Rilke's words, "Joy has gone astray." We're told that "when the child was a child" stories held together. Now all we have is fragmentation, entropy. Two angels—Damiel (Bruno Ganz) and Cassiel (Otto Sander)—hover over the bleak, divided city and move among the forlorn Berliners, listening to what's in their minds: listening to the questions about existence that these people ask themselves. Our overhearing what the angels hear—the thoughts chanted on the track, all in even, quiet tones, as grayed out as the sunless skies—works on us like a tranquillizer. Eventually, Damiel falls in love with a beautiful French aerialist (Solveig Dommartin), and gives up his wings. With Peter Falk, who brings some funky warmth to the role of an American movie star, and Curt Bois as a sad-faced old man called Homer. The cinematography (tinted black-and-white, and color) is by Henri Alekan. This Franco-German production is in English, French, and German. (5/30/88) (Cinema Studio.)

A World Apart—Set in 1963, it's about a thirteen-year-old girl (Jodhi May) who lives a well-ordered, ruling-class life in a fine home in suburban Johannesburg until her father (Jeroen Krabbé), who's a Communist, flees the country in the middle of the night to escape arrest, and her mother (Barbara Hershey), the editor of a small anti-apartheid newspaper, is "detained" for ninety days, and then another ninety days. Based on a semi-autobiographical script by Shawn Slovo, the daughter of the journalist Ruth First and Joe Slovo, the leader of the banned South African Communist Party, the movie deals with the girl's feeling confused and resentful—the fight against apartheid is also her competitor. In prison or out, her mother is not all there for her. The theme of the movie is the conflict between fighting injustice and what we owe to our families—or, more poignantly, a young girl's pain at the loss of her mother and father, though she knows the reason for it. Shot in Zimbabwe, this remarkable first feature directed by the noted cinematographer Chris Menges has a visual snap to it. It's luminous yet very informal. And though, toward the end, it falls into chanting slogans, it has a radiant intelligence. The cast includes Linda Mvusi, who shared the best-actress award at Cannes with May and Hershey, and Tim Roth, Yvonne Bryceland, Albee Lesotho, David Suchet, and Nadine Chalmers. (6/13/88) (Quad Cinema, and Festival.)

You and Me (1938)—As soon as the action starts (in a department store where parolees are hired), you can smell disaster. Sylvia Sidney is the overly sweet and demure ex-convict employee who marries another ex-convict employee (George Raft), even though it violates her parole. This clompingly coy movie was the result of studio interference with a great director (Fritz Lang), who had got himself into what was probably a hopeless project, even if it hadn't been interfered with. In several episodes, Lang, with the help of the composer Kurt Weill, tried to escape from the pedestrian script (by Virginia Van Upp, from Norman Krasna's story) with musical numbers in the pedagogic Brecht vein, but the movie turned out to be botched in every department. (Thalia SoHo; Aug. 4.)

You Only Live Once (1937)—This early version of the Bonnie and Clyde story, starring Sylvia Sidney and Henry Fonda (neither has ever been better), is perhaps the finest of Fritz Lang's American movies, and certainly one of the finest American melodramas of the thirties. In this version, the young outcasts are seen as innocent victims of the indifference and cruelty of society—a view the audiences of the period readily shared. The details and many of the individual sequences are so clearly directed that the social melodrama is transcended. The script is by Gene Towne and Graham Baker. (Thalia SoHo; Aug. 4.)

Zabriskie Point (1970)—Antonioni's American-made movie is about a semi-political boy (Mark Frechette) and an uncommitted girl (Daria Halprin) and how everything they encounter in American life is cruel and rotten. When the boy is (implausibly) killed by a "pig," the girl sees what must come: the destruction of America (which turns out to be a ravishingly pretty apocalypse). It's a very odd sensation to watch a message movie by a famous European artist telling us what is wrong with America while showing us something both naïve and decrepit. Antonioni can't animate the young performers—he can't, it seems, truly connect with them. He falls back on the youth mythology then so popular in the mass media (the young are good guys and the older white Americans are bad guys), and this rigid, schematic point of view doesn't fit his deliberately open-ended, sprawling style. The movie seems unconsciously snobbish—as if Antonioni thought America should be destroyed because of its vulgarity. With Rod Taylor. (Cinema Village; Aug. 7.)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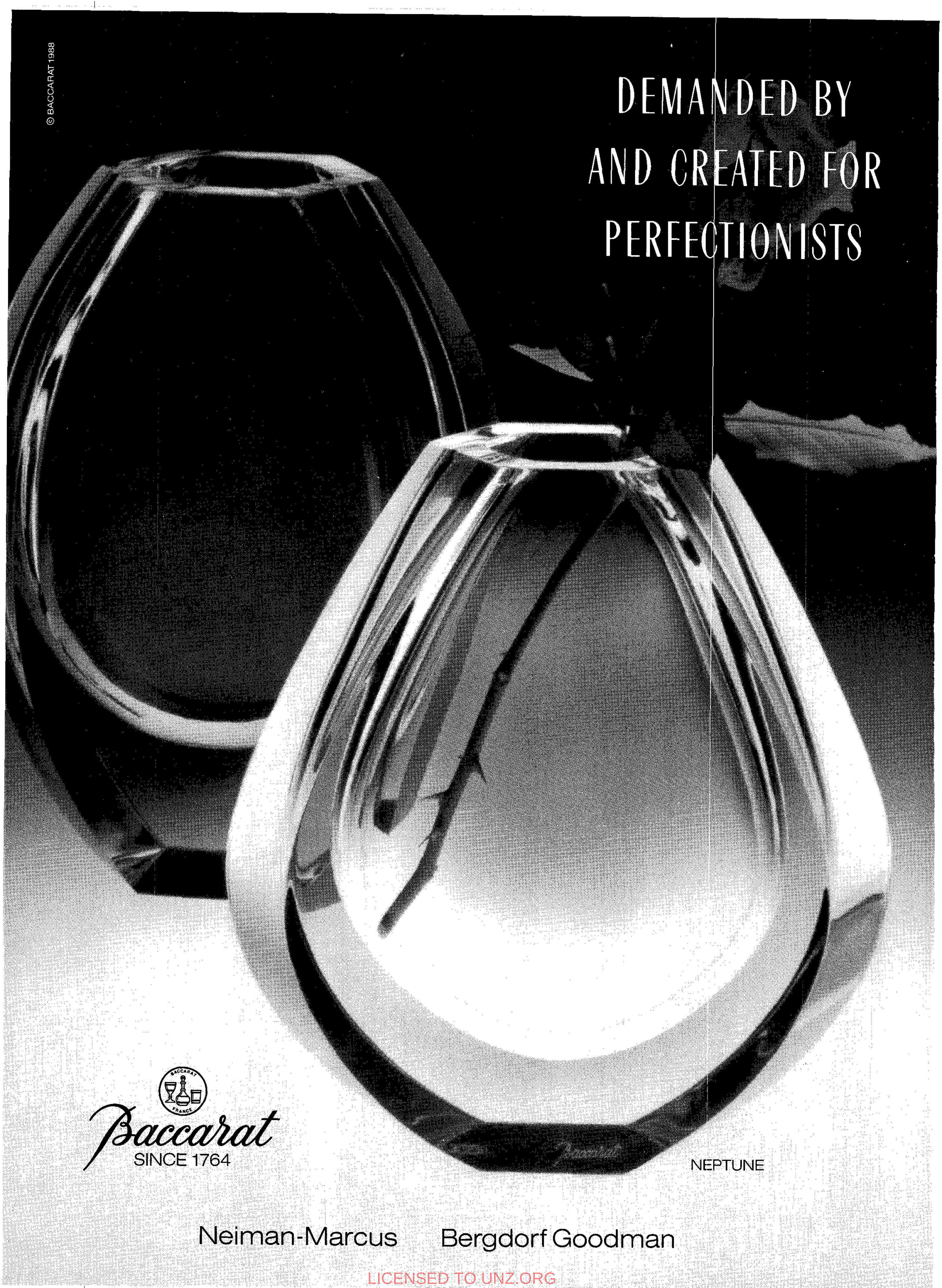© BACCARAT 1988
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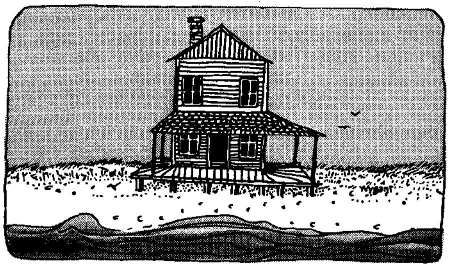
THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

THE report of the independent counsel James C. McKay, who was asked to investigate the activities of Attorney General Edwin Meese, documents examples of old-fashioned corruption—misuse of influence and office. Although the facts set out have drawn a lot of attention and are no longer much in dispute, the report's lawyerly care and discipline deserve some notice. The report chastises Meese for abusing the tolerance written into certain laws, for showing insensitivity to the appearance of impropriety, and for doing other things that by almost any standard but Meese's were wrong; and yet McKay, because he was asked to investigate only whether Meese broke any criminal law, forwarded to the Office of Professional Responsibility in the Justice Department the task of deciding whether Meese had violated the federal code of ethics. McKay judged that Meese probably committed two violations of conflict-of-interest laws, by taking part in decisions about deregulation of the telephone industry while he held stock in seven regional phone companies that were affected by those decisions, and two violations of the tax laws, by failing to pay taxes on capital gains from the sale of securities and by filing a tax return that failed to disclose the sales. But McKay decided not to recommend prosecution, in part because he found no evidence that Meese had acted out of self-interest in the phone case, and because Meese was, in effect, a first-time offender in the tax case and said he intended to pay the tax eventually.

Before the Attorney General read the report, he claimed that it was a “vindication,” and announced that he was resigning with his name cleared. After the report was released to the public, however, he said that he was “appalled” by its conclusions, and that the independent counsel had “violated every principle of fairness and decency” in reaching them. According to Meese, McKay, after deciding not to recommend prosecution, circumvented the legal system to make “a false implication of wrongdoing”—something that is “absolutely at odds with every principle of our system of justice.” While it's true that prosecutors don't usually comment on their decisions not to seek indictments, McKay really had no choice in the matter: the independent-counsel law *required* him to submit to a special court in Washington a report explaining his investigation and his recommendations, and it was the court that released the report. Moreover, the actual text of the report shows conclusively that Meese benefitted from McKay's restraint as a prosecutor and his precise sense of his duties.

When Assistant Attorney General William Weld met this spring with President Reagan to explain why he felt compelled to leave the Meese Justice Department, he told the President that in his view Meese had violated the federal code of ethics and, further, that if it were up to him he would approve the prosecution of Meese. “The problem,” as Weld testified before the Senate Judiciary Committee last week, “is the relationship with Mr. Wallach.” E. Bob Wallach, a California attorney and a longtime friend of Meese's, regularly sought the Attorney General's help for himself or his clients. In return, Weld claimed, Wallach presented Meese with illegal gratuities, which included forgiving sixty-five thousand dollars in legal fees; helping to arrange a forty-thousand-dollar-a-year job for Meese's wife, Ursula; and introducing the Meeses to an adviser who in about two years increased their investments by more than fifty per cent. These exchanges began in 1981, Weld said, soon after Wallach gave a lunch for some prominent lawyers and judges in San Francisco to advertise “his close friendship with and access to Mr. Meese,” and they continued through 1987. During that time, Meese was instrumental, as Counsellor to the President, in the Army's decision to award a thirty-million-dollar contract to the Wedtech Corporation, Wallach's client, and as Attorney General he enabled Wallach to play a highly unusual, quasi-diplomatic role in the billion-dollar Iraqi-pipeline deal. Weld told the Senate committee, “My conclusion was that there were simply too many official acts performed by Mr. Meese to benefit Mr. Wallach, and too many things of value conferred by Mr. Wallach on Mr. Meese, for a prosecutor to conclude as a matter of fact or law that the gratuity [law] would not apply.”



In McKay's view, there were “notable coincidences” in the timing of Wallach's help to Meese and Meese's aid to Wallach, but McKay's final decision was determined by a cautious judgment about the evidence that he was able to gather. (Meese claimed he couldn't remember what he had done or thought at key junctures in his dealings with Wallach, and four other witnesses chose not to speak to the independent counsel about crucial details—three, including Wallach, because they were implicated in related crimes.) What Meese and Wallach did for each other could have been done in the name of friendship, the McKay report concludes, and there was "no direct evidence" that Meese accepted anything of value from Wallach with the "state of mind" needed for a crime.

Some observers have speculated that McKay would have recommended Meese's indictment if he had been a regular prosecutor instead of an independent counsel—that he wanted to avoid appearing overzealous. But the discretion that American prosecutors enjoy makes it no surprise to legal experts that two responsible prosecutors like Weld and McKay could reach opposite conclusions about how to proceed on the same facts. That discretion, its advocates believe, leads to just or merciful results more often than to arbitrary ones.

"No direct evidence," "insufficient evidence," "no substantial evidence"—repeatedly, in his report, McKay gives Meese the benefit of the doubt by adhering to rules of evidence that, in his view, kept him from reaching what might seem logical conclusions from the "circumstantial" evidence. It's hard to see how this approach supports Meese's assertion that the facts in the McKay report show that not only did he do nothing illegal, he did nothing wrong. By maintaining this, Meese suggests that he is either contemptuous of the standards expected of a high-ranking official or oblivious of them. In a hundred-and-four-page reply to the McKay report, Meese's lawyers contend that it is "first and foremost, an exercise in self-justification." On the contrary, McKay's submission underscores how deliberate and punctilious he was in fulfilling the requirements of the law. The McKay report is careful about ideas at the heart of the American legal system, about the process by which laws are enforced and legal complications resolved, and about the conduct expected of high officials in the performance of their duties. Where a law required a close call or a balancing of interests, the report is measured and straightforward: it shows that respect for the law can be forcefully expressed in something as subtle as an attitude as well as through basic compliance with the rules. McKay worked toward a considered legal outcome rather than the sort of predetermined result so often favored by the Reagan Administration and the Attorney General. His report demonstrates precisely what has been lacking in Edwin Meese's approach to the law during his almost eight years in Washington.

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"Ben-Hur"

ON Friday, we called up Irene Mayer Selznick and asked her if she wanted to go to the movies. We had never met Mrs. Selznick, but we'd read a lot about her, and we knew, for example, that she is the daughter of Louis B. Mayer, that she was the first wife of David O. Selznick, and that she had been an important Broadway producer. And when we read that the British film historians Kevin Brownlow and David Gill were presenting a newly restored version of the 1925 "Ben-Hur"—with a new musical score, and with some vivid original Technicolor sequences spliced back in—at one of their silent-film nights at PepsiCo Summerfare, up in Purchase, New York, we wondered if Mrs. Selznick might want to see it again after all these years. ("Ben-Hur" was one of her father's first big hits.) So we picked up the phone and called her, and after a moment's pause she said, "Well, why not?"

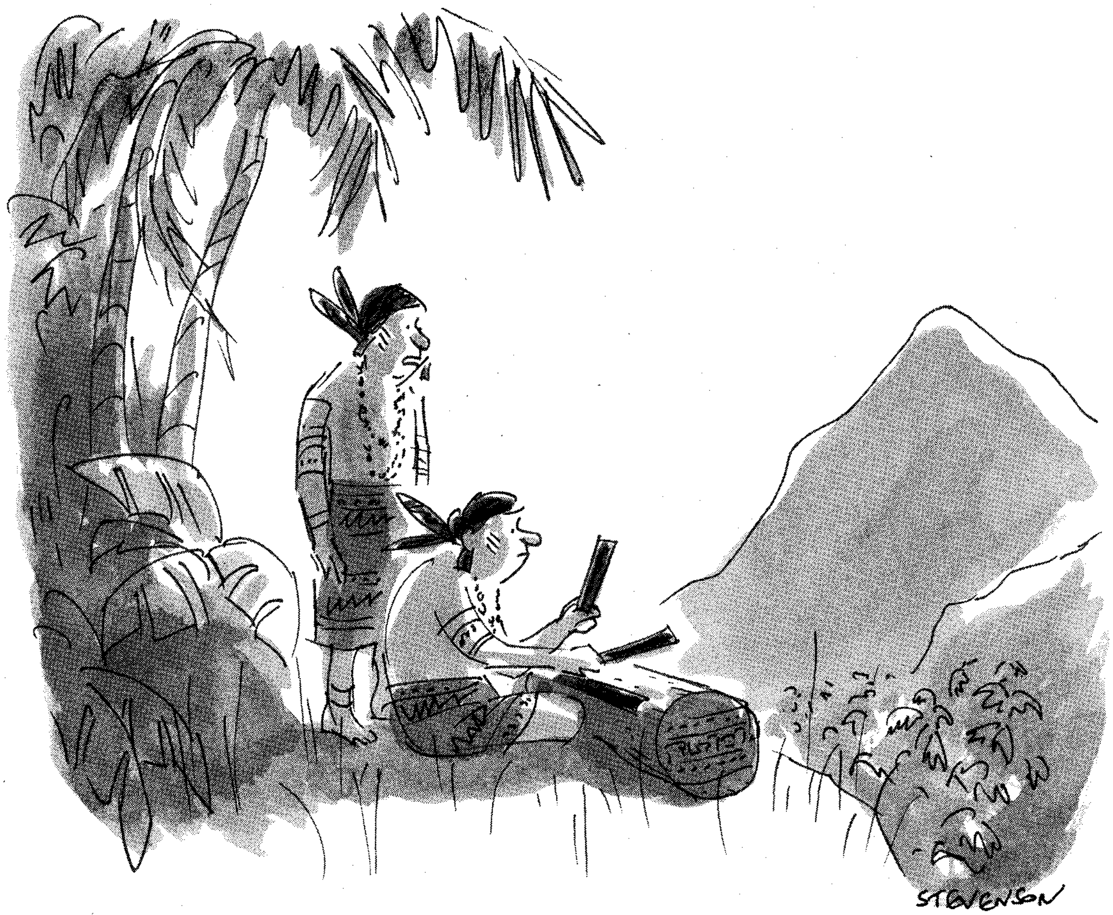
"Is that *air*-cooling on?" Mrs. Selznick asked a few hours later as she climbed into the back of a car we had hired for the ride out to Purchase. She is a small, majestic woman, and she had a black-and-sand cashmere shawl wrapped tightly around her. "Throughout the summer months, my life is a continual *struggle* against the *absurdity* of *air*-cooling! Why don't we open the windows? What's wrong with *fresh air*?" She wasn't complaining; the simple authority of her voice—an odd mixture of aristocratic New England stresses and blunt New York consonants—took for granted the sheer preposterousness of artificially refrigerating a rapidly moving vehicle that was already equipped with working windows. We fumbled for the air-conditioning control, turned it off, and rolled down the windows.

"The hell with *that*," she said with satisfaction as the whisper of the air-conditioner faded and subsided, and a blast of fetid F.D.R. Drive air blew into the car. She turned and pointed to a heavy bag from Zabar's that we had put on the seat between us. "What have you got?" she asked, almost conspiratorially. We described the picnic we had packed for our drive to Purchase: Nova and cream cheese on bagel, ham and cheese on rye, and some gingersnaps; we felt a little bad that it wasn't something grander. But she said approvingly, "Nothing wrong with *that*," and, reaching into the bag, unpacked the picnic and handed us a sandwich.

Between bites, Mrs. Selznick talked about Tennessee Williams ("He adored his grandfather. If anyone called him 'Granddad,' or 'Grandpop,' Tennessee was mortally offended"), about the perils of having Charlie Chaplin as a neighbor ("Young girls—sometimes *very* young girls—would arrive after Charlie had rejected them, and faint for *his* benefit on *our* lawn"), and about the original version of Von Stroheim's legendary "Greed" ("Ten hours in a concrete box in M-G-M. I wish everyone who talks about a ruined masterpiece could be condemned to spend ten hours in a concrete box watching it").

We asked Mrs. Selznick to tell us something about "Ben-Hur," admitting lamely that all we knew was that it was about gladiators and Christians. She gave us a look, and fell silent for a moment. We recalled that someone who knows her had told us that Mrs. Selznick is the only person who understands movies dynastically—as the product, part spectacle and part drygoods, of the alliances and intermarriages of a few noble families and their retainers: a long Shakespearean drama played out among the Mayers and Selznicks and Laskys and Goldwyns and Loews.

"To understand 'Ben-Hur,' you must understand first that Lewis J. Selznick, David's father, was a mischief-maker," she said. " 'A Selznick!' my father would call out, as a term of abuse. You see, he had been to the Selznick house once, and David, who couldn't have been more than nine or ten then, had said that he wanted to go to the movies. 'On a Sunday night!' my father would say—he told the story over and over again. 'On



"No, no. It's three thumps for call waiting and five thumps for call forwarding."

a Sunday night! And Old Man Selznick gives him ten dollars! Mark my words,' my father would say. 'No good will come of it! No good will come of it!' Ten dollars in those days was a lot of money for a child. L.J., the old man, did eventually fall on hard times—my father was right about that—but in the good times he had bought up a little piece of the rights to make 'Ben-Hur' into a picture. Just out of mischief, just because you never know. Now, Marcus Loew owned the Loew's theatres, and he began to acquire studios to supply them with pictures. Eventually, he merged three studios: Metro; Goldwyn (this was after Sam Goldwyn had been forced out); and Louis B. Mayer. Loew inherited 'Ben-Hur' from Goldwyn, but he didn't control enough of the rights. So he sent Nick Schenck, who worked for him, to ask L.J. how much he wanted for his share. L.J. brought David Selznick along to the meeting, though David was still only a boy. 'Well, Son, you decide,' he said to David, and David looked Nick Schenck in the eye and said, 'Pop, sell 'em back to him for whatever you paid.' And Nick Schenck said, 'Kid, I owe you one.' "

Mrs. Selznick paused to praise the Nova and cream cheese. "Never *had* this before," she said. Then she went on, "The picture was already being shot, in Italy, and the location had become a sinkhole of graft and lust. Every once in a while, the executives back home would become concerned, and they would send over a producer to take charge, and, one after another, each of those producers would be swallowed up, too. They decided to send over my father, who was known to be solid—he knew every aspect of the picture business, and he was absolutely incorruptible—to rescue 'Ben-Hur.' The entire family immediately left for Italy—my mother, my father, my sister Edie, and I—and when we got there my father decided that the only way to save the picture was to get it the hell out of that country. And so he did. It seemed impressive at the time that a picture should have been made in Rome. Nobody ever mentioned that almost everything in 'Ben Hur' was actually shot in Culver City. On huge, immense sets, on Washington Boulevard. And the picture was a great success."

By now, the car had arrived at Purchase. We got out with Mrs. Selznick and walked slowly toward the theatre. Distracted by the press of people, and thinking that her story was over, we began to talk about something else. "Now, listen," Mrs. Selznick said, almost impatiently. "A little later, when L. J. Selznick fell on hard times, Myron, David's older brother, said, 'No Selznick has ever worked for anybody, but, David, you're going to have to get a job.' It was a crushing blow. Myron drove David from studio to studio, and David was offered a job at M-G-M. Triumph! But the next day the man who had offered him the job called back to say that my father had said that David Selznick would never set foot on the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer lot. It was the ten dollars, you see—the fatal Selznick extravagance. But David had a trump. He went to Nick Schenck, who ran the company in New York, and reminded him of 'Ben-Hur.' That topped even ten dollars on a Sunday night. And that began David Selznick's work at M-G-M." As Mrs. Selznick finished, we recalled Fitzgerald's famous line (put into the mouth, it occurred to us, of a producer's daughter) that only a few people had ever been able to hold the equation of motion pictures in their head, and we realized that we had just seen one of these equations neatly laid out, analyzed, and solved.

The first half of "Ben-Hur" lasted over an hour—all mesmerizing action, metal lingerie, and enough plot in the first half hour alone to score deep, permanent furrows in the brow of Ramon Novarro, who plays the title role. The print was in wonderful shape—not a flicker or a jump—and many of the scenes were evocatively tinted: blue for night, yellow for early morning, and so on. With the wonderful print, and a big, Wagnerian orchestra, and a crowd of people prepared to respond to the old movie without condescension, what might have seemed hammy suddenly became grand. Mrs. Selznick, who hadn't seen "Ben-Hur" in over sixty years, seemed to enjoy it, too, but as the first half ended she shook her head. "I'm bewildered," she said. "I'm utterly bewildered. I've never seen *this* before. I recall certain small scenes. But all the *color*—I don't recall that. And, my God, what about that May McAvoy!" May McAvoy played the heroine, Esther, and in her first scene (which involved Ramon Novarro and a turtledove) set some kind of silent-film record for kittenishness. "I mean, why didn't they cut that scene right out of the film! She is *hell* to watch."

We commented that Francis X. Bushman, who played the heavy, Messala, was a lot of fun to look at.

"Francis X. Bushman!" Mrs. Selznick said. "Francis X. Bushman. He was the very first movie star I ever met. He came to our home in Brookline—years before we got to California—at a time when he was starring in a great serial with Beverly Bayne. What a *magnanimous* man he seemed—so big, with an enormous amethyst ring on his little finger. I recall thinking, My husband shall wear an enormous amethyst."

We remarked that our favorite character in the movie was Iras, the Egyptian vamp who seduces Ben-Hur, and who was played by Carmel Myers.

"Carmel Myers!" Mrs. Selznick said. "She was the daughter of the rabbi of the largest temple in Los Angeles. She became our best friend in Italy, and she wanted to be the third Mayer sister. But she was too old to be company for me and too young to be company for my mother. She thought we might help her in her search for a suitable husband."

"Did she find one?" we asked.

"Several."

"Ben-Hur" resumed, and quickly worked its way to the famous chariot race, which is still spectacular. "Washington Boulevard!" Mrs. Selznick said, nudging us.

We gestured at what seemed to be thousands of extras, up on the screen.

"Little dolls," she whispered, and bobbed in her seat, to demonstrate. "Little dolls."

After the picture ended, we went with Mrs. Selznick to a small party in honor of the revival. Mr. Brownlow asked her—in reverent and abashed tones—how she had liked it.

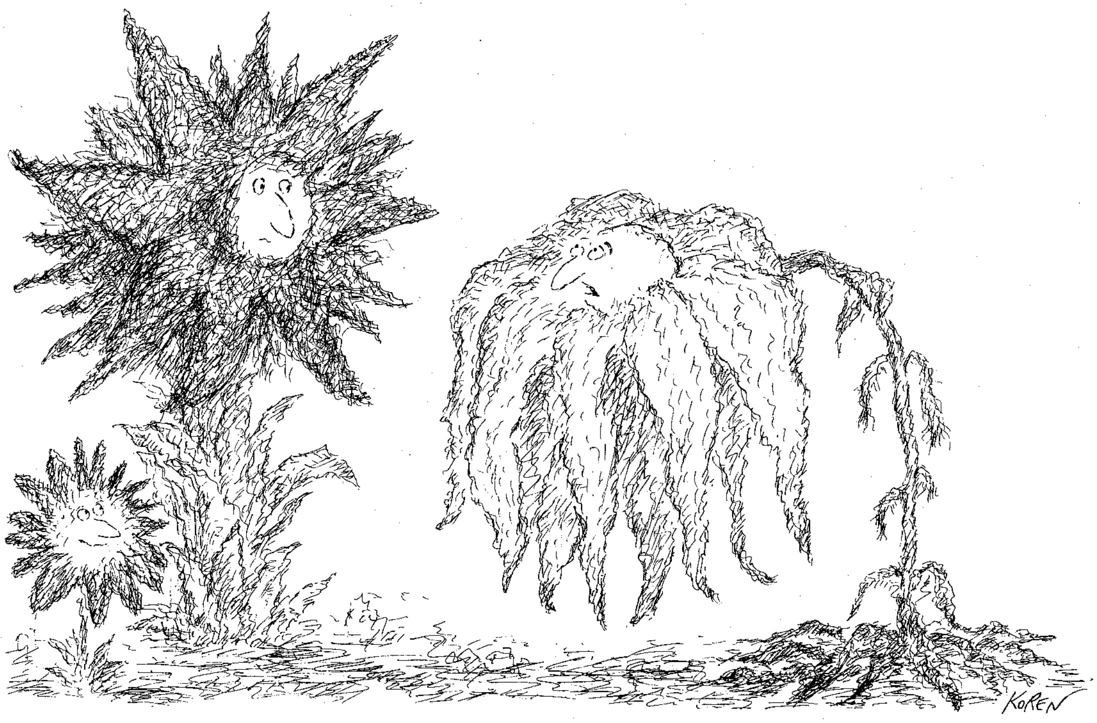
"Needs work," she said, and she began to detail all the things in the picture that could be improved, beginning with May McAvoy's performance. We realized that for Mrs. Selznick movies were never really finished, just temporarily abandoned. "I'm sure that that Technicolor was *not* in the movie I saw," she said, smiling, "but if a film historian as distinguished as Kevin Brownlow tells me that it was, I must give way. Everyone has relied on my memory for so long that it's a pleasure to be relieved of the burden by a historian." She thought for a moment, and then said, "Of course, there is the possibility that this man may not in fact *be* Kevin Brownlow." It was her exit line. We followed her back to the car and rode home, with all the windows open.

Apartment

A YOUNG woman we know writes:

I live in a very tiny apartment. Everyone who sees it says, "It's the smallest place I've ever been in." This includes seasoned New Yorkers who have dwelt in a variety of studios. A woman in size-7 shoes can cross my apartment in eight and a half steps and walk the length of it in eighteen. There's an entrance hallway that is longer than the apartment, but if you put anything there you have to angle yourself past it. The only person who ever walked into my apartment and said, "This is perfect, this is great," is a guy who had just got out of prison.

According to a cabdriver who brought me home one night, my building used to be a hotel. He knew, he said, because he lived here in 1922. The 1988 version has been only slightly renovated—now we have little kitchens in the closets that Murphy beds used to pop out of. There are four floors and forty-six apartments, all the same size. The people who live in the building are an eclectic bunch, but we're united by the fact that we all know just how dinky our apartments are. When we see each other in the halls or meet on the



"I'm allergic to the sun."

BEEF KABOBS
SODAS
D. Reilly

street, empathic smiles pass between us.

I live on the fourth floor—the only one that's decorated. Near the stairwell are an ailing palm, an abstract painting by a college student, two antique-looking tables, and a folding chair. Twelve apartments are on this floor. In No. 12 lives Suzanne, who could probably inspire a sitcom. Suzanne works for a horror-movie company and has lived in the building about two years. Across the hall from Suzanne is Tom: early thirties, nine-to-fiver, from a small town. Tom gets a lot of L. L. Bean deliveries, and I have to sign for them, because they always come when he's at work. Next to Tom is the haunted apartment—everyone who has ever lived there has gone insane. One girl who lived there scratched "Mafia" on my door with a fork. Next is Fanny, the party girl; she gives standing-room-only parties—which means about eight people. And next to her is Lynn, who has an "In Case of Fire, Save the Animals" sticker on her door. I would probably ask her to feed my cats if I went away. Across from Lynn lives an old guy who leaves his door open in the summer and sits there in his underwear. The mouse man is on one side of me. All the time he's lived there, I haven't heard a peep out of him—no TV, no music, no phone ringing. On the other side is the Buddhist. I've heard many marathon chant sessions, along with the chime of her Buddha bell, coming through the walls.

Since all the apartments are the same size, the only way to achieve status here is to be gone a lot. "Oh, God. I'm never around!" the social climbers say—most of them people who have been here for a couple of years. The old tenants are reconciled to their fate, and the newcomers are just so happy to have found a place in the city that they breeze in and out as if they were living in the Plaza.

Elsewhere in residence is Pete: scar-slashed face, maybe an ex-heavyweight, around sixty, heart of gold. There's Juanita—her parents were supers of the building for over twenty years, before they retired to Puerto Rico. There's a girl with bleached hair who's always talking about the big lofts and huge apartments she used to live in. And the waiter—at every new restaurant I've gone to in the neighborhood, he's been there to take my order. There's an old and crotchety and very, very nosy woman—the Mrs. Kravitz of the whole block. But she's had to live next door to a guy who plays his music so loud that it sounds live. There's the flute player, who looks about twenty-five but is really forty-five and has a couple of married kids living in another country. And another musician—the mysterious piano lady. The first mystery is how she fits a piano into her apartment, and the second is why after all these years she doesn't play any better.

My favorite neighbors are the mother and son. The mother is well over sixty. She wears designer eyeglasses and has perfectly manicured long fingernails. I've never seen her without her shopping cart—empty or full, it's a constant companion. The son, who's around forty, looks like the Bob Cratchit cartoon character. The mother used to be a waitress in a diner on the East Side. She moved to New York fifty-three years ago, alone, from an Ohio farm, and says she has no desire to ever move back to the country, because she hates nature—she hates the birds, the trees, the noise, and the boredom. She likes the beach at Coney Island but won't go in the water. She says she'd die if a fish touched her, and die even more if it was a snake. Her son works the graveyard shift at the Post Office. When he's off, they like to go shopping at Macy's and have lunch at the Polish restaurants in the East Village.

One time, there was a crime in the building. Out of curiosity most of us ended up on the third floor, where the police were questioning people. After the police left and the excitement wore off, tenants who hadn't formerly met introduced themselves. An hour later, everyone was still chatting it up, and all you could hear was questions: "Where do you keep your bicycle?" "Where do you put all your clothes?" "What do you do when you have company?" "You have two cats?" "Do you have a loft bed?" "Do you really cook on those stoves?" "Did you know there was a guy living on our roof?" "Have your parents ever seen the place?" "You have a couch and a bed? Where do you walk?" "Can you hear me through your walls?" "Ever notice there aren't any fat people in this building?"

PEAS IN A POD

She liked to rub a leaf between her fingers to feel its velvety texture or . . . thrust her unstockinged feet into streams to feel the pulsations of the water.—*From a book about Georgia O'Keeffe.*

Penny, an art student from the dairylands: "I do that. I'll rub brittle fall leaves until they crush in my hand, or those rubbery thick leaves that feel good to squish. With furry leaves that have a velvety texture, I drift them across my face. And—probably a painterly thing—I also like to take my socks off and put my feet in a stream, even if it isn't hot out. I once painted a picture of some chicken bones, and now I'm working on a still-life of the afghan that hangs over my parents' couch. I'm from the same region as Georgia, I have long hair, and I wear basic black."

•

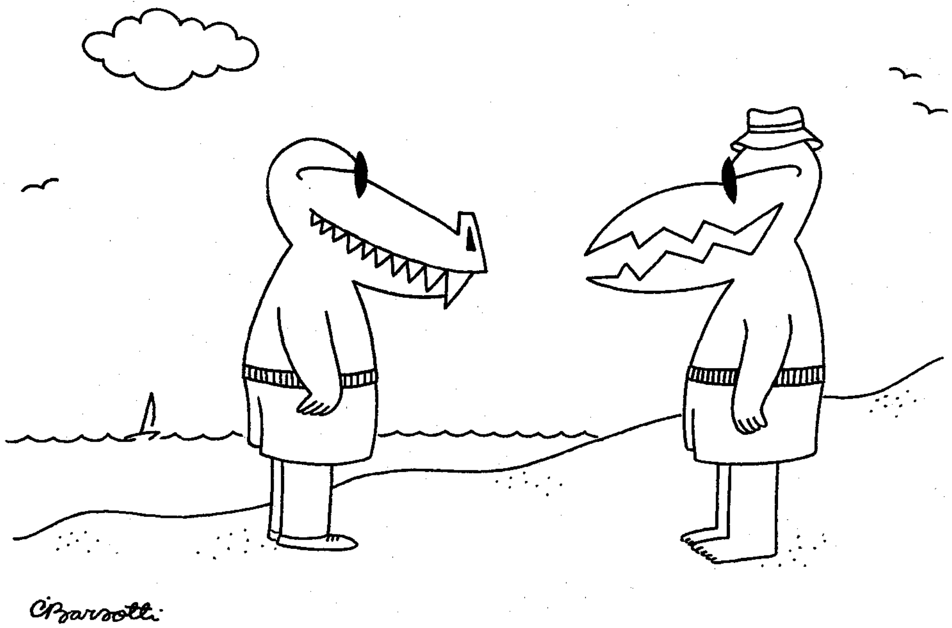
He didn't care much for appearances, and he twiddled his hair. As a young boy, he had been stamped a slow and difficult student. He was absent-minded, rude to his family on occasion, and was frequently misunderstood.—*Common knowledge about Albert Einstein.*

Herbert, a bartender: "Word! I do that myself. Sometimes I get my hair into a total frizz from twiddling it—not that I care what it looks like. Man, though, this is a freak! When I was a kid—slow and difficult, on every report card. Einstein absent-minded? Get this one—the other day I completely zoned out on what goes in a Margarita. I could not remember the goddam Triple Sec. 'Scuse the French. Oh, yeah—and my sis is occasionally telling me I'm rude to the family. And very often customers just do not connect to what I'm saying."

•

He was a bad drinker, and once she hid the car keys so he couldn't drive anywhere for liquor. So he got the riding lawnmower and drove that to the nearest town and got drunk.—*Story about Tammy and George Jones.*

Grady, country-and-Western singer at a local tavern on Friday nights: "My wife did that very thing to me and I stole the tractor, but it had a blade cutter still hooked to the rear of it, so it's pretty much the same thing. My name starts with a "G," and my wife's name is Bonnie, and I have got one ugly mug on me. I'm an alcoholic—I get drunk as a skunk almost every other day. People are always trying to get me to quit drinking. The wife even wants me to go to A.A. I have to remind her that it's this that separates me from being your average balladeer. George is a legendary drinker, and as long as he has a jigger of liquor in him I'll have a jigger of liquor in me. Hell, I tell her, 'I probably couldn't even make people cry anymore when they hear me sing if I dried out.' And then I tell her to hush up or I'll leave her the way I left Tammy . . . I mean George left Tammy."



"Me, too. A few days on the Cape and I'm feeling almost human again."

•

Not everyone loved Amelia.—*From a biography of Amelia Earhart.*

Gloria, eerily enough an airline stewardess: "That describes me to a tee. Only a week ago this man on one of my out-and-back flights told me he liked me when I gave him a free drink. And from that very same flight some lady wrote a letter to the head of the airline complaining that not everyone had loved me—her exact words. I always knew I was more than your average stewardess. If the pilot has a heart attack, I now feel secure that I could fly the plane to wherever."

•

He said that if he ever painted something that seemed derivative of anyone else, he'd take it out immediately.—*Someone paraphrasing Jasper Johns.*

Sherée, Charles, and Vidor, East Village artists: "I do that." "I do that all the time." "I do it, too." "If I hadn't taken all my stuff out of my last piece that looked like Jasper's work, I'd swear I was him." "I have a demonic expression. Critics always call Jasper demonic-looking."

•

She would get very depressed.—*Everyone who knew her, on Sylvia Plath.*

Velma, English teacher by day, performance artist by night: "I can't find reasons to wash my hair. I struggle over words to use in my performances. I keep a thesaurus at hand. Perfection is rarely achieved; this makes me very depressed. I don't talk to people for days, except the students in my class and my mother on weekends; that really depresses me. Sylvia and Velma are the same name poetically. I often feel as though I'm going to die. I can't find the reason for many things."

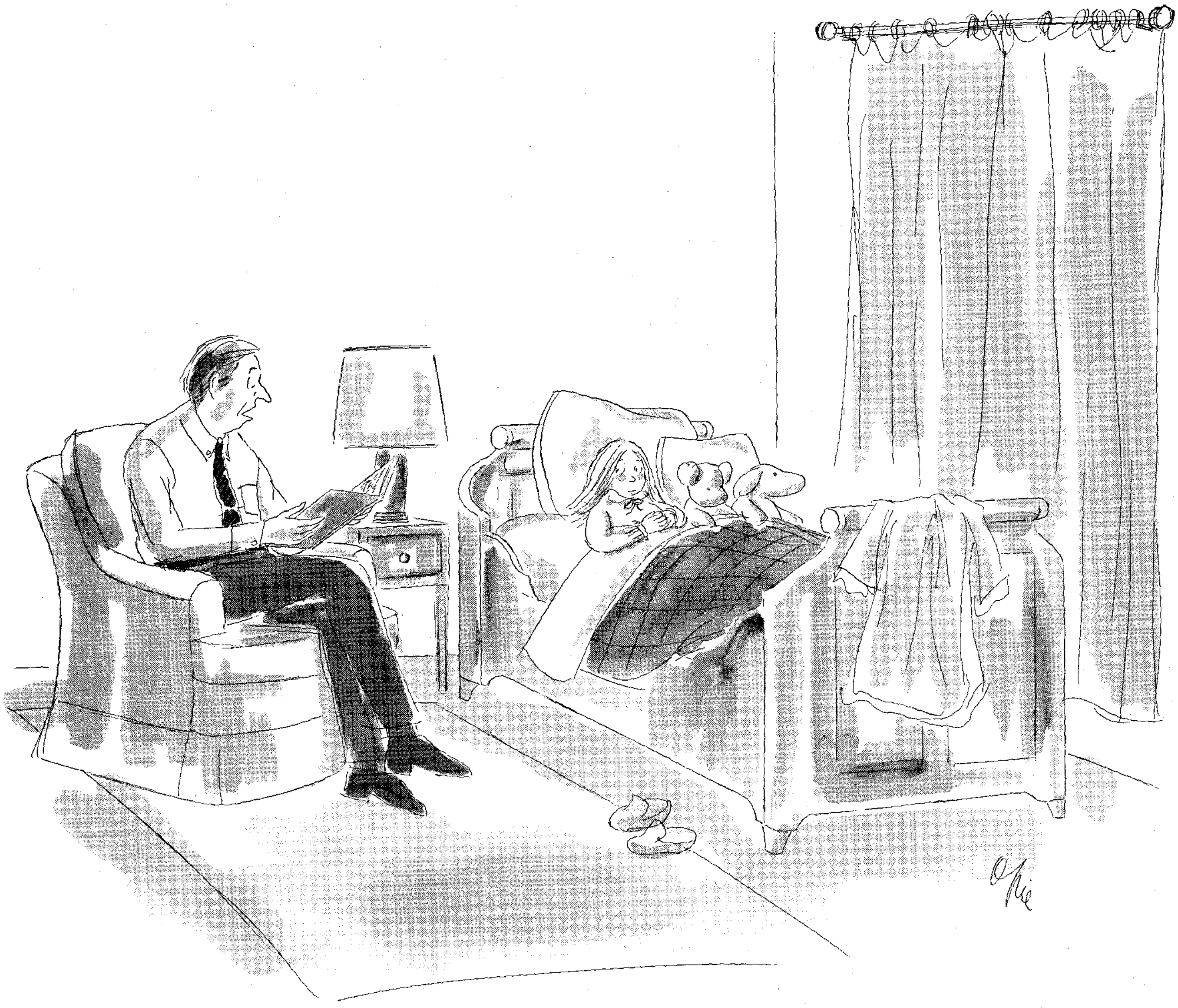
•

She used to cry at sad movies and when she read sad books. She used to cry so easily that once she even cried when some flowers got mowed down.—*Someone talking about Marilyn Monroe.*

She's the deadliest shopper I've ever seen.—*Kiss lead singer on Cher.*

She loves dogs, and men who don't beat her.—*Summary of Doris Day's biography.*

Louise, trust-fund recipient: "I cry



"'And'—what do you know?—'they all lived happily ever after.'"

• •

at sad movies all the time. I cried for days over 'Poor Little Rich Girl'—the movie and the book. My accountant is always telling me to curb my expenses. He says, quote, I would say one of your many vices, Louise, is the way you spend money, unquote. I'm allergic to dogs, but I love pictures of dogs and I have dog calendars and one of the original paintings of those dogs that play poker. Needless to say, I most especially don't like men who beat me. I had a prospective suitor beat me at croquet once, and I never spoke to him again. I also cried."

•

I've always thought that a great way to impel oneself to diet is to eat a few meals *stark naked.—Cristina Ferrare on being beautiful.*

PHOEBE, aerobics instructor: "Oh, my God! I simply do not believe it. I thought I was the only person on earth who did that. My God! And people are always telling me I should model. The first time I ever saw her, I said, 'I feel a familiarity with this person. Two peas in a pod.' I usually start eating naked in front of the mirror about five pounds over my ideal. Cristina and I probably even get overweight at the same time. If I called her at this very minute and said 'A hundred and fifteen pounds,' I bet she'd know exactly what I meant—like twin-speak. Cristina was married to a rich man who designed cars. I was married to a guy who worked at a body shop and made really good money. Cristina's weakness is pasta, and mine is mashed potatoes. I bet she even keeps a wrinkle diary. Every morning when I get up I count all the wrinkles on my face and body, and record how many there are in my diary. I do this to monitor how my wrinkle creams are working, if I'm getting too stressed or too much sun, etc. Now I'll never feel weird or funny about anything I do. Like the time I got out of teaching my aerobics class by telling the owner of the health club that my whole family had been mass-murdered. Because if I'm as remarkable as Cristina, then that must mean she's as remarkable as me."

—LISA WALKER

CHAMBER MUSIC

IN the years just after my graduation from college, I had a job on a small magazine that, some time before I arrived, had been organized by the Newspaper Guild. After work, I occasionally met with other young people in New York to play music. Our group had little definition and no schedule; we were all living in our parents' apartments, and none of us could regularly command the parlor for an unpredictable number of musicians. At what turned out to be our last gathering, called for a Sunday afternoon in May of 1947, the apartment door, to my surprise, was opened by a manservant in a white jacket. My host, hovering just behind him, explained, "My folks didn't tell me they were giving a cocktail party."

There were six of us earnest youngsters, I guess, to forty-odd ebullient grownups, and most of us, without prompting, retired to the edges of their party. I stood against a wall, admiring the brand-new mauve carpeting, wondering if the ambient lavishness had come from war profiteering, trying not to gape at the spectacle of men and women in their forties and fifties so eager, so energetic in their gestures, so full of life, of themselves, and, gradually, of liquor. I came from a widow's sombre household, where extravagance was unheard of and even animation was rare.

Presently a very tall, very thin young man made his way to me. He identified himself as a lawyer and violinist named Ned. His steel-rimmed eyeglasses made him look scholarly, or perhaps Spartan. Someone had told him that I played the piano. He led the conversation, and when I agreed that I had never played as much Mozart as I wanted, he herded me from the living room to a bedroom where he had put his things, and, after taking the violin part out of its pocket, handed me a volume of Mozart sonatas for piano and violin. "Work on the first one," he said. "They're all easy. I'll call you."

Ned called soon after. A friend had told him that some people were playing chamber music on the tenth of June. Ned asked if I minded his not calling for me at my house and being introduced to my mother—he worked far downtown and often had to stay late—and if I would meet him for dinner at a restaurant.

And then came a hitch. Early in June, our shop steward sent around a memorandum announcing that, on Tuesday, June 10th, the C.I.O. planned a march up Eighth Avenue and a rally at Madison Square Garden to protest the Taft-Hartley labor-relations bill—union leaders, possibly unaware of their exaggeration, called it a "slave-labor bill"—and that union members from our office were expected to take part. Our shop steward—we called him by his initials, M.F.—reminded me of a teacher struggling with a required course. The diligence with which he inflicted tedium evoked irritation, but also guilt (because he tried so hard) and sympathy (because nobody cared). The parallel wrinkles above his horn-rimmed glasses deepened into furrows every time he pleaded, "Naomi, if the girls in the editorial department don't come to union meetings, what can we expect from the girls in the mailroom?"

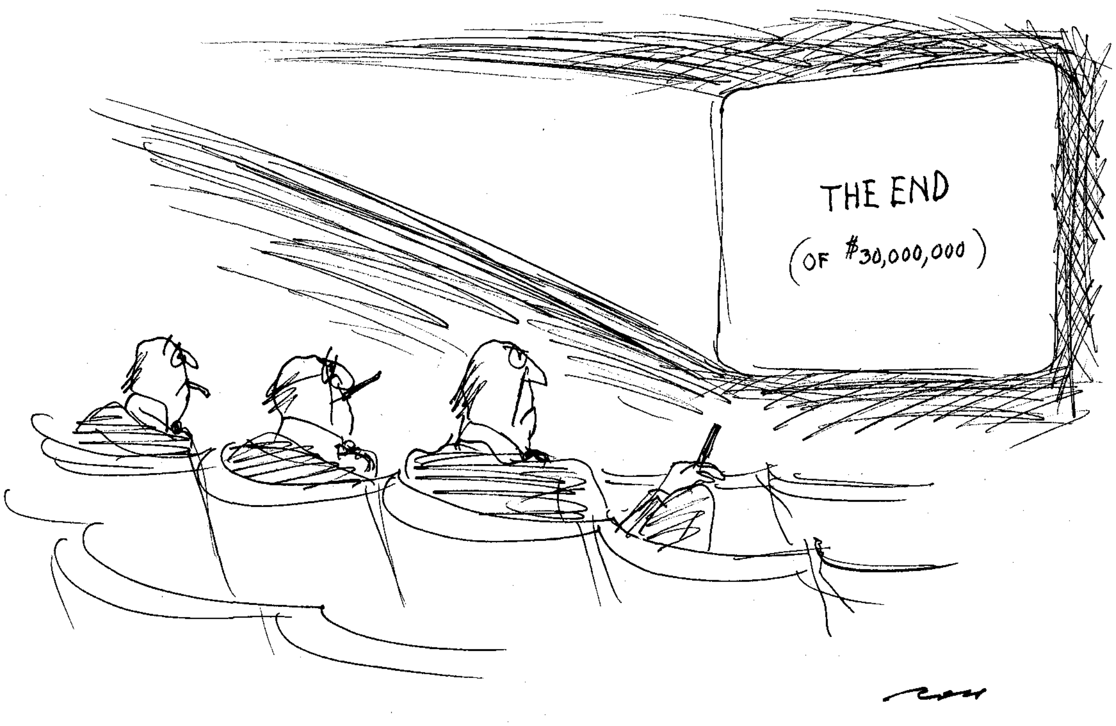
When I got his memo, I walked down the hall to his office, where I found him cocooned in paper, his desk piled high, and explained, with apologies, why I could not come to his protest on the tenth. He listened attentively until I had finished. "The march starts at five," he said, and then, thoughtful, wistful, and furrowed, bargained irresistibly: "Couldn't you come just for the march even if you can't stay for the rally?"

Most of the staff left early on the tenth, but I was delayed by a last-minute task, and when the copy editor's assistant called for me on her way to the march, I promised to join our office delegation on the street in the West Twenties where we had been told to assemble.

I didn't finish work until almost five. I hurried as I washed up, and in my haste spilled an inordinate amount of White Lilac cologne on myself, so that I thought I reeked unsuitably as I set out. I was, in any case, unsure what one wore to a labor demonstration. That day, I was wearing a pale-blue sleeveless silk dress with vertical black stripes. It had a black patent-leather belt that my high-heeled black patent-leather pumps matched. By 1947, hatlessness had become acceptable, but gloves were still mandatory. In my white-cotton-gloved hands I carried a black patent-leather handbag and Ned's volume of Mozart sonatas.

Traffic on Madison Avenue was at its end-of-the-day standstill—the avenues were still two-way—and, rather than board a becalmed bus, I started to walk downtown, toward our assembly point. Now, although I find it impossible to recall blocks that have vanished, it seems to me that much of what I walked by in June of 1947 might have been standing since the turn of the century, or even earlier; Sixth Avenue was lined with modest, low red brick buildings. Yet at some moment during the war, though the city went on looking the same, it had begun to feel crowded. In my earliest recollections, there was too much space, as if part of the population had fled or died. There were vacant apartments—when I was eight my mother had borrowed one to give a children's Halloween party—and unrented stores. My Saturday afternoons had been spent watching marathon movie programs—double features, serials, selected short subjects, and newsreels—from the children's sections of immense film palaces in my Manhattan neighborhood, theatres with elaborate plasterwork and marble and gilding and wedding-cake chandeliers. Except for the rows of children cheering, squabbling, and eating candy, these grandiose halls had been nearly empty, but in recent years they had been just as crowded as the tiny movie houses that served black coffee in their lobbies—"intimate" theatres that had come into fashion around the end of the nineteen-thirties.

It was, of course, the economy, not the population, that had grown, but my elders assured me that the postwar shortage of space, like the wartime shortages of materials, was temporary, and that soon the city would return to



normal. I had no way of knowing that their "normal" was no more than the memory of their own youth: with the passage of time and the habit of retelling, their recollections had become as substantial as any of the famous buildings between the magazine's office and our rendezvous for the march—the Hotel Astor in Times Square, the Metropolitan Opera at Thirty-ninth Street, or Pennsylvania Station, modelled on the baths of Caracalla—or, for that matter, the site of the rally, Madison Square Garden at Fiftieth Street and Eighth Avenue.

As I tried to hurry through the density of vehicles and pedestrians, I could not see that the C.I.O. parade was causing any unusual stir. I had started out grumbling to myself at M.F. Since his memo, the House and the Senate had passed the Taft-Hartley bill, and the march was intended to persuade President Truman to veto it, but the newspapers agreed that the President would not be able to find enough votes to sustain a veto. So, no matter what happened, the protest was futile. I was also irritated at myself—at my need to show M.F. that I was, as we said, "a good kid." But presently I walked myself into a better humor. It occurred to me that M.F.'s, and the C.I.O.'s, protest, futile or not, was the first historic event in which I had been invited to participate, and that I had been a fool even to think of missing it. I began to fear that it had ended before I arrived, and I can still recall my relief when, turning west in the low Thirties, I found evidence that the parade was in progress. The crowds were thickening gradually but steadily, like a pudding cooking, and most of the pedestrians, like me, were trying to move westward. Approaching Eighth Avenue in the Twenties, I saw a wall of backs—spectators standing in rows on the sidewalk. I found it hard to squeeze through them. Several times I attempted to appease dirty looks by explaining, "I'm trying to join the parade," or "I've got to march." Perhaps the disgruntled onlookers I jostled believed me; perhaps I looked as anxious as I felt. I reached the curb at last, and there before me was the demonstration. It looked like ordinary New Yorkers walking sedately up the center of the avenue. A few carried banners or placards. There was no music, and the marchers were not keeping step. (The *Times* the next day showed a photograph of demonstrators wearing hatbands and sashes emblazoned with slogans, but they were not the ones I saw.) Late on the mild, sunny afternoon, the C.I.O., processing slowly in their summer clothes, looked cheerful and harmless, and only a shade more disciplined than a crowd flowing out of the Polo Grounds after the Giants had won.

I had not known what to expect, and the marchers' gentleness and civilian amble—the absence of anything like threat or menace—eased my mind. The most recent march I had seen was a parade by one of our victorious divisions. It had terrified me, because the newsreels of my childhood Saturdays had regularly showed the German Army striding into country after country, and I had grown up assuming that that was what the enemy looked like: thousands of soldiers trained to move as one huge, impersonal weapon. It had been a shock, seeing our own men, to realize that force looks like force no matter whose side it's on.

WHEN a policeman held up his hand and briefly halted the march, I crossed with a few other pedestrians, and found demonstrators waiting to join the procession on our assembly side street. The late-afternoon light was golden, and a breeze from the Hudson ruffled the idling marchers to be. As I review the scene in memory, at the moment I started down the street to look for M.F. and our office delegation, I can see that costume dates it: no woman wore trousers, all the men wore business suits, and everyone wore formal leather shoes—oxfords on the men, pumps on the women. No one looked like "labor," as "labor" appeared in photographs of struggles for unionism in history books. Since M.F. was tall, I did not have to work my way very far into the block before I glimpsed the top of his head. I found him about halfway down the street, standing beside our literary editor, next to a fire hydrant. The rest of our office delegation was nowhere in sight. M.F. rewarded my appearance with congratulations: "You made it."

"Where is everybody?" I asked. "When do we march?"

M.F.'s familiar furrows replaced his smile of welcome. "I don't know."

Tom, the literary editor, said, "I

think I saw Josie"—Josephine, our switchboard operator and receptionist —"going toward Ninth Avenue. Maybe twenty minutes ago."

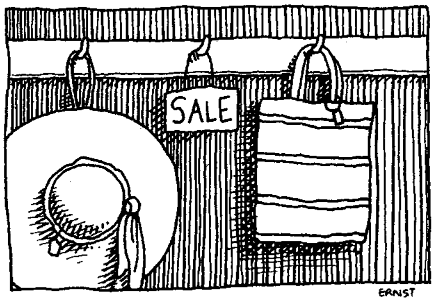
M.F. thought a bit. "I'll go look," he said. "Perhaps I can find out what's happening."

He wandered westward into the crowd. Tom and I tried to make conversation. He was genial, and younger than M.F., and we worked well together, but we were at different stages of life—he was a husband, father, and commuter—and had little raw material for small talk. He spoke of modern literature as people he knew, and I thought of it as texts for explication. I knew I bored him, and when I arrived he was already bored by waiting. After a few moments of restlessly shifting his weight, he looked at his watch and said, "If I don't go now, I'll get home so late Peggy'll kill me."

Tom bent down and picked up his briefcase, which he had leaned against the hydrant. Behind it there was another—M.F.'s, by the initials. "Mind that, will *you?*" Tom asked. "And tell M.F. I had to catch the six-forty." As an afterthought: "Thanks. See you tomorrow."

Tom's departure reminded me that I could not stay much longer, and I began to worry that sooner or later everybody from our office would desert M.F. I scanned the crowds for someone I knew. I saw one of the "girls from the mailroom" making her way toward Eighth Avenue, but she did not see me. Just then, a space opened among the people in the street, and my eye was caught by a small boy holding a ball, standing behind a black iron railing on the steps to the basement of a house across the street.

When I went to look for that block recently, it had vanished into the Penn South development, a collection of high rises set in a park with meandering paths. On that afternoon, when the street still existed, it was lined with tenements five stories high, with iron fire escapes cascading down their dirty brick facades. Such ranges of "cold-water flats" were the tissue, the substance, of Manhattan; our island vernacular was not skyscrapers but aging working-class housing that was spoken of as "slums" to be cleared. Many of these buildings have been torn down, and many others have been remodelled. Whenever I find unchanged survivors nowadays, I am pleased by their elaboration—the cornices and architraves and arabesques of iron that in 1947 I either did not see or saw with contempt. I remember walking up Riverside Drive that past spring with an architecture student who deplored every structure between the Soldiers' and Sailors' Monument and Grant's Tomb. I agreed. The only familiar building of which he approved, naturally, was the Museum of Modern Art. My memory can still echo the tone of almost religious awe in which he spoke of "ferroconcrete structures" and foretold the "glass-curtain wall." Now, when I have fallen into what my younger self would have regarded as debased or spineless eclecticism, I associate even bad ornament with generosity or a sense of fun, and I would have enjoyed the ironwork rickrack of the tenement railing. At that time, in my vocabulary "meretricious" preceded "ornament" as inevitably as, in the South, "damn" preceded "Yankee." What attracted my glance amid the colorful fluster of the demonstrators' movements was the bright new redness of the little boy's ball.



SINCE YOU DIDN'T PHONE

What I had wanted was to be chaste,
sober and uncomfortable
for a sprawling episode on a beach somewhere
dirty, perennially out of fashion;
let the smell of cocoa butter drive deep memory wild
as the sun goes down through a bottle of pop
some kid half-left to turn warm in the sand.

The train ride would be long and hot,
and you've had it with men.
Me . . .

I'm sickened by the pronoun.
Tenderness seems as far away as Sioux City,
and besides it would have cost too much.
But you should have called,

if only since a preposterous little bout like this
is just the stuff to scare off extra friends,
like soaking their laps with corrosive fizz.
And us . . .
What an impertinence, *us.*

We could have played gin rummy and taken a stroll
into town or along the boardwalk, maybe
with dear old Godzilla
rising one last time
over the horizon at dusk, hurrying us to a place
we never would have dreamt of
going.

—August Kleinzahler

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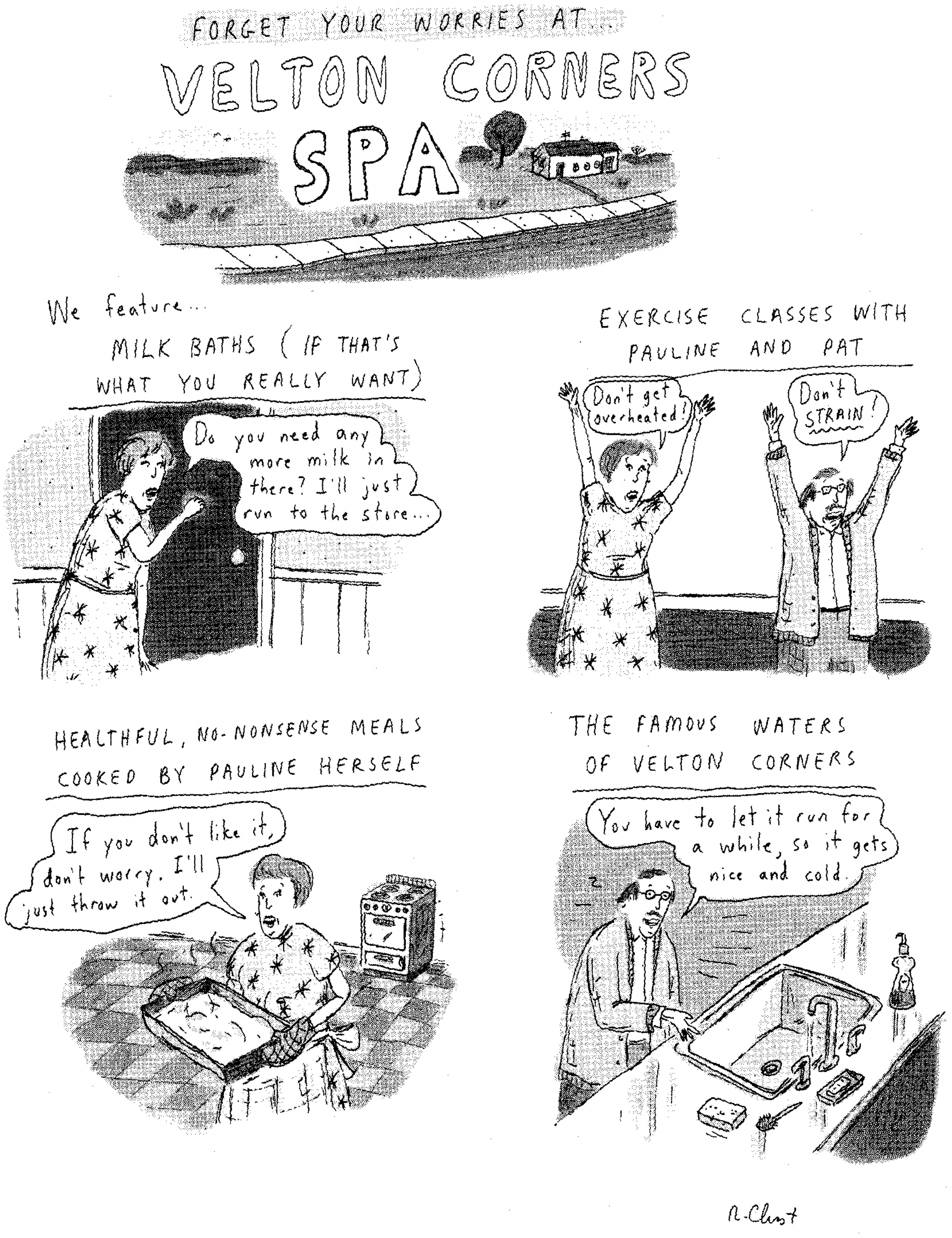
The child already had his summer haircut, which left only a blondish stubble on his pink skull. He had evidently been in action earlier, for his shirt was coming out of his pants, and he had a black streak across his forehead, where he must have run a dirty hand across his brow. He stared at the crowd with mournful resignation. I could guess how he felt; I could still recall my own anticipation when I had a new ball to bring to street games. I wanted to catch his eye and try to convey my apologies for having invaded his playground, but the waiting demonstrators, coming and going, turned my gaze into an involuntary game of peekaboo. The next time a space opened between us, the boy was looking not at me but glumly in front of him. I concentrated on his face until something made him turn his head slightly, and he saw me. Our eyes met. He looked away and moved several steps down the stairs toward the basement. His response disturbed me, not only because I wanted children to like me but because it seemed important to make him understand that I had not come there on purpose to interrupt his play. I continued to smile in his direction, hoping that my expression would transmit my good will if he looked toward me again, but when he did his glance was sidelong and fearful. I was one of those over-friendly strangers against whom children are warned.


FORGET YOUR WORRIES AT...
VELTON CORNERS SPA
We feature...
MILK BATHS (IF THAT'S WHAT YOU REALLY WANT)
Do you need any more milk in there? I'll just run to the store...
EXERCISE CLASSES WITH PAULINE AND PAT
Don't get overheated!
Don't STRAIN!
HEALTHFUL, NO-NONSENSE MEALS COOKED BY PAULINE HERSELF
If you don't like it, don't worry. I'll just throw it out.
THE FAMOUS WATERS OF VELTON CORNERS
You have to let it run for a while, so it gets nice and cold.
R.Chast

Nearly as glum as he, I looked along the street, and, for the first time I noticed that every house door was garlanded by a frieze of its inhabitants—a few older men and younger women and innumerable children who, like the little boy, gaped morosely at the demonstrators usurping their street. Bunched on their stoops, the natives waited for us to vacate their territory and allow them to take up their harmless, private lives. I was terribly ashamed of our thoughtlessness, which seemed particularly inapt because, as slum dwellers, they were all, presumably, members of the working class on whose behalf we were about to march. My fellow-demonstrators appeared unaware that we were spoiling the evening for a whole city block full of inoffensive strangers; the marchers were absorbed in themselves or each other.

A slightly fresher gust blew from the Hudson, hinting of evening. I looked up and saw that women were staring down at the demonstrators from the windows. Nobody in my neighborhood looked out of a window except to see if it was raining, and most of our windows were swathed in layers of curtains that it was vulgar to call "drapes" or "draperies," although that is what they were. Many of these women at their windows wore printed-cotton housedresses. Some leaned their elbows on pillows on the sills. A few conversed from adjoining windows. No particular woman stood out, but as I raised my wrist to look at my watch I saw two women who had been talking to each other look at me and then exchange some words.

Why, I wonder now, when I decided to participate in history had I not grasped that the words "protest," "demonstration," "march," "rally" name actions that are *intended* to create scenes in public—to draw attention to oneself, to disturb, and even possibly to inconvenience, strangers? I suppose (now) because then I could not imagine myself, or anyone I knew, doing those things. I had, of course, observed women smoking on the street and girls chewing gum, so that I knew that some people really did things that were not done, and I understood that historic events might have their own code of manners, but I nonetheless felt unpardonable—tainted, like Kate Croy or Charlotte Stant, or any of Henry James's villainesses—at the same time that I knew my feeling was absurd.

M.F. came back in a little while. He was cheerful. "We're going to march any minute now," he said.

"But I have to go. I'm late for dinner."

M.F. bent down to pick up his briefcase, and as he straightened up said, "That's right. You told me. Too bad you have to miss the march."

THOUGH I was late, Ned hadn't arrived. The restaurant was one of many inexpensive French dining places on the middle West Side that, for young New Yorkers of my day, afforded the first step in culinary sophistication beyond our families' naïve cooking. I had been to this restaurant before, and recognized the corseted woman, her dyed black hair rigidly waved, who tended the coatroom and the cash register, and who led me past the bar, seated me at a table for two at the rear, and took my order for a Scotch-and-soda. I liked the room, a beige stuccoed square with brown rafters that probably were fake. The early shift of diners was leaving, and I watched the busboys reset the tables with red-and-white checked cloths and napkins that seemed to project a pink glow. And I admired the posters on the walls. One, I remember, featured a map of France divided into her pre-Revolutionary provinces, each with its capital marked by a figure in regional costume executed in a husky modern style reminiscent of Hélion. I faced another with a dashing outline of an improbably sleek ocean liner whose elegance entranced me. While I waited for the ice in my drink to melt and take away the taste of whiskey, I opened the volume of music and looked over the sonata Ned and I were supposed to play. The first movement was a chirpy 6/8 I could certainly bounce through if Ned did not absolutely insist on allegro, but I was uneasy about the second. It offered no showy technical difficulties, but it had a lot of rapid legato pianissimo passages that required a great deal of control to make them purr and purl as they were meant to. I hoped that Ned, as a violinist, was either forgiving or mediocre. At ease in the ingratiating restaurant, I began to wonder if I could confide my agitation on the assembly street to him. As a fellow-Mozartian, he would, I imagined, understand me, and, since he was somewhat older than I and a lawyer, perhaps he could explain me to myself.

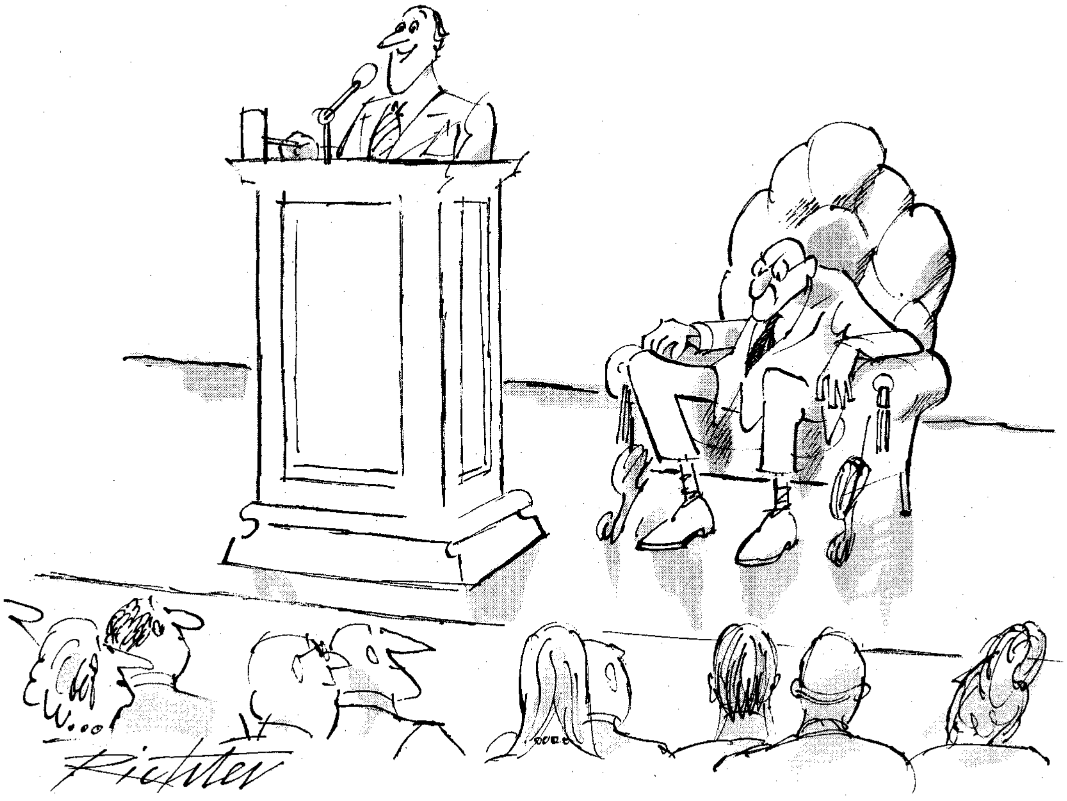
He arrived, hurrying, and gave his violin case and briefcase to the *patronne*. She followed him the length of the room. He greeted me by saying, "You shouldn't have let them seat you by the kitchen." (I hadn't even noticed.) "This will never do."

He told Madame he wanted to move, and ordered a Scotch-and-soda. She supervised our resettlement at a banquette where I faced the Eiffel Tower, and while the waiter brought Ned his drink and set out French bread and butter and a cut-glass dish of carrot and celery sticks and olives, Ned began to apologize for his lateness by describing the arcana of securities regulation that had detained him. He was very detailed in his account, all the way down to subsections, and I was not sure if he thought I could understand these technical minutiae or if he was being so specific in order to convey the importance of the work that had—as far as he knew—left me waiting alone in the restaurant for the better part of an hour. When he stopped to sip his drink, I edged in a sentence: "I only just got here myself."

"Working late?" he asked.

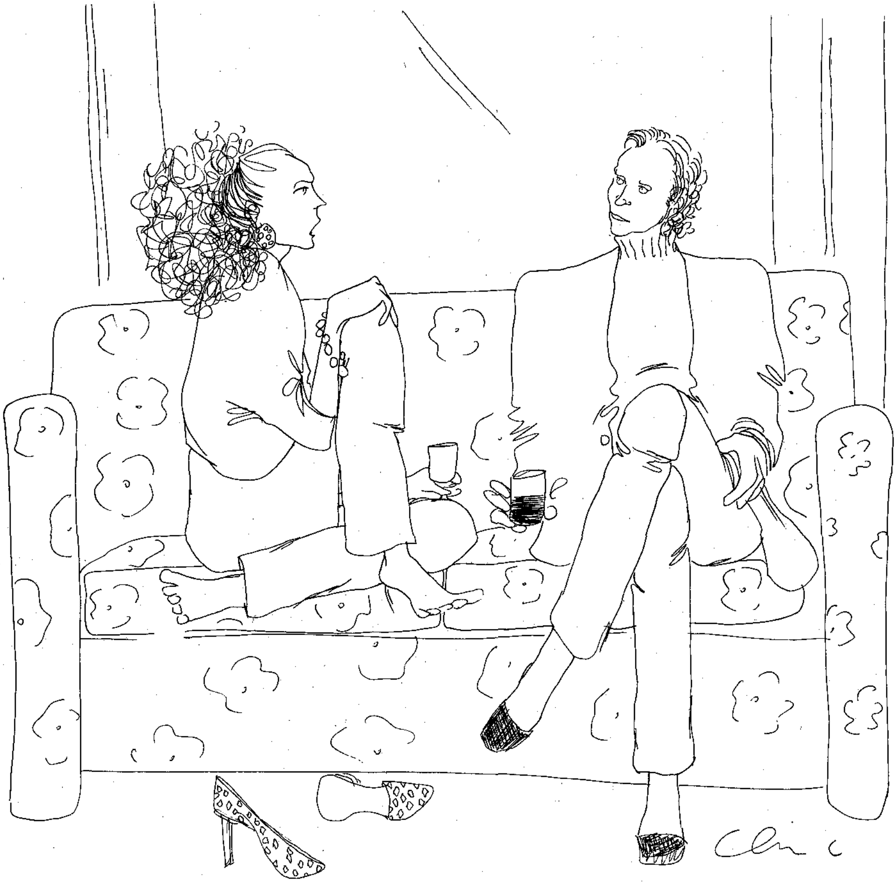
"No. I was waiting to march in the C.I.O. parade."

"You *what*?" Behind and around his steel-rimmed glasses, Ned's face was bland—sandy-looking—and I wouldn't remember it except for the expression of disgust and anger my words had evoked: I do not think that I had ever before elicited such repugnance and fury. "You *what*?" he



"Now, what am I bid for this beautiful piece, which comes with the original owner?"

repeated, and asked, "What are you, anyway?"



"Who's the grownup tonight?"

• •

In his terms, I was still nothing; I had turned twenty-one the past December and was not yet registered to vote. But he was not expecting an answer. He embarked on a tirade about "greedy labor barons," "labor racketeers," "Communists," "socialized America," "arrogant leaders." He told me that Philip Murray, the head of the C.I.O., was "a very dangerous man," and blamed me for John L. Lewis, although Lewis had taken his mineworkers out of the C.I.O. He repeated, "Clear it with Sidney," as if that old Republican battle cry were a conclusion. He said my selfishness was hindering recovery and my disregard for my fellow-Americans was causing "an inflationary wage-price spiral."

I was astonished at his assault. The content was familiar—my Republican uncles would have agreed with every word—but nobody I knew, Democrat or Republican, took politics personally, and none of the other young people I knew were quarrelsome. We were not perfect, but we put up with each other's imperfections. We forgave each other when (as had happened at the party at which I had met Ned) we imposed our postadolescent disorganization on each other. I now think that we were young for our age, and that living at home, where wastebaskets were emptied and refrigerators filled without our intervention, retarded our maturity. We were, I suppose, arrogant, perhaps naïve, in dismissing epochs of art, literature, and philosophy as beneath our consideration. We certainly took jazz too seriously—our concern with establishing canons undoubtedly took some of the gaiety out of all the arts for us—but when our earnestnesses differed or our tastes clashed (as between, say, the partisans of Serkin and Schnabel) we changed the subject or evaded our differences with humor. I am not sure that our good nature was virtue. I think it was of its time, a period in which the highest words of critical praise were "decorum" and "refinement."

"You could bring on another Depression," Ned said, so vehemently that a couple two tables down the banquette glanced over to see what I was doing.

I was looking past Ned, at the Eiffel Tower, growing angry. My first impulse had been placatory. If he had given me a chance to speak, I would have explained that I had not marched; I might have confessed (what I would never have admitted to M.F.) that I didn't think the Taft-Hartley bill mattered much one way or the other; and I would have reminded him that the really urgent questions mankind faced, questions we had to settle before we could settle anything else, were "How do we know what we know?" and "What is the world made of?" (The other question I worried over in those days was "How percussive is ideal piano tone?") But Ned went on too long; my instinct to appease gave way to resentment. While he inveighed against portal-to-portal pay, a memory came unexpectedly; perhaps it had been lurking ever since I saw the little boy with the ball. And when Ned paused, in reaction to another set of diners' glances, I said, with conscious malice, "I first walked a picket line when I was ten."

I could see that I had gone too far. "Do you remember an apartment-house strike when we were children?" I asked. He did. "One day I came home from school and found Harry, the elevator man, picketing all by himself, so I picked up one of the other men's placards and joined him." Recalling that gesture, I saw my ten-year-old self walk over to the façade of our apartment house, put down my books on the sidewalk, pick up the placard that was leaning against the building, and then, following in Harry's footsteps, attempt to mimic his walk. I recognized that the inspiration for my performance had been not political but cinematic. "I was trying to imitate Shirley Temple."

Ned understood he was expected to laugh, and he did. The waiter brought menus, and we considered our choice of pâté maison, céleri rémoulade, or oeufs à la russe; soupe à l'oignon or vichyssoise; filet of sole amandine, coq au vin, blanquette de veau, or bœuf bourguignon, and, after we ordered, we began to talk again. Our conversation was fragile and constrained. We knew we did not really like each other—our seriousnesses were incompatible—and I think we were both a little sorry for ourselves. But anecdotes about our respective music teachers'

MRS. LUNA

Think of an address you've known
for many years, embedded
in your memory—mantra-like—
belonging to a distant
aunt or uncle
whom you've never visited
but to whom you send
a card at Christmas
and from whom you receive
neatly wrapped packages
on your birthday;
or the address of a former
lover or long-lost
friend residing on
an exotically named street
(Royal Alhambra Boulevard)
in an unlikely town
(Nocturne, South Dakota).
It is just such an address
(for you, the abstraction
of a place)
that one day you find
yourself standing before:
a stucco bungalow
on a cul-de-sac
lined with fake cacti
in Las Vegas,
or a gritty row house
with yellow evergreens
in Baltimore,
or a high-rise condominium
with a heart-shaped
swimming pool
in Albuquerque.
And when you discover
it's not at all
what you imagined,
the entire tableau begins
to vibrate, the very
molecules altering themselves
at high speed until
a new image appears,
conforming to your preconceptions,
which (it happens)
have also undergone
a subtle transformation,
and so in the end it's
only you who will change.

And this is something like
what I experienced
the first time I saw
a dead body lying in state,
my childhood neighbor Mrs. Luna,
whom I used to glimpse
daily in her flouncy robe
getting the mail
or paying the milkman
or watering her tiny lawn.
She was a recluse,
partial to Dixieland jazz,
with a smoky whiskey voice
and murky history:
twice widowed, a daughter
in a sanitarium,
a red De Soto convertible
parked by her house
on Sunday nights,
and a barking dog
that no one ever saw—
Mrs. Luna, whom I'd known
for years yet never
known at all,
there before me at age ten
and nothing like what I expected.

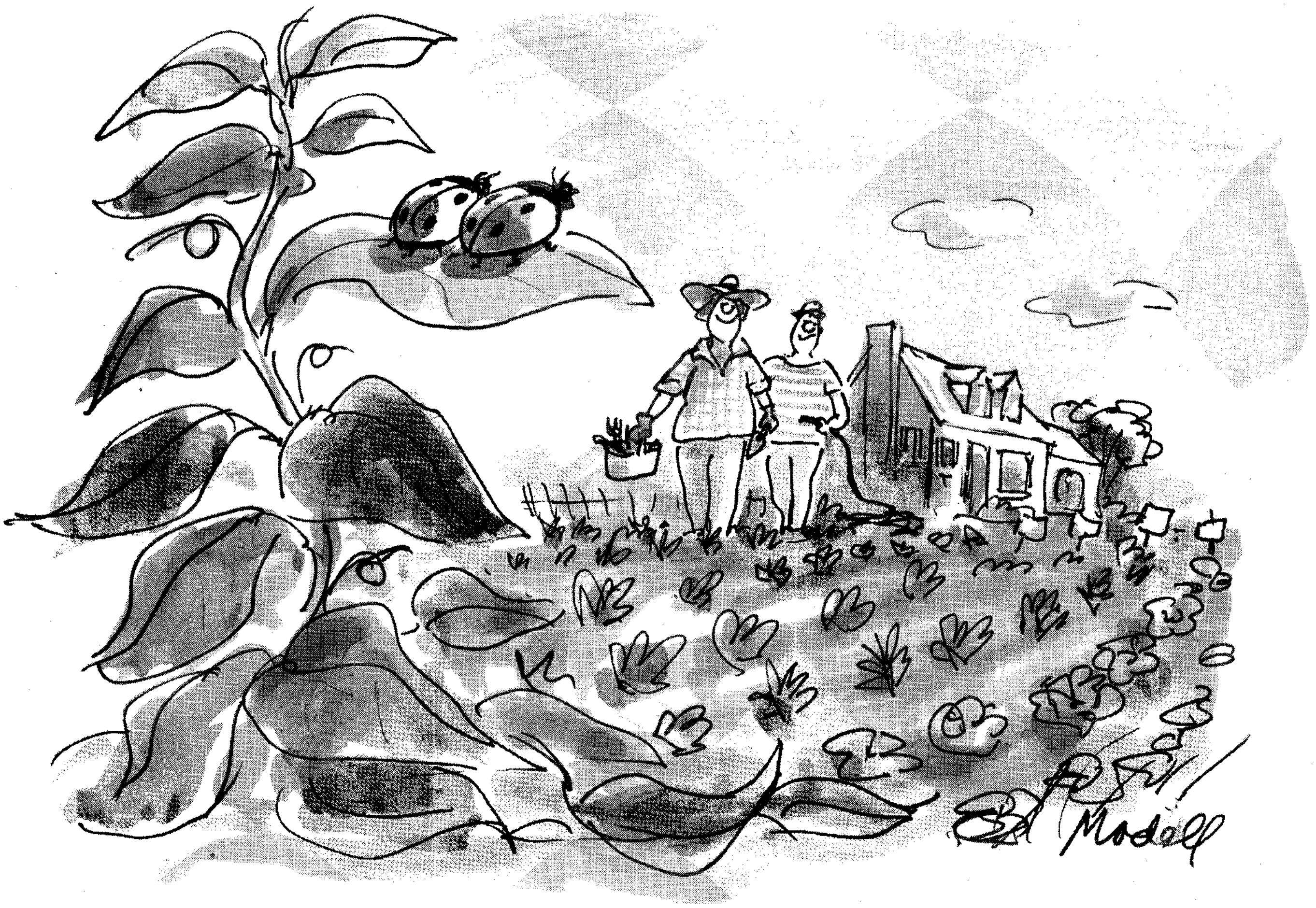
—Nicholas Christopher

• •

eccentricities carried us through crème renversée and demitasse. We were both happy to leave the restaurant and seek other people and music.

Ned had written the address on a piece of paper; it was not far away, in the Fifties west of Sixth Avenue. The building was a brownstone whose front door was unlocked. The address gave an apartment number, not a name. We walked upstairs and, finding the apartment door open, entered a large, uncarpeted, uncurtained room with a concert grand piano in front of the fireplace. A young man was seated at it, and three string players were seated with music stands in front of them. A few other young people—four men, I think, and two women—had taken all the other seats: a studio couch draped in a coarse gray fabric and three miscellaneous side chairs. I had never seen a room so austere, and wondered who lived there. The audience greeted us by placing their fingers to their lips. Ned and I hurried past the musicians and their company to the far end of the room and sat on the floor in front of the windows. The music began immediately.

The piece was Brahms' Third Piano Quartet, which opens (for the piano) with a pair of octaves held for two bars, waits eight measures before another pair of octaves, and then waits another nine measures before the piano really goes to work. Just the way the young pianist, whose back was toward me, struck those chords—four notes so simple that, in theory, anyone could play them—signalled that I was not among amateurs. The strings, too, sounded nothing like the random groups in our parlors; all four young men played without uncertainty, error, or apology. While I was awed and thrilled by their unexpected perfection, I was shocked and furious. I could not understand why young people—everyone in the room was under thirty—outwardly normal, middle-class city folk, skilled and gifted, were playing *Brahms*. Brahms was everywhere in those days—a radio program played an excerpt from his "Variations on a Theme by Haydn" as a signature—but all the young people I knew detested Brahms. And not only the young: I had heard an anecdote about a rigorous critic, a middle-aged adult we youngsters read with admiration and total reliance, who, accosted by a friend saying, "I was listening to the Brahms Violin Concerto . . .," turned wordlessly on his heel. That story was not implausible. We were in rebellion against the nineteenth century, and Brahms seemed to epitomize that century's combination of bombast and lessons; noise; overstatement; effort that called attention to itself; braggart high-mindedness; sentimentality. I blamed the nineteenth century for everything that had gone wrong with the twentieth—nationalism and war and pompousness. Young people playing Brahms was the most savage attack on my creeds and certainties so far that day. My own teachers had given me very little Brahms—only that ubiquitous waltz in A-flat in an easy arrange-



"Here come the pests."

• •

ment, the same year I was given "Für Elise." What year was that?

WHILE these young wonders played, I was back in 1936 on the sidewalk in front of the apartment house where Harry was picketing, alone. I was not coming home from school—after school there would have been other children around. It was later than that; I was coming from a piano lesson, and the books I put down on the pavement were music books. The concrete was smooth, comfortable under roller skates, unlike pebbled paving, which vibrated unpleasantly, and unlike another kind, with glints in it, that grated. I put my music books next to the apartment-house door, beside a leg of a metal canopy support that had no canopy. These skeletons were common in the thirties, and accentuated an air of forlornness about middle-class neighborhoods during the Depression. We moved from that building after my father died, and I don't think we lived there very long—from my first piano lesson, the one that identifies middle C, to the year of Chopin waltzes. During those years, Harry was always there, custodian of that stretch of smooth pavement, umpire of children's games and referee of their quarrels, bringer of summonses from mothers who called down on the house phone, taxi getter, car unloader, weather oracle, baseball prognosticator, and our advocate with the superintendent, Mr. Stair, a bony man who kept a nasty German shepherd and hated children. Harry was stocky and olive-skinned, with light eyes and dark hair. He characteristically went from immobility (standing at the front door smoking) to almost acrobatic action (if the elevator bell rang) without transition, moving, it seemed to me, without a preliminary stir. He was sloppy about his uniform; he often left his jacket unbuttoned and rarely wore his cap, or wore it crooked, in contrast to the natty young night man, who courted the maid of one of my playmates in the building, and who sometimes rang the back doorbell when we all sat in the kitchen listening to the radio on Saturday evenings when our parents were out. But the night man was inarticulate, while Harry was, I thought, witty; he was the first person I heard ask, "Cat got your tongue?," when a little girl who had just moved into the building was too bashful to tell him her name. I could not estimate his age, but I had found out that, like my father, Harry had served in the First World War (then known simply as "the war"), which would have placed him in his late thirties or early forties. In retrospect, I imagine that before the Depression the house had employed both a doorman and an elevator man, and that my memory of Harry as an indispensable, overworked Figaro reflected dismissed staff. I am certain, in any case, that my recollection of his having always been there whenever I came or went or loitered is accurate, because when I recently looked through some 1936 issues of the *Times* to read about that strike I learned that day men in apartment houses worked fifty-four hours a week.

The strike started unexpectedly, and I recall its emotional effect as embarrassment. A few tenants snubbed the strikers when they saw Harry and the night man and Mike, the porter (notable for a dragon tattoo on a forearm), walking up and down in front of the house, but most produced a version of their ordinary greeting, and the men tried to signal by nods and smiles when they returned "Good morning"s that they were not angry at the tenants, and were sorry to inconvenience them. At the same time, they tried to look determined.

To the accompaniment of Brahms' disorderly anguish—I did not know, in 1947, that that music had first taken shape when he decided to separate from the widowed Clara Schumann—I remembered that the day I joined Harry picketing was pale, as colorless as the room in which I was sitting, and very cold. Harry looked sad to me. He had not been pleased when I picked up the placard. He had called out, "Don't do that."

I had disobeyed him, thinking my pertness was attractive, and that once he understood what I had in mind he would approve, but he said, as I fell in behind him, "This isn't your place."

And I replied, not meaning to sound as bratty as I did, "It's my house."

I don't suppose that Harry guessed that when I said "my house" I thought of him, too, as in some sense mine, having no greater interest than my grievances, triumphs, and sorrows. He had consoled me when my parent guppies ate their babies, and I was trying to return his kindness. Shirley Temple always made sad grownups happy; they sang and danced with her and forgot their troubles. Harry simply shrugged, and went on pacing an elongated oval the width of the apartment house, and I followed, trying to imitate his flat, deliberate walk. Now I imagine he hoped that by ignoring me he would discourage me, but then I thought that he was teasing, and that at any moment he would turn around and recognize his little co-star. My playacting did not last very long. Somebody came—somebody from the union, I suppose: a man whose face and clothes I have never been able to retrieve, but whose voice I remember as young, younger than Harry's, and having a New York City accent one rarely hears in Manhattan nowadays, the speech of good-natured policemen in old movies. I heard the young man ask, with irritation, "Where's everybody else? Who's the kid?"

Harry said, "She lives here."

I think the newcomer cursed mildly before he said, "This is a strike, not a kindergarten." He took the sign out of my hands and said, "Go home, kid."

I appealed to Harry. "Tell him I can stay."

Harry buttoned his face and said nothing. We children were used to his deliberative silences before he handed down a judgment in our disputes.

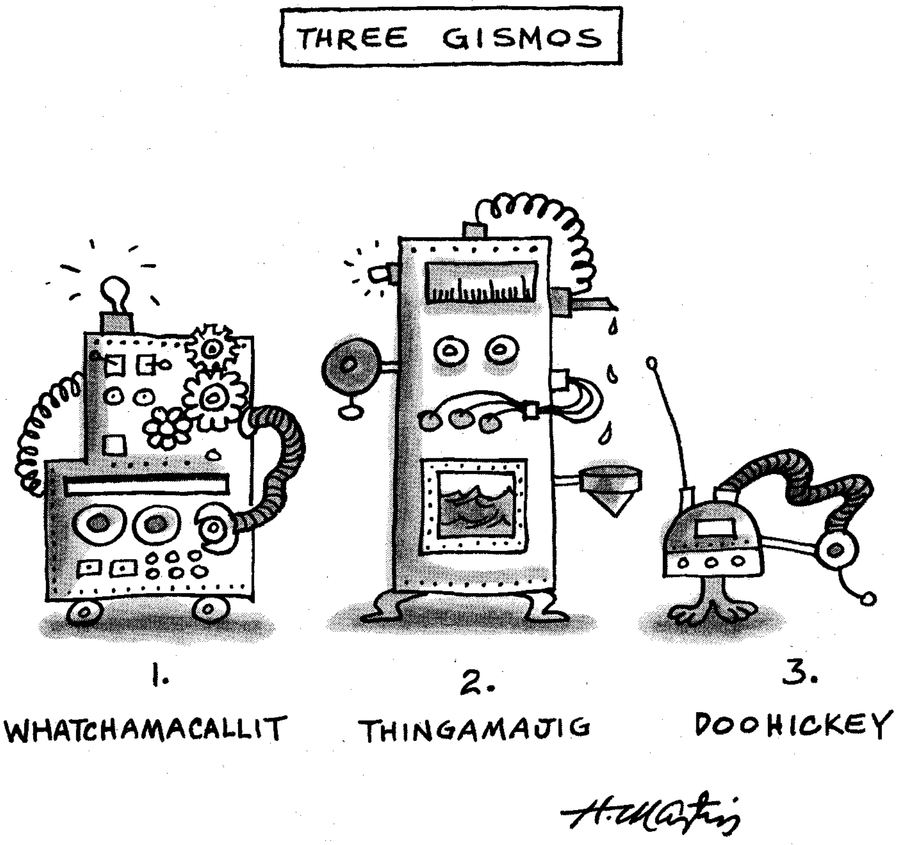
The intruder broke into the silence. "Go on. Tell her."

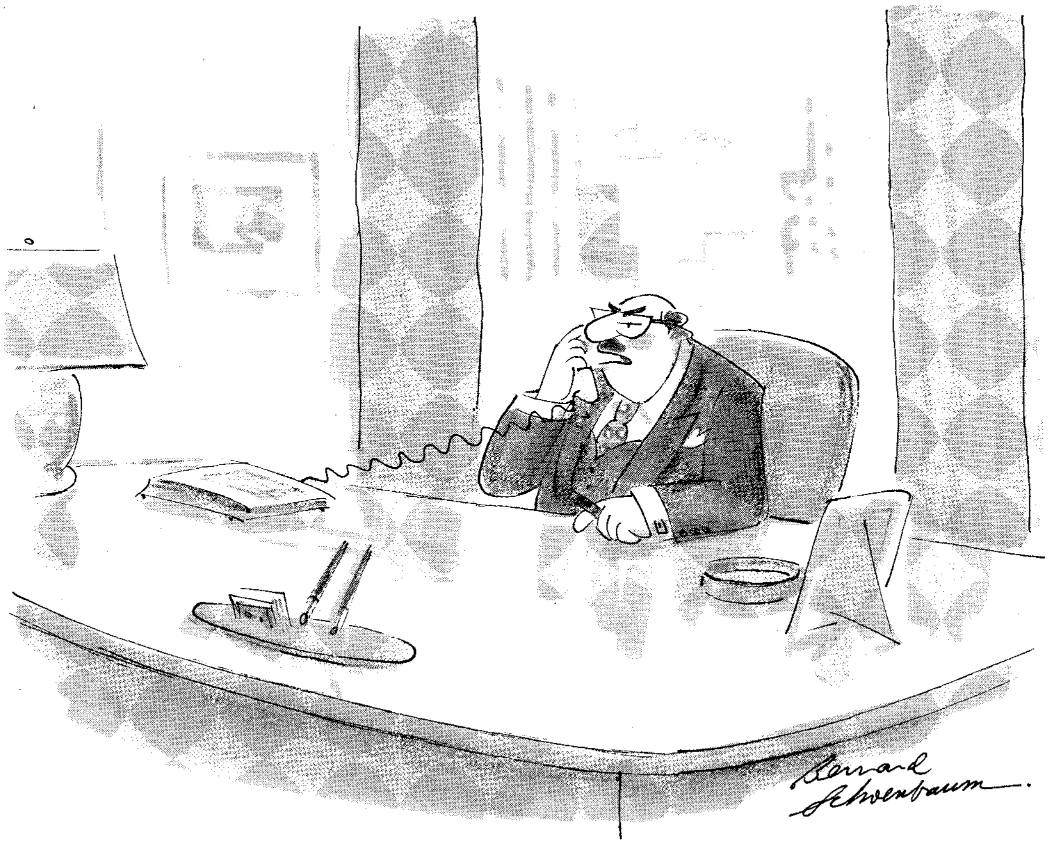
Nobody, not even Mr. Stair, ever spoke to Harry so impatiently. I expected him to assert his authority over our pavement, but instead, in an abdication more shocking to me than the one that came later that year, Harry said, "Do what he says. Go practice the piano."

I picked up my music, and Mr. Stair took me upstairs. In the drapery-induced dusk of our living room, where Emerson's "Essays" stood beside Browning's works on the bookshelves and a print of Botticelli's "Primavera" hung above the piano, I started playing scales, and forgot that scene for eleven years; I must have been very hurt at ten, for even now I have no memory of Harry any later than the day he sent me home from his strike.

Today, that Brahms quartet sounds much less soupy to me than a lot of his music, and its slow movement does not sound quite as appallingly saccharine as it did in 1947, but the work still seems too long. In 1947, as I sat on the floor, the music allowed my mind to wander disconsolately. Too late to ask anyone, I wondered if Harry had thought I was making fun of him. At the same time, I could hear a remarkable performance, and somewhere in my half-listening I relinquished a fantasy I scarcely knew I had cherished: I was not going to wake up one day with a brand-new set of fingers. All my ventures in music were training for the role of audience.

THE Brahms ended at last. The pianist stood up, and conferred briefly, and amiably, with the first vio-





"This conversation's going nowhere if you keep injecting the human factor."

• •

lin. In a whisper, Ned told me that his friend was not there, and asked, "Do you know these people?"

I shook my head no. I was eager to meet these young geniuses, and expected that in a moment I would. At our amateur gatherings, the conclusion of the first long piece invariably brought coffee and cake, which were served—sometimes by our host or hostess, sometimes by a mother, more rarely by a maid—with a garnish of compliments. The compliments were always exaggerated, and we knew it, but, as no compliment is ever wholly disbelieved, we extracted morsels of confidence in our musicality from the false assurances. No coffee bearer appeared in this room, and the compliments were on the order of a low-voiced "Nice" or an approving nod. At one point, the pianist, still standing, played a phrase over. The first violin said something, the pianist nodded, and then, gathering his music, he turned into the room and said, "See you."

He left, taking with him a young woman who had been sitting on the studio couch. Before Ned and I could get up off the floor or say a word, a young man who had been sitting beside the pianist's girlfriend stood up and opened a violin case, and another young man rose from one of the side chairs and placed it among the three string players' seats. He brought forward a music stand that had been pushed against the wall. Within moments the string quartet had arranged itself and its music and was tuning its instruments. Then the first violin announced, perhaps as a courtesy to Ned and me, "Bartók's Fifth."

I had never heard that quartet before, and I listened intent and enthralled. I certainly did not grasp it at once, but its tantalizing idiom seemed to me new, pure, and intelligent. While it played I had no thought except the music itself, and when it was over I had become happy. That quartet—modern, candid, economical, understated, and playful—was everything I thought art should be, and, indeed, what the whole world was going to be like for the rest of the twentieth century.

The music, and my concentration on it, almost restored my confidence that I could understand my environment: Bartók seemed to promise I would not always be wrong. My childhood had been so stuffed with music that I seemed to have known the standard repertory since birth. I have no recollection, for example, of hearing any Beethoven symphony for the first time. All nine seem always to have been there, just like my relatives: "Aunt Eroica" would express the relation exactly. The Bartók quartet belongs to another category; it is like a friend I made for myself in high school or college. In later years, after its unfamiliarity wore off, I have heard it differently, but every time I hear it I recall our first meeting and my hopefulness about modern times.

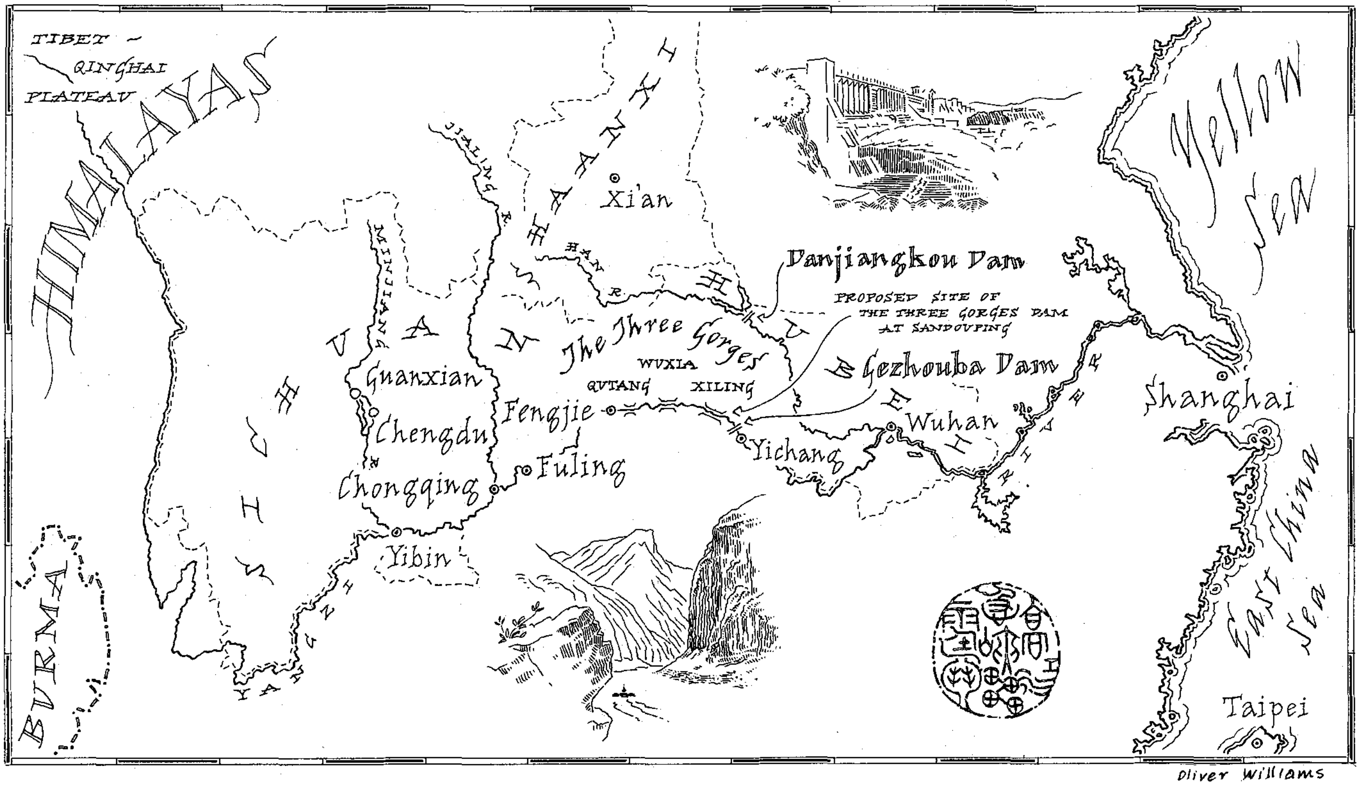
When the quartet ended, the young man who had moved the violinist's chair and stand rose from the daybed and started to open a clarinet case. I shifted my legs slightly, settling in for the next number, but Ned whispered that he could not wait for his friend, and, tapping his watch, said, "Tomorrow is a working day."

He rose to go. I did not dare argue. I gathered my gear, got up, and both of us, nodding and smiling vaguely at the other people in the room, left. We did not say much to each other on the way home. When we said good night in front of my apartment house, I held out his Mozart score, and he took it without comment. We never saw each other again, and I never found out whose studio we had visited. Nor have I ever identified the pianist. The quartet, however, made its début at Town Hall the following winter, and, with changes of personnel, survives to this day, as does the C.I.O. And Bartók has become a classic, like Brahms.

—NAOMI BLIVEN

A REPORTER AT LARGE

THE LONG RIVER



AUTUMN is the best season for visiting China, and last fall my wife, Jayjia, and I spent a month there together. We had two aims. We wanted to explore the remarkable Long River (its customary Western name, Yangzi, properly denotes only the lower and middle portions of the river)—more specifically, to go by boat through the spectacular Three Gorges, between Chongqing and Yichang. This is a stretch of river where a huge new dam is planned. If the plans are carried out, the dam will be the largest in the world, and will alter the face and future of the country to a considerable degree—among other things, diminishing the scenic splendor of the gorges, by raising the water level of the river almost five hundred feet. The second, more personal reason for our journey was to visit places where each of us had once lived: in Jayjia's case, Wuhan, the capital of Hubei Province, in the middle reaches of the river, where she was born but to which she had not returned since she left China, at the age of eight, in 1938, shortly after the outbreak of the Sino-Japanese War; and, in my case, Shanghai, where I had lived for two years immediately after the Second World War.

Both of us had visited China since 1949, when it became a Communist state. Jayjia (in Hubei dialect her name means "eldest sister") had gone to Beijing in 1973 with a small group of Chinese-American educators, at the invitation of Prime Minister Zhou Enlai, and had made several other trips after that, the last of them in 1984, to work as a consultant to the State Education Commission. I had gone back only once, in 1975, and then only for five days, when I accompanied President Ford on a politically subdued visit to Beijing; much to my disappointment, his plans to spend a day or two in Shanghai were cancelled, because Sino-American relations had temporarily cooled, as a result of concurrent American efforts to establish détente with the Russians.

Although both Jayjia and I had had earlier experiences that brought us into friendly contact with high-ranking Chinese officials (I had travelled to Yan'an, the Communist capital, in 1946 and interviewed Mao Zedong and other top leaders), we both had reservations about China--particularly because of the excesses committed during what became euphemistically known as the Great Leap Forward, in the late fifties, and the Cultural Revolution, between 1966 and 1976. Some of these events had directly affected members of Jayjia's family. At the same time, we had both retained affection for the country and sympathy with its people.

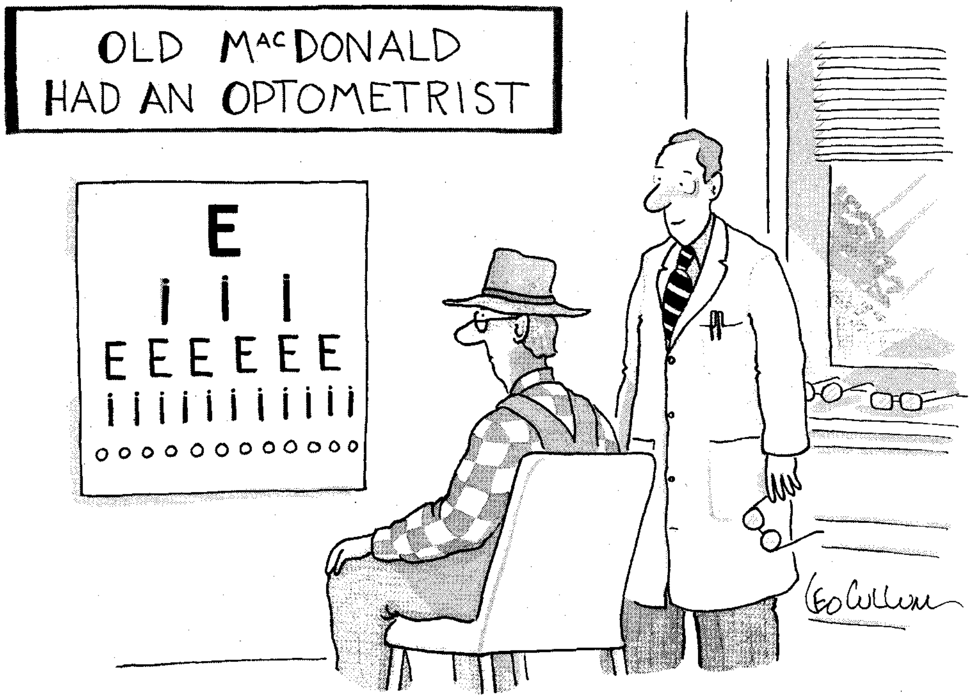
We were aware from the outset that our separate cultural backgrounds were bound to affect our reactions to the trip and to the people we would meet. Initially, Jayjia was more concerned about this than I was; in fact, before our departure for Beijing she had expressed misgivings about returning to China at all with a foreign husband. She had warned me that the more conservative Chinese—particularly those in the countryside—would look askance at any public show of affection or solicitude, such as my holding her arm when we crossed a street. Though she promised not to walk behind me, in traditional Chinese fashion, she did make me agree not to help her up if she slipped and fell, explaining that it would be far more appropriate for me simply to stand by and laugh. Fortunately, none of this proved necessary. But beyond that, and despite the fact that both of us had grown up and gone to school in the United States, her whole approach to China was, inevitably, different from mine. For one thing, even though she had left the country at an early age she retained many memories and associations, which I couldn't possibly share, including feelings both joyous and sad about the plans to change the Long River, and feelings having to do with childhood pleasures and fantasies and also with war and death, family separations, and the fate of relatives. My own, much later experiences had also involved war and revolution, but I had, of course, remained an outside observer, without roots in China. I had travelled extensively throughout the country, but I had actually lived in Shanghai, the largest treaty port—an unreal, "foreign" place, which many Chinese looked down upon as not only atypical but discreditable, and perhaps degrading.

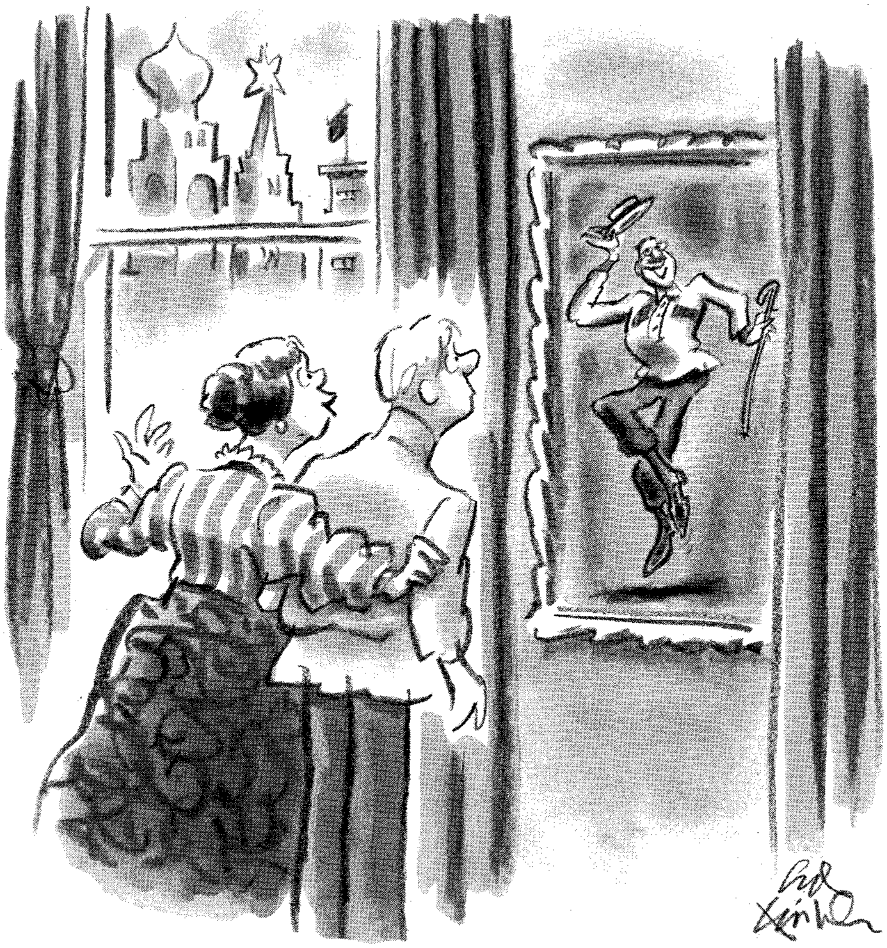
We began by flying from New York to Beijing, chiefly to meet representatives of our *danwei*, or host organization, which was the All-China Journalists Association. The association, in planning our itinerary, had made arrangements for us to be given a briefing about the Long River before we started our trip. We also wanted to return together to Beijing, a city we had known separately, if only fitfully, over many decades. Jayjia had been there first: back in the early thirties, when she was between the ages of two and four, she had lived there with her mother and her paternal grandparents, who had moved there temporarily from Wuhan. A family album contains a photograph of her sitting on the imperial throne of the Temple of Heaven.

"Life was much more relaxed in those days," she told me. "We lived in a typical *pingfang*, a sprawling, single-story building surrounding a series of courtyards that were ideal for extended families. My mother's courtyard had lots of seasonal potted plants and a big jar for decorative carp. During the day, out on the *malu*, or 'horse street,' camel caravans arrived from the northwest, their bells tinkling. Fortune-tellers, some of them blind, came into our *hutong*, or compound, sometimes with little trained birds that picked out cards foretelling the future. I remember the sugar man, who blew amazingly lifelike animals—birds, dogs, cats, lions, and dragons—of caramelized sugar from his pipe; the strolling patent-medicine men, magicians, and storytellers; and the flower-drum women and girls, who sang us tales of ancient battles and of romances, invariably ill-fated. There was a man who could staple broken porcelain dishes together so neatly that they would hold water, a man who would trim the claws of our songbirds, and a tailor with a treadle sewing machine who would make clothes at the New Year for everyone in the family, from Grandfather Yeye to my baby brother. After dark, the night-soil collector came by with his cart and took away the neighborhood wastes, to be recycled by the nearby farmers. Later, if we woke, we heard the comforting click-clack of the watchman as he made his rounds."

My own first visit to Beijing, or Peking (or Beiping, as it was known under the Nationalists), was in September of 1945. As a twenty-eight-year-old civilian war correspondent, I had arrived at the nearby port of Tientsin (now Tianjin) with the United States Marines, who had been sent to accept the surrender of Japanese troops in the northern part of the country on behalf of the Kuomintang forces of Generalissimo Chiang Kai-shek, which were slowly moving back east from their wartime bases in and around Chungking (now Chongqing). A small group of us correspondents had spent three days of riotous celebration with the local Chinese and a miscellaneous group of European refugees—mostly White Russians—who had lived in limbo there in Tientsin for many years. Our drained and dehydrated but still intrepid reportorial crew had then taken the short train ride to Beiping. I at once decided that this was the most beautiful and beguiling city I had ever seen, not excepting Paris or Rome, and I determined to settle down there and write the great American or the great Chinese novel, or just simply settle. But, lacking the courage of my romantic convictions, and also wanting to see more of the country, I returned to Tientsin after a week or so and boarded a naval vessel along with a wartime friend, the late Vice-Admiral Daniel Barbey, who was about to move down the coast to Shanghai.

When Jayjia and I debarked from the plane in Beijing, she was astonished by the changes that had taken place even in the three years since her last visit. A decade ago, as the Cultural Revolution was drawing to a close, the "high rise" revolution was well along, and the image of old Beiping I had lovingly retained from the mid-forties had been severely jarred by the sight of tall new office and apartment buildings, which, though they had gone up at prescribed distances from the palaces and temples, loomed like awkward giant sentinels over the lovely curved tile roofs and the network of *hutongs*. Now the number of tall buildings with shining glass, marble, or multicolored tile or brick façades, including new and renovated hotels and government





"All during the Stalin years, Alexei, your father managed, secretly, to keep Soviet tap dancing alive."

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structures as well as private offices, seemed to have increased a hundredfold, and to have moved closer and closer to the heart of the city. The Beiping I had known appeared to be a buried archeological site: it took time and patience to find a *hutong* that remained inviolate and unsullied either by an ugly stone neighbor or by only slightly less obtrusive manifestations of "modernization"—new back-yard machinery of one kind or another, or television antennas that jutted over ancient roofs and courtyards like rows of mechanical crows.

What remained unchanged, Jayjia remarked with satisfaction, was the beautiful Beijing accent, which, even from the lips of street workers and children, lends standard spoken Chinese a particularly urbane, cultivated air. But another change that struck us immediately was the paucity of children. The restrictions against having more than one child—these are firmly enforced, and fines and other penalties have been imposed—were universally apparent, and we saw virtually no couple with more than a single boy or girl in tow. This is having some strange and disquieting effects. Young children, as the Chinese press has begun to point out, are being so outrageously pampered that one wonders how they will get along with each other in a mass society when they attend school and college, not to mention how they will fare with those adults—only a generation or two older—who, because of the Cultural Revolution, were deprived of higher education and subjected to much harsher discipline. One form that the pampering takes is dressing small children up, often in the bright colors that mark another startling recent change. A common sight is little boys in the Chinese equivalent of sailor suits, and little girls in Western dresses, often with bright ribbons in their hair, and some even wearing lipstick and other makeup, so that Sunday outings in the park now have the air of amateur theatricals. As for adults, nothing short of a stylistic revolution has taken place. The ubiquitous unisex blue or gray baggy "Mao suits" that came into vogue after 1949, replacing the traditional long gowns or Western suits for men and the trousers and tunics or *qipao*—high-necked, fitted dresses with side slits—for women, have given way to casual forms of dress for all but formal occasions. It is among the younger women, in particular, that the changing styles are now most apparent.

The All-China Journalists Association had assigned us as a guide and interpreter a thirty-two-year-old graduate of Beijing Normal University named Li Weijia, and he had been on hand to greet us at the airport. Weijia, as we soon came to call him, was to prove a perfect travelling companion, personable and good-natured, with an impish sense of humor. He was exceptionally tall—he stood six feet—and his commanding height enhanced an air of self-confidence and an instinct for getting things done by dealing politely but firmly with local bureaucrats.

WITH Weijia, we paid a call on Zhang Ying, the senior engineer of the former Ministry of Water Resources and Electric Power, which, along with an adjunct body, the Long River Planning Office, in Wuhan, is the principal proponent and chief planner of the big Three Gorges dam project. Zhang lost no time telling us that the Long River, though somewhat shorter than the narrower Nile and the broad but largely jungle-encompassed Amazon, affects the lives of far more people than either of those rivers. Some three hundred and fifty million people—about a third of China's total population—live in the area of its vast watershed, which takes in ten or so of China's twenty-nine provinces. From its source, twenty thousand feet up in the glaciers of the Qinghai-Tibet plateau, the Long River flows nearly four thousand miles, to empty into the East China Sea at Shanghai. Its watershed area, of seven hundred thousand square miles, is two-thirds mountainous, but the remaining third consists of fertile foothills and plains, through which flow seven hundred large and medium-sized tributaries and thousands of smaller streams. Nearly forty per cent of China's agricultural products, including two-thirds of its rice and half

What if the planets had never aligned in an ancient sky? Or flowers had waited another year to start growing? Suppose the sun didn't warm the earth each spring? There may never have been a town called Vergeze, or a spring called Perrier. But, luckily, everything happened just right.

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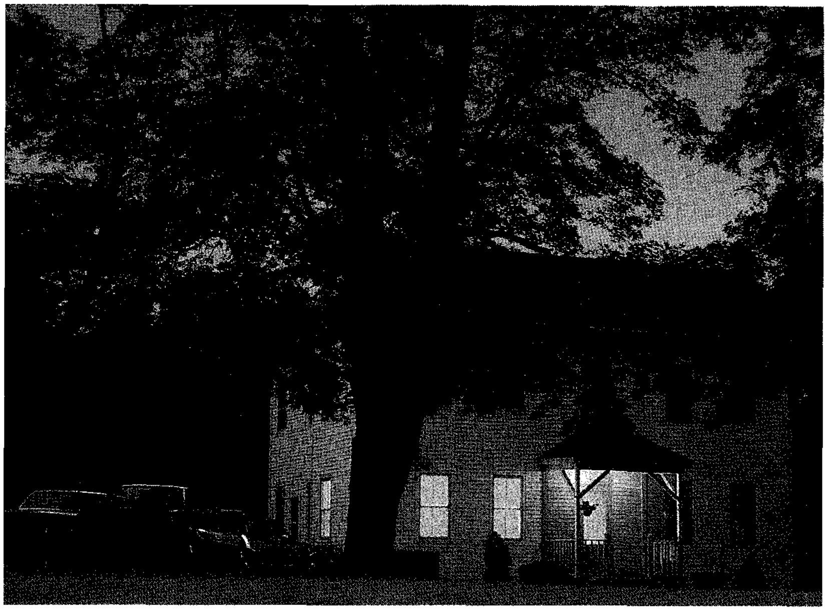

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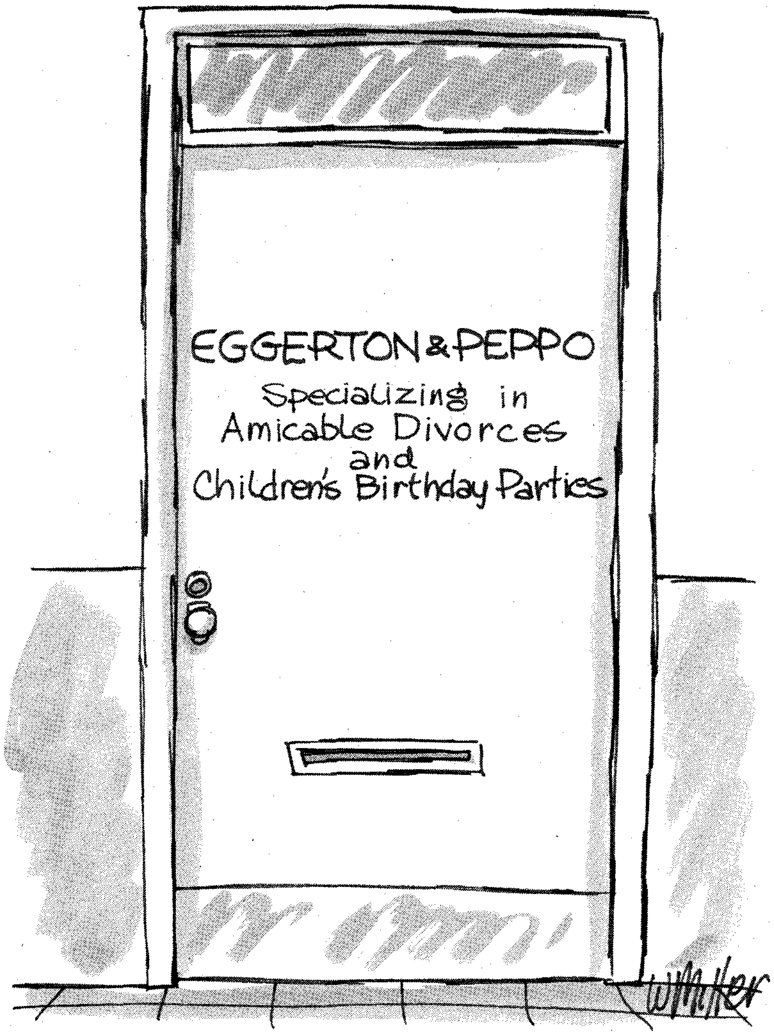
of its cotton, come from the watershed area. Other major products of the Long River basin and its surroundings are wheat, corn, vegetables, salt, tea, silk, furs, and tung oil. The mountains are rich in minerals and metals, and the river basin's forestland constitutes a quarter of China's total wood reserves. Rivers and lakes provide an abundance of fish; the upper reaches of the Long River are the home of the endangered China sturgeon.

If the big new multipurpose dam should be built at the site that has been tentatively selected, near the foot of the Three Gorges, it would create ecological and environmental changes that are only beginning to be comprehended, and would inevitably submerge many historic towns and archeological sites along the banks and nearby. But, as the biggest dam in the world, surpassing Brazil's Itaipu, Egypt's Aswan, and any dam in the United States, it would also create tremendous new sources of hydroelectric energy and would improve methods of controlling floods that over the centuries have caused great damage and loss of life along the river. It would also simplify navigation, especially around Chongqing. (The Gezhouba Dam, farther downstream, which began operating in 1981, generates hydroelectric power, provides flood control below the dam, and has improved navigational safety above it. But it was built largely as a regulator dam, to be used in conjunction with the Three Gorges dam.) While the Three Gorges dam has been approved in principle by the State Council, the government's chief administrative body, and plans for its construction have been drawn up, the National People's Congress has so far withheld approval, and the project remains highly controversial; the various bureaucratic organizations, both at the central level and in the provinces and cities along the river, disagree on its advantages and disadvantages—which would, of course, vary greatly from place to place. Moreover, it would cost four or five billion dollars, and China, already engaged in new and expensive plans for modernization, which include a number of major construction projects over the next decade, would have to borrow money abroad in order to complete the dam by the year 2000, which is generally seen as the target date.

The idea of building a major dam on the Long River to control floods and generate power can be traced back to Sun Yat-sen, who in the summer of 1923 ordered his associates to look into the possibilities of harnessing the river's potential. In the forties, Dr. John L. Savage, the chief design engineer of the United States Bureau of Reclamation, was invited to China to undertake a study of the river's development. His work laid the foundations for a greater Chinese effort, in the forties and fifties, by precursors of the Long River Planning Office. Disastrous floods in those decades emphasized the importance of doing something to control the tempestuous river.

Over the years, thousands of Chinese experts and many American and other foreign scholars and engineers, including Canadians, Norwegians, and representatives of the World Bank, have studied the interrelated questions of the river's development. Among the Americans are Kenneth Lieberthal and Michel Oksenberg, both professors at the University of Michigan. Three years ago, in a lengthy study of the plans for the Three Gorges dam, they described it as "one of the most exciting and important construction projects ever undertaken in China . . . an effort . . . of epic proportions to tame one of the world's great rivers and, in the process, to exert a telling influence on the future spatial economy of China."

A recent book by Professor Lyman P. Van Slyke, of Stanford, "Yangtze: Nature, History, and the River," notes that while the Long River "is normally less malevolent" than the Yellow River, to the north, which runs more or less parallel with it, "its floods have been tremendously destructive, and this danger still remains." Frantic dike-building and diversion of floodwaters into the lakes and marshes below the Three Gorges were traditional means of controlling floods, but, as Van Slyke notes, "during years of abnormally heavy rainfalls these measures proved pitifully inadequate." When Jayjia and I spoke with Zhang Ying, he told us that between 185 B.C. and 1911 the Long River had experienced two hundred and fourteen major floods. The



"thirty-year flood" of 1931 drowned a hundred and fifty thousand people, left millions homeless, and inundated eight and a half million acres of farmland.

Some years ago, Mao Zedong expressed personal interest in studying the Three Gorges, whereupon the Chinese commissioned a major plan for developing the river. Then, in 1956, Mao, who enjoyed the occasional grand gesture, made his famous swim across the Long River at Wuhan. His primary aim was to draw attention to the near-completion of the first bridge across it, but in a poem he wrote at that time entitled "Swimming" he also refers to a big new dam in the Three Gorges:

The bridge soars free from north to south and
Nature's moat becomes a thoroughfare.
Still to come is the western river's wall of stone,
Slicing through Witchmount's mists and rain
And raising calm lakes in steep gorges.
If the Goddess were still alive
She'd be amazed at how the world has changed.

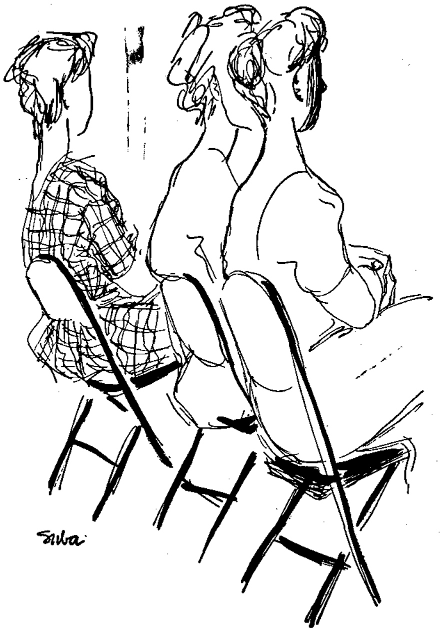
The historian Herrlee Glessner Creel, in his classic "The Birth of China," touches on this theme in writing about Chinese dams and their place in history:

> Whether the ancient Chinese built dams is an interesting question which seems to have received little attention. In the mythology we find stories of a minister who sought to stop the devastating floods, from which the Chinese seem always to have suffered, by means of dams. This brought him only the severest punishment from the emperor who, in this mythology, is supposed to have ruled over all of China even in remote times. His offence is said to have been that by building dams, he "interfered with the free course of natural forces." His son, Yü, was appointed to continue the work; he followed the better plan of dredging the rivers deeper and giving them free course to the sea, and was so successful that he was appointed to the throne, and became the founder of the Hsia, the first hereditary dynasty, which preceded the Shang.

Professor Van Slyke, in his recent book, presents a somewhat different view. He says that if "for most ordinary folk in China, change usually meant change for the worse . . . when Chinese are realistically convinced that things *can* change for the better, they are as quick as any people to make those changes."

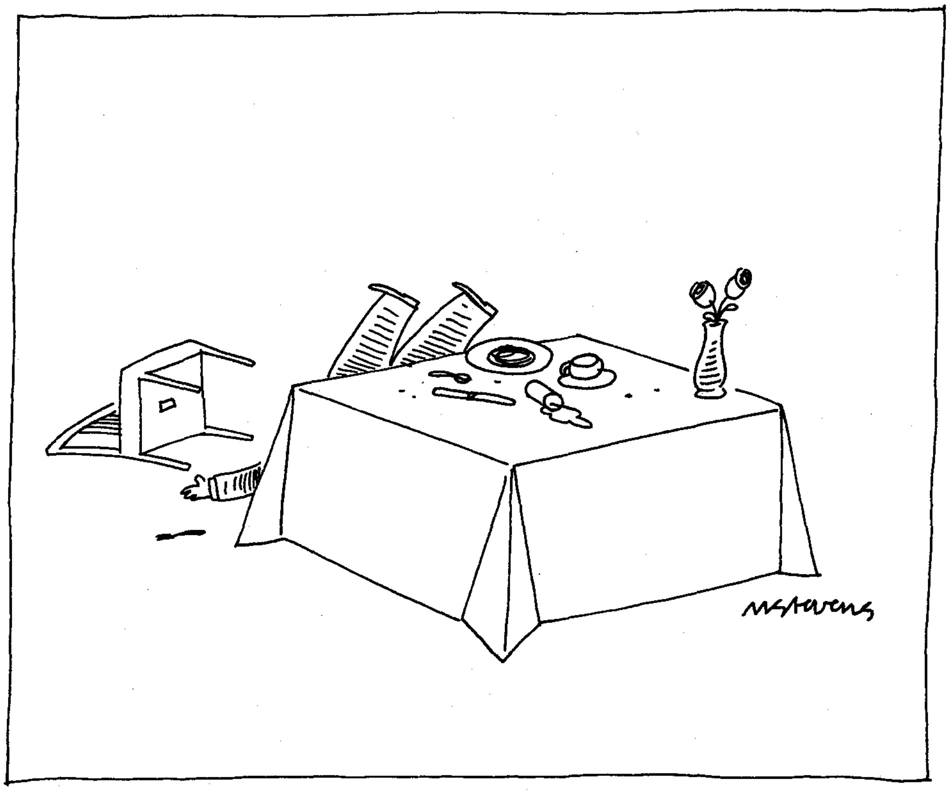
JAYJIA and I, after reading or rereading Creel, Lieberthal and Oksenberg, and Van Slyke, discussed the Three Gorges project with several score experts during our trip down the Long River, and we did so in a particularly heady atmosphere. Everyone was looking forward to the Thirteenth Party Congress, in Beijing, at the end of October, which would give fresh impetus to the bold reforms on which China has embarked, and we were afforded a unique opportunity to observe at first hand the Chinese approach to change and modernization. Having recognized "the dangers to rational decision-making that are present when one man can dominate the system, as Mao Zedong did," Lieberthal and Oksenberg note, the reformists have taken measures "to diffuse authority so that an extensive consultative process precedes a major decision." The Chinese experts we spoke with made a special point of the significance of consensus-building. Unfortunately, as we discovered, such measures can lead to deadlock, irresolution, and procrastination. In fact, the Three Gorges project has been so widely, and often bitterly, debated by what are called "the pertinent bureaucracies" that it may be two or three years before the State Council decides what to do about it. But, at least, another major reform principle has been acknowledged in the process: the use of proved economic criteria and the acceptance of economic factors and forces in reaching decisions.

More than fourteen committees have been set up to study the various scientific, technological, and socioeconomic aspects of the Three Gorges project, and the Canadians are preparing a separate feasibility report in conjunction with the World Bank. Lieberthal and Oksenberg, Van Slyke, and other American experts who have traced the complex history of the project have begun to credit the reformists with adopting a consensus approach as an antidote to the dictatorial procedures of Mao, but they have also noted the continuing disparity of views and the irresolution of issues among the Chinese experts. Though the Chinese insist that this is their way of working things out, Lieberthal and Oksenberg argue that, having granted consensus a dynamic of its own, the Chinese still lack an adequate legal system or "a non-executive body capable of adjudicating the issues," and this "produces a great need for consensus-building within the executive itself." When we asked some of the Chinese experts what they thought of Lieberthal and Oksenberg's report, they criticized it, perhaps somewhat defensively, for stressing the bureaucratic infighting and indecision that had marked the long years of debate over the dam, and for failing to acknowledge the importance of consensus. As our discussion continued, it struck me that what was involved here, beyond facts and statistics—such questions as how high the dam and its normal water level should be, how much power it should generate, and how many tens of thousands of people would have to be relocated—were some of those significant cultural differences between the Chinese and American ways of thinking.



Even in the eighties, the Chinese leaders, including Deng Xiaoping, Hu Yaobang, and Zhao Ziyang, have hesitated to support the Three Gorges project fully, in the absence of any firm agreement among the key bureaucratic figures engaged in it. With Deng now at least purporting to have withdrawn from daily decision-making, Hu more or less out of the picture, Zhao having taken over as the leading reformist and Party chairman, and Li Peng, a Soviet-trained engineer and former Minister of Water Resources and Electric Power, chosen to be the next Prime Minister, the picture remains murky, for Li Peng has expressed mixed feelings in the past about building the big dam, and though he is now said to favor it, he is basically more cautious than Zhao Ziyang.

For the moment, the result, ironically, is that the climate of rising reform has encouraged the various bureaucracies, from those at the top to those in the provinces and major cities that will be affected by the dam project, to assert themselves and fight more strongly than before for their own interests. This requires money, of which there is none to spare and certainly not enough to spread around; many regions and communities are thus setting their own budgetary priorities. Given the probable necessity of obtaining hard-currency loans amid the looming threat of fresh inflation—already running, unofficially, at about twenty per cent in some urban areas—the likelihood is that further substantial foreign investment in the Three Gorges scheme will aggravate the difficult domestic political issues. Perhaps the most important of these is the still unsettled question of how to separate the role of the Party from the functions and prerogatives of government and management. As we travelled around the country, it became increasingly apparent that the answer to this question is what will ultimately determine the success or failure of most of the new economic reforms.



EGGS BENEDICT ARNOLD

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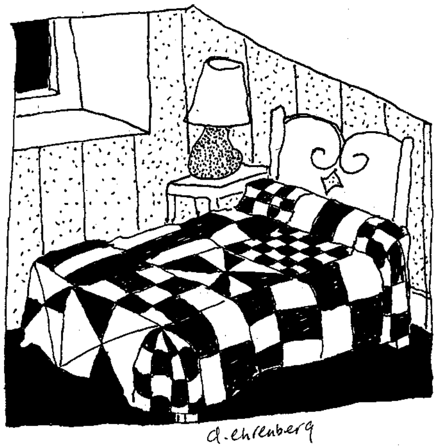
OUR first stop after leaving Beijing was Xi'an, in Shaanxi Province, the ancient capital of eleven dynasties, where we viewed the excavation of the eight-thousand-year-old neolithic village of Banpo and the ongoing excavation of six thousand life-size terracotta soldiers guarding the tomb of Qin Shi Huangdi, who, by unifying a number of warring states, became China's first emperor, in 221 B.C. From there we took a midafternoon electric train to Chengdu, the capital of Sichuan Province, sharing a compartment with two women and a baby. The older of the two women, who was being treated with obvious deference by the train attendants, turned out to be a veteran cadre named Chu Xia, who had worked in Yan'an in the Party's communications section in the thirties and forties, and had lived in its loess caves while her husband was in the Shanghai underground. She was pleased when I told her that I had visited Yan'an and met Mao there in the mid-forties.

That nine-hour train trip, taking us past rolling hills and neatly terraced fields, through tunnels blasted out of the mountains, and on into the rich Chengdu plain, gave us our first glimpse of one striking sign of the current prosperity—a succession of two-story whitewashed farmhouses, such as we were to see throughout our journey. Under the new "household-responsibility system," which enables peasants to grow whatever they wish for private sale once they have fulfilled their relatively modest contractual quotas, many farmers, especially in rich provinces like Sichuan—it is known as "the heavenly state," because of its wealth of resources—have become among the most prosperous people in China. Sichuan, with a population of more than a hundred million—about a tenth of the national total of more than a billion—is China's most populous province, and it became the testing ground for the responsibility system in 1980, when Zhao Ziyang was in charge there. Two years earlier, the third plenary of the Party's eleventh Central Committee had been held, and it is now continually cited as the official start of modernization and economic reform. Last year's agricultural production in Sichuan was valued at 33.5 billion yuan, we were told, which was almost double the figure for 1978, when the reforms were officially decreed. (The yuan is valued at about 3.7 to the United States dollar.)

Chengdu sits on both banks of the Minjiang, one of the Long River's four major tributaries. The city has a history going back to before the Han dynasty, some two thousand years ago, and in 1911 its residents led one of the regional revolts that paved the way for the overthrow of the Qing dynasty, China's last. Over that long span, it has evolved from an early silk capital into a thriving industrial and commercial center. Most of its modern factories and large offices are in the suburbs, and in the city proper broad avenues have replaced narrow slum alleys, while sewage ditches, which used to be called "imperial rivers," have been filled in and attractively planted with flowering hibiscus bushes, around which hummingbirds dart and hover. We walked up and down the main shopping streets, where Jayjia bought ten grams of saffron from one of the traditional herb shops for about a fifth of what it would cost at home, and I enjoyed, for about six cents, a delicious bowl of Lai *tang yuan*—sweet fruit with glutinous rice dumplings—at a shop named Lai Tang Yuan, where, I learned, the Lai family has been doing business since 1894. We then rode out to the western suburbs to visit the thatched cottage of Du Fu, one of China's most beloved poets, who took refuge there on the bank of a "flower-bathing brook" during a Tang-dynasty rebellion in 759, and remained as an intermittent resident for four years, cultivating oranges and drinking wine—another activity for which he was well known—and writing about two hundred and fifty poems, of a lifework of more than fourteen hundred. Often described as a realistic poet of the people, he spent a largely restless life, wandering from place to place, but he seems to have been more at peace in his thatched cottage in Chengdu than anywhere else.

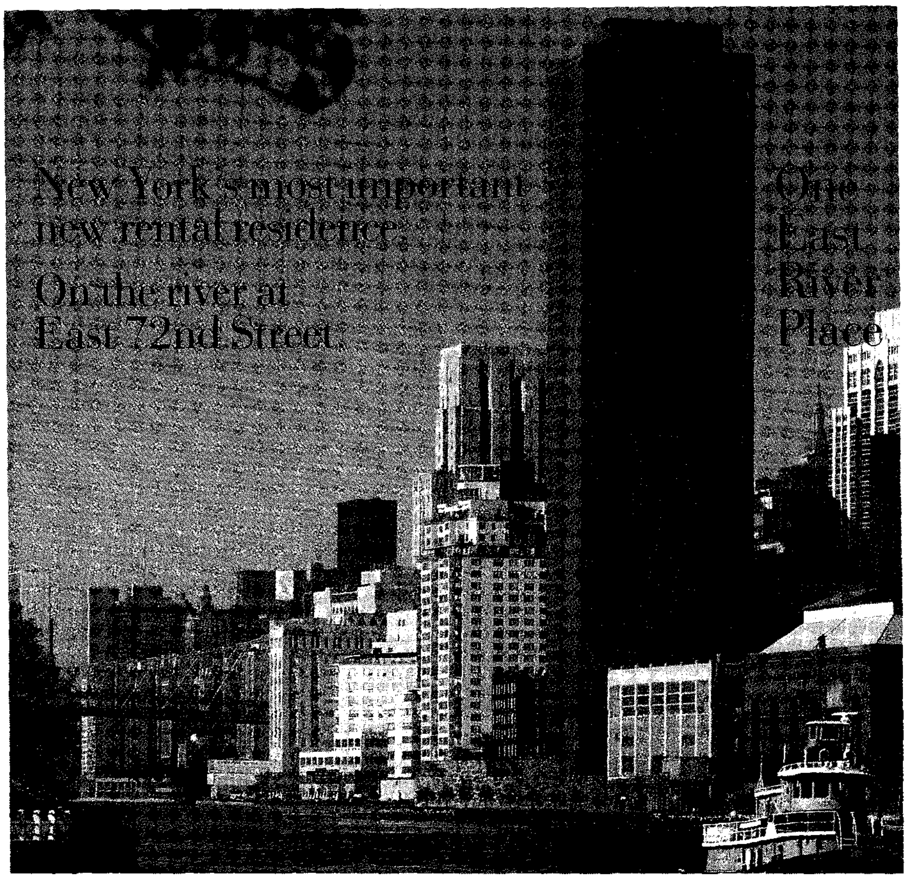
Before leaving for Chongqing and our trip down the Long River, we had a talk with Zhao Jian, a correspondent for the Sichuan *Daily*, who was a member of one of two Chinese teams that, between June and November of 1986, became the first people ever known to travel all the way down the river, rafting and portaging the entire four thousand miles from the Qinghai-Tibet plateau to Shanghai. The Chinese were inspired to undertake this feat upon learning of an expedition to take place that summer under the leadership of a fifty-nine-year-old American rafter named Ken Warren. (A young Chinese photographer, Yao Maoshu, who had unsuccessfully tried to join Warren's group, daringly but foolishly set off downriver on a raft by himself in June of 1985, and was drowned in the uppermost rapids.) In July of 1986, the Warren expedition, a far better-equipped group of twenty-nine Americans and Chinese, finally started out from a site near the river's source, but their voyage was ill-fated. After a series of mishaps, including the death from high-altitude pulmonary edema of one American team member, Warren was forced to abandon his effort several hundred miles above the Three Gorges, because the team's rafts kept capsizing in the rapids. By this time, the two all-Chinese teams were already en route down the river.

Zhao Jian, who is in his early thirties, told us that studying the Long River had been a hobby of his for eight years, and that his team, thirteen strong, which was formally known as the China Changjiang Scientific Expedition Team, had started out shortly before Warren's team. Zhao had reached the source of the river by flying to Lhasa, Tibet, and travelling from there first by car and then on foot. "It was very cold when we arrived," he said. "There was lots of snow and it was hard to find enough yaks to haul our three rubber rafts and other equipment. When we finally started down the Tuotuo River, which is one of the headstreams of the Yangzi, it took us five days to reach the first inhabited place. We were short of food by then, because all we had was biscuits and cans of orange-flavored pork, so we stayed there for three days and ate and drank. The river was so shallow at first that we had to pull the rafts, and they kept getting tangled up in branches. About three hundred miles down, it began to get deeper, and we hit the first rapids. We slept in tents, and one night they were covered with two feet of snow. When we reached the Golden Sand River—as the section of the river that reaches into Sichuan is called—at the end of July, our five-man raft overturned. Luckily, by helping each other, we all managed to climb onto a big rock and get ashore. Soaking wet and freezing, we walked three hours to find help. After three more weeks of rafting, we reached the city of Yibin, where the Golden Sand becomes the Changjiang, or Long River. I went ashore there and travelled by road for eighteen days to deliver some soil samples to the glacier-research institute in Qinghai Province. Then I rejoined my raft. I floated about six weeks, all told, and went the rest of the way by land—about four-fifths of the distance to Shanghai. Both my team and the other Chinese team, from Luoyang, which I named the China Warriors—I called mine the Orange Exploration Team, after the cans of pork—used rubber cages built by roping the rafts together with tires and inner tubes to go down the dangerous Tiger Leaping Gorge rapids. But the cages weren't as safe as we thought. Between us, our two teams lost nine men—five from mine and four from the Luoyang group. We weren't trying to race each other, but the Luoyang team, which split into several groups, reached Shanghai first—on November 13th, twelve days ahead of us. I didn't get back to Chengdu until December 3rd, a year and a half after I left. We accomplished quite a lot. We found out that the glacier area upstream is shrinking, for example, even though the Tibetan plateau is still rising. We discovered some valleys not mentioned in the geography books, and found what's known as 'muddy coal' sixteen thousand feet above sea level—it had never before been found so high. And we collected some double-lipped fish, which had also been unknown at that altitude, and brought them back, along with a thousand other fish specimens."



OUR next journey, an hour-long flight from Chengdu to Chongqing, once more brought home to us the tremendous changes taking place in the country and the challenges and problems that they pose. Chongqing is no longer a wartime backwater but one of China's largest metropolitan centers, with a population of about three million, and a thriving economy extending throughout the upper Long River valley. We arrived late in the evening, and found the lights dimmed, because of a power shortage—a frequent occurrence—but crowds were still milling around the pungent food stalls or strolling the streets. Because the city is hilly, there weren't many bicycles, but there were enough autos so that their fumes, mixed with the sulfurous residues from coal-burning factories and charcoal cooking fires in homes, made the tightly packed center of Chongqing probably one of the most polluted places in China. "Air and water pollution are our biggest headaches," Vice-Mayor Li Chang Chun, who is also an engineer, told us the next morning. "We're doing our best to cope with them. Thirty per cent of our households now use gas for cooking, and by 1990 we hope to raise the figure to ninety per cent. And for the factories and power stations we're introducing processed coal, which causes less pollution. But acid rain remains a problem. We're trying to reduce that, along with water pollution, by regulating the use of chemical pollutants and making factories refine waste before pouring it into the rivers. We now have two water-recycling plants. People are becoming more aware of the environment. I get letters all the time complaining about air and water being so dirty. Chinese are also big cigarette smokers, but that's harder to deal with."

Chongqing was the first place on the Long River where we heard discussions of the pros and cons of building the Three Gorges dam. The gross value of the city's products in 1986 was eighteen and a half billion yuan—more than three-quarters of it from a healthy mixture of heavy and light industry and the rest from agriculture—and its transportation facilities, especially its three major railway links, are being strained to the limit. Full electrification of the railways will double their capacity in the next few years, and widening six national highways that lead into the city and building a new airport will also help, but water transport, which up to now has carried only eight per cent of Chongqing's total exports and imports, is regarded as the city's best hope for the future. The navigational potential of the Three Gorges project is therefore considered highly important here, not only because Chongqing lies at the confluence of the Jialing and Long Rivers but because it is one of China's new autonomous cities and an inland capital, which the government hopes to develop as a major foreign-trade center. Vice-Mayor Li explained, "Our industry and agriculture are growing at an annual average rate of eight per cent, and in the future our products will have to be increasingly exported by water. As an engineer, I know that in building a dam you have to weigh all the benefits, including energy and flood control as well as navigation; you also have to weigh the cost and time factors and the advantages of erecting a single big dam against first constructing a number of smaller dams upstream from Chongqing. The various committees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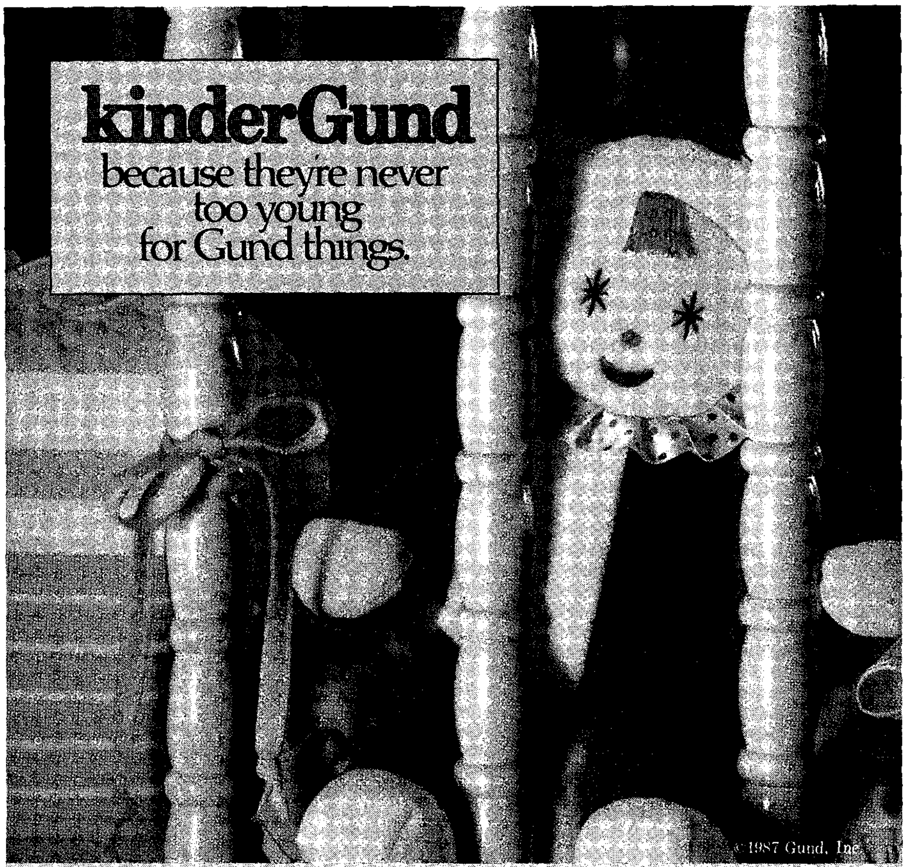

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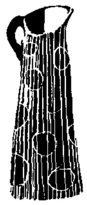
of experts are still debating all this. But it is clear that if the Three Gorges dam is built, and we are to be the linchpin of economic development in central and southeast China, the dam will have to be high enough—between five hundred and seventy-five feet and six hundred and fifty feet—to enable us to tow strings of barges with a total capacity of ten thousand tons all the way up to Chongqing. Even at that height, and with a reservoir extending two hundred and fifty miles beyond Chongqing, we still couldn't handle individual ten-thousand-ton ships."

Additional environmental considerations raised by Vice-Mayor Li and others concern siltation in the river and the relocation of the population in the areas that would be inundated by the dam. No precise projections of the flow of water and the buildup of silt over a decade—let alone a century, which would be the life expectancy of the dam—can be made, but siltation would most likely occur at the dam site; in the backwater of the big new reservoir; and in certain key areas downstream, and also upstream along the river's many tributaries. The questions are: How would that affect navigation, particularly in the Chongqing port region, and what changes would it cause in the river channel, all the way down to the Shanghai estuary, both for shipping and for ecology—specifically, marine life? The siltation issue is made more complex by the denuding of forests in western Sichuan, which is already causing increased siltation in the upper portions of the Long River and in its tributaries. As for the impact the big dam would have on population relocation, the projections here vary greatly. Vice-Mayor Li told us that a dam rising about six hundred feet from the river bed, which raised the normal water flow at the river's surface to about thirty-five to fifty feet below that, would, as a result of the river's new height, require the removal of about a hundred and thirty thousand people from the older portions of Chongqing, along the riverbank; other estimates run to two hundred thousand or more. The projections for relocations between Chongqing and the site of the proposed Three Gorges dam vary from seven hundred thousand to a million. While the monetary losses from future floods would undoubtedly be reduced, the cost of relocating a million people in the next decade from the central areas of the river basin would probably come to four or five billion dollars, or about the minimum estimated cost of the dam itself.



Before leaving Chongqing, we talked with two shipping men: the head of the Chongqing Changsan Long River Navigation Company, a government-operated conglomerate of twenty-four formerly private companies, and the owner of the only major private shipping concern, the Minsheng Company. The government company has lately been reorganized into five regional companies; Chen Zheng Yi, who runs the biggest of them, which operates out of Chongqing, told us when we met with him that his branch controls four hundred ships, of which thirty-five (mostly one- and two-thousand tonners) carry passengers, forty-three are tugboats, and the rest are barges. Prior to the Communist takeover, when navigation improvements in the upper reaches of the river were begun, Chen said, it had been unsafe to navigate the Three Gorges passage, because of many dangerous shoals and rapids and a particular hazard, named Come to Me Rock, on which a number of vessels, including junks and a British steamer, had foundered. Ultimately, part of that rock was blasted away, but it wasn't until the Gezhouba Dam was opened, in 1981, and the water level of the river rose about two hundred and thirty feet, that what was left of the rock was submerged deeply enough to let boats pass over it safely. While the construction of the Gezhouba Dam has helped navigation, passage through its locks causes traffic delays, and if the big new dam is built the delays will be even greater and the cargo costs heavier. Chen felt that the new dam might also create silting problems and increase the danger of earthquakes and landslides. It would be wise, he suggested, to build smaller dams upriver first, which could provide energy, limit flood damage, and probably diminish the siltation load.

The manager of the privately owned Minsheng Company, a thin, reserved, soft-spoken man of sixty-four named Lu Guoji, was wearing a dark Western suit with a shirt and tie when we met him, in his office, a modest old-fashioned place above a wardroom abuzz with middle managers, assistants, and nattily uniformed ships' officers. As a rehabilitated "national capitalist" in China's new economic structure, Lu started his company in 1984, after being encouraged by some former employees of his father, Lu Zuofu—who founded the original company, in 1925—to take advantage of the atmosphere of economic reform by applying for Minsheng's revival. When he graduated as a civil engineer from Nanjing University, in 1948, the younger Lu had been about to go to America for graduate study. In 1954, two years after his father died and the company was taken over by the state, he was sent to work in the coal mines, where he remained for nearly thirty years. "We began again three years ago, with only three barges and a tug, but on our maiden voyage to Jiangsu Province, carrying coal down and cotton back, we made fifty thousand yuan, which was about four times the usual profit," Lu told us. "We had two goals—to develop better navigation on the river, and to break the iron rice bowl of our employees by giving them new incentives and better pay instead of just guarantees of lifetime jobs. I was able to arrange some loans from government banks, and got permission to use the idle ships of other companies. Under the reforms, we were allowed at first to keep all our profits, but since last year we have had to pay taxes. We're now making a profit on our ocean-going and coastal ships—to Japan, Tianjin, and Hong Kong—but not, for the moment, on our Long River boats and barges, because the volume of cargo decreased last year and the railroads are offering stiffer competition. Like my father, though, I'm an optimist, and I believe in expansion. We had forty-six ships in 1937, when the anti-Japanese war broke out, and by the end of the war we had a hundred and twelve. My father personally directed the transport of thirty thousand refugees from Yichang at the beginning of the war, and by the end we had transported three million troops and their supplies to the various fronts. I'm sure that Sichuan's economy will continue to grow and the Long River's traffic will grow with it."

Lu told us that he had written a book about his father, and the following morning his daughter and son-in-law, who both speak English, came to our hotel with an autographed copy of it. "Writing such a book and seeking rectification of one's father's memory

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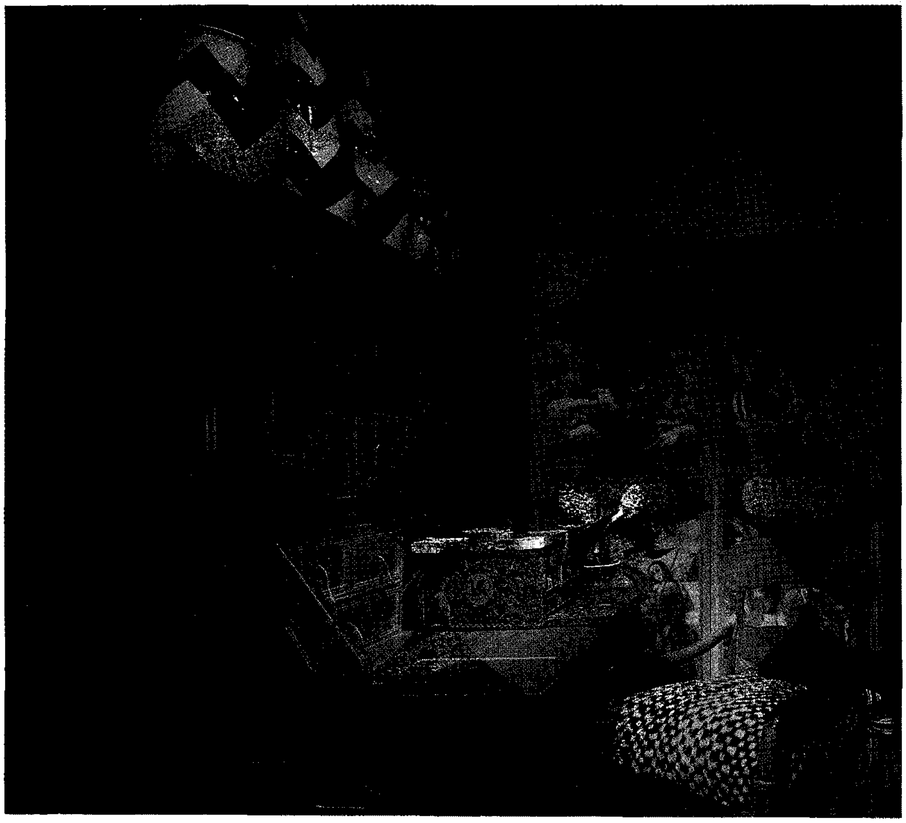

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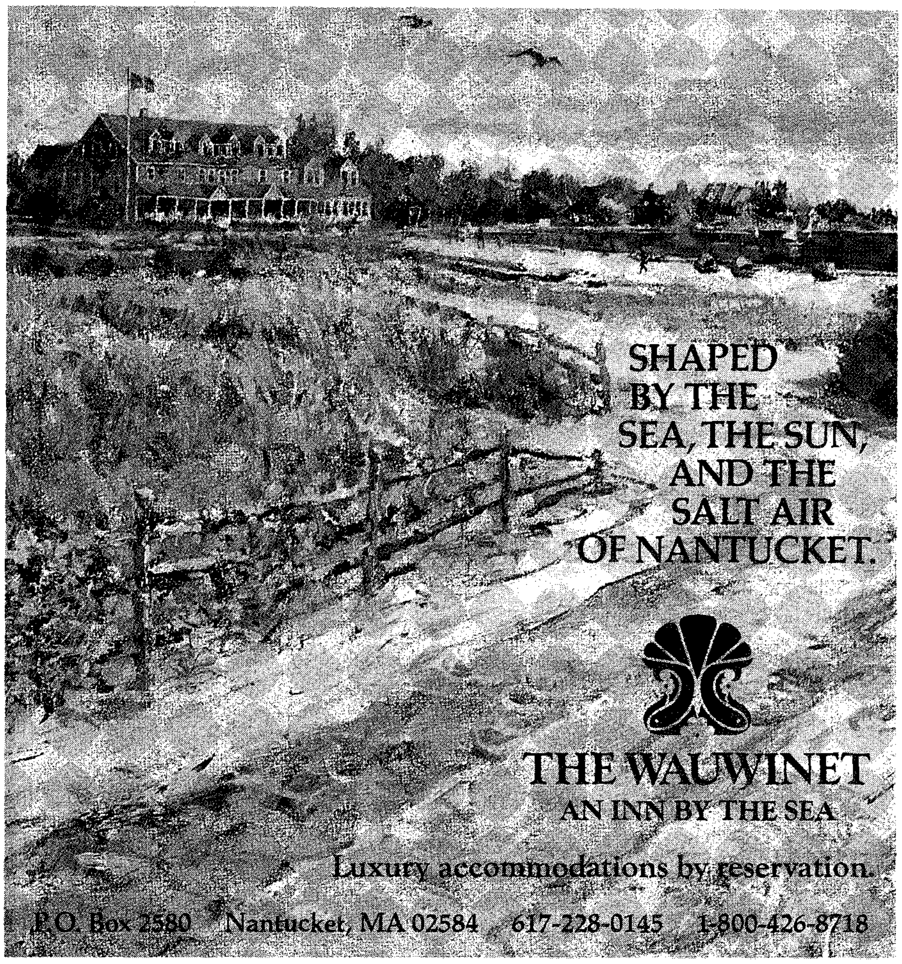
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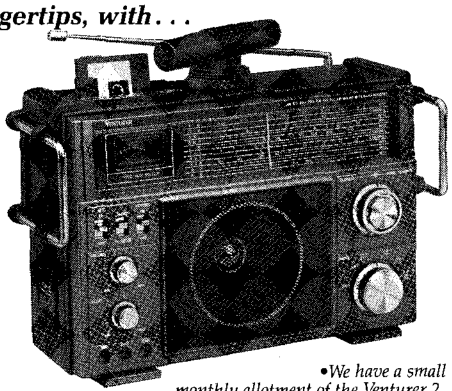

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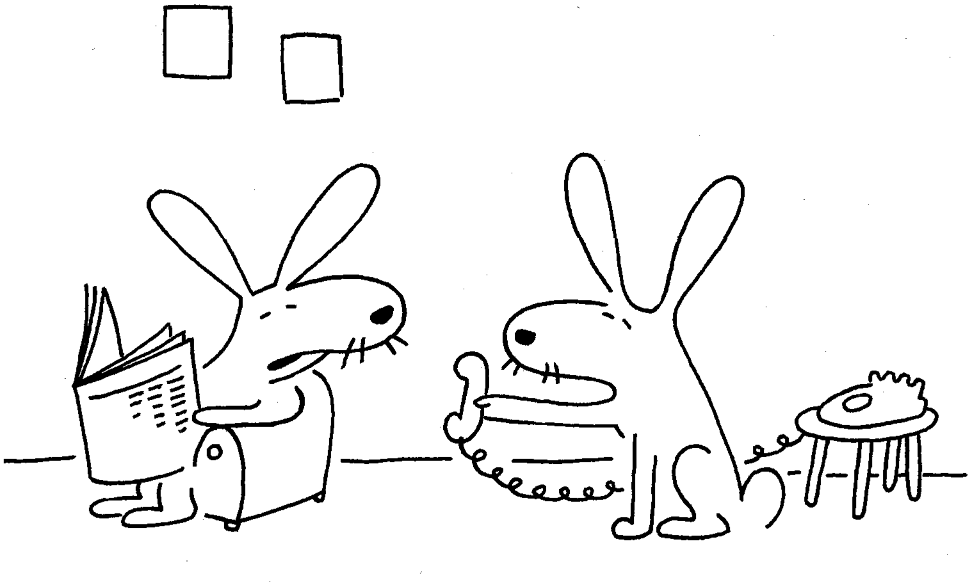
is by no means unusual," Jayjia said later. "It's a classic act of filial piety." The "rectification" of capitalists is taking place all over the country; in Beijing, almost three hundred members of the Rong family, rich capitalists from Shanghai and Wuxi, were recently reinstated as "capitalists," after years of precarious political classification, because their expertise as managers was needed for industry and trade. But when Jayjia met with some of her relatives she found that they disagreed among themselves about the notion of family rectification. As she explained it, "Capitalists may be able to regain managerial positions and recover former assets and properties as a result, but there's not much at stake for members of the 'stinking ninth class' —the intellectuals, who possess little beyond what's in their heads, like my eighty-six-year-old Aunt Carrie, who is a sociologist with a master's degree from Columbia University. The ministry in charge of Chinese history and culture has apparently questioned several older members of my family about my grandfather's experience as a young revolutionary student with Sun Yat-sen in Japan, and about my great-grandfather's contributions to education in Hubei, our native province. There are few still alive who remember anything about these long-dead ancestors, and all family records have long since been destroyed. Yet the remaining members of the older generation would like to see the family name cleared of the calumnies of the Cultural Revolution. Middle-aged family members, on the other hand, are too busy trying to make up professionally for the lost years and make a living to put any energy into research on an issue they don't care much about. And the younger generation—those in their teens and twenties—don't care much either way. The studious ones stick to their books, while others are simply enjoying the new freedom."

For sentimental reasons, we would have liked to travel downriver through the Three Gorges to Yichang—a two-day trip from Chongqing—on one of Lu Guoji's ships, because Jayjia had come upriver as an eight-year-old on one of his father's ships, at that time the only ones on the river. But we were booked instead on the Jiang Yu, of the Long River Navigation Company. We had a small but comfortable second-class cabin—there are no first-class



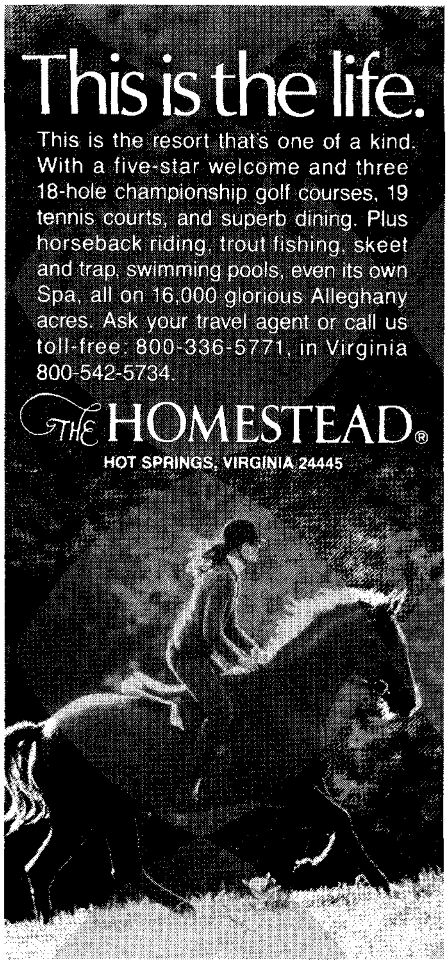
"Roger __*who?*__*"*

accommodations on the state-owned ships—which, Jayjia said, was not unlike the cabin in which she and her whole family had travelled to Chongqing fifty years earlier. "In those dreadful hot summer days of 1938, when the Japanese were approaching Wuhan, the city was being hit by air raids almost every day," she recalled. "We had waited until it was almost too late to escape, because my maternal grandmother was dying of cancer in Hankou—which, along with Hanyang and Wuchang, is one of the three cities that now make up Wuhan. My mother had to cope with the five of us children, including my baby brother, who was just a year old, and with our infirm paternal grandparents as well as our maternal ones. My father, a diplomat, had been on assignment in Moscow, and had just left for Chongqing and was waiting there for us. Only recently my mother told me of the ordeal of finding a rickshaw after each air raid in Wuhan to ride through the rubble to check up on the older generation, living behind us, on Snake Hill. She had to beg help from friends to buy the best-quality opium to see them through those days and nights of terror. We had no shelter in our back yard, so during raids we hid beneath the big vegetable-drying tables. We sang folk and patriotic songs—quietly, so the Japanese wouldn't hear—and we drew pictures of the planes and bombs on our school slates. Luckily, none of us, at home or on Snake Hill, were hurt in the bombing.

"We sent most of our servants back to their homes in the countryside, with as many of our household goods as they could carry, and we abandoned the rest. Later, we heard that the Japanese Army took over our house, and that a discerning officer shipped my father's entire library, the only thing of real value in the house, back to Japan. My mother and the five of us, along with Liu Ma, our nanny, and another servant, Chen Ma, boarded the ship. Mother was going to try to find berths to Chongqing after we reached Yichang. What I remember most about that first leg of the trip up the river was being infested by locusts. We woke up one morning to find that the boat had turned green overnight with what we thought were *qiuqius*—flying crickets, such as we used to catch in the garden and keep as pets in bamboo baskets woven by street venders—but the adults weren't amused. Locusts, they said, were just another scourge visited upon our plague-ridden nation that summer. They covered everything on board, from the railings and funnels to the deck passengers' bedrolls, baskets, and bowls. Fortunately, since they couldn't find enough to eat on the ship, they vanished as suddenly as they had appeared, swarming off to the lush grainfields on shore. The Long River from Wuhan to Yichang flows through relatively flat farmland, and we were accustomed to seeing the placid paddy fields and thatched brown adobe or brick farmsteads on our holiday trips to visit relatives' shrines and scenic spots. During flood seasons, we used to count the pieces of houses and furniture and uprooted trees floating in the river, and the bodies of animals and occasionally human beings. Floods and droughts were part of our lives, and there was a fatalistic acceptance of the untamed power of the great rivers of China, which our vague lessons in school about flood control and the need for water conservation during droughts didn't dispel. I don't remember anyone offering definitive solutions to these natural disasters. I never dreamed, of course, that half a century later, instead of going up the Long River to escape a war, I would be riding down the river with an American husband and finding out about irrigation, navigation, dams, and flood control.

"When we got to Yichang, there were no tickets available to continue to Chongqing, and we camped for a month on the spacious sleeping porch of a maternal cousin who was married to a military officer. We were too young to worry, and enjoyed the freedom of having no school or regular meal hours, and buying food from itinerant venders, which we hadn't been allowed to do back home, because it was considered unsanitary. With the help of her officer cousin, Mother finally secured a room with a bath on a small steamer to Chongqing, and almost as soon as we embarked, at dawn, we entered Xiling Gorge, the first of the big three going upriver. Ignorant as we children were, we were awed and silenced by the beauty and mystery of the huge cliffs. Yichang fell to the Japanese shortly after we left, and again we felt ourselves lucky. But Mother never stopped worrying. She was certain the Japanese pilots could see us on deck from their cockpits, and she shut us up in the cabin most of the day.

"There were few steamships on the Long River in those days. Most of the boats we saw were powered by wind or by men, from one-oar cockles to big sailing junks that required scores of trackers to pull them laboriously upstream. I remember hearing some of the chants of the trackers, their shouts and expletives, which we added to our private vocabularies. The beauty of the gorges was already familiar to us as children through paintings in albums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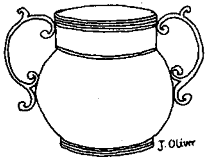
and scrolls at home. What really struck us was the amazing narrowness of the channels, and the rapids, and the many rocks and shoals that seemed to rear up suddenly in midstream. At the last minute, a narrow gap would appear, and the ship would miraculously slip through. We practiced our magical powers by standing at the prow and shouting 'Open Sesame!' at the right moment. Once we were in the gorges, the river for the most part became so quiet that we could hear the cocks crow in the farmyards at dawn, follow the cries of the birds soaring overhead, hear the smothered splash of fishing nets being cast into the water long before we could see the fishermen and their boats emerge from the mist, and listen to the chatter of the women on the banks as they washed clothes by beating them against the stones. The river was yellowish brown, sluggish, and full of silt. We enjoyed this second leg of our journey, because the province of Sichuan, which we had entered, represented the great world outside Hubei. When we finally reached Chongqing, where Father was waiting to meet us—he had just been reassigned to serve in Canada—we were sorry to leave the ship and its friendly officers and crew."

Chongqing by mid-1938 had become an overcrowded, noisy, and dangerous place, certainly one of the wartime capitals most difficult to live in, and it was soon to be subjected to almost daily air raids and nearly cut off from the rest of the world. "It was unwise for us to stay in Chongqing, and all but physically impossible in view of the heavy influx of refugees," Jayjia continued. "Fortunately, one of my uncles had some cousins in the small town of Jiangjing, several miles upriver, and, with their help, we found a small three-room apartment on the premises of the local electric plant by the riverbank. All of us, including our two loyal servants, moved up there. My youngest sister, Pan, soon became very ill with typhoid fever, so after several months my mother took her and my baby brother to join Father in Ottawa, but my sister Yen and my other brother and I stayed on in Jiangjing for six months before we, too, went to Canada."

FOR our voyage downriver from Chongqing, we boarded our ship shortly after dawn, at the bottom of a steep flight of stone steps. A morning mist delayed the departure for four hours, during which we caught occasional ghostly glimpses of barges hauling coal or gravel, and then of ferries crossing the river. Once we had finally got away, we quickly reached the confluence of the tourmaline-green Jialing and the muddy-brown, silt-laden Long River, and an hour or so later we docked at the ancient town of Fuling. Two thousand years ago, Fuling was the political center of the Kingdom of Ba; today, it is known for its hot pickled mustard tuber, and as the passengers reached out over the rails to buy plastic bags of pickles and bottles of Hundred Flowers sweet wine—another local delicacy—from teen-age girl venders, the ship off-loaded several dozen new refrigerators in wooden cases, which had just arrived in Chongqing for transshipment to the river towns to the south. On the riverbank, below several new office buildings, was a dilapidated red brickyard, where an old man was loading bricks into a rowboat by himself. Nearby, another stooped man used a long stick to prod a score of ducks and ducklings down a dirt embankment to bathe. Both men, part of an earlier life, seemed oblivious of the excitement created by the ship's arrival.

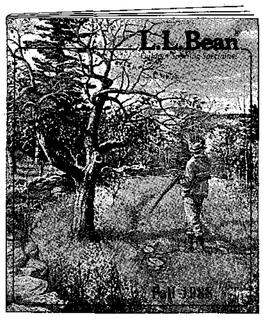
The contrasts of old and new, which Jayjia was able to discern far more clearly than I, continued as we moved past other market towns, including Fengjie, which is near the entrance to Qutang, the shortest of the Three Gorges, near Baidicheng, where the poet Du Fu also lived for a time, serving as a Tang-dynasty official while writing more of his ruminative verses. Along the banks, white farmhouses with dark tile roofs had replaced the thatched houses that Jayjia remembered from her childhood. The neatly terraced fields were still tended with loving care, and bright-colored vines and flowers indicated that the farm women enjoyed more leisure now. The steep, rocky cliffs, which used to be virtually impassable, were clearly marked with new footpaths, and there was actually a narrow road on the left bank, along which cars moved slowly. On the cliff tops, electric poles and wires and the ubiquitous television antennas looked incongruous, the more so because scores of goats were grazing all the way down to the river's edge. A few ferries and sampans, and even an occasional rowboat, were crossing the river, near a number of chemical and fertilizer plants, which were built in the sixties—when, after relations with the Russians had soured, Mao began his "third-line industry" campaign to build factories in out-of-the-way places all over China, both to minimize migration to urban centers and to disperse strategic industries in case of war.



The Qutang Gorge, though only five miles long, is in many ways the most spectacular of the gorges. It lies just below the old town of Baidicheng, or White Emperor City, named after a first-century soldier who crowned himself king on the pretext of a dubious omen—the claim that he and others had seen vapor in the shape of a dragon rise from a nearby well. Approaching the town from the north, the river narrows to three hundred and fifty feet and gathers speed as it nears a sheer wall, called the Kuimen Gate, which is framed by five-thousand-foot perpendicular limestone cliffs. There seems no way through until the ship makes a sudden right turn into the Qutang Gorge, part of which is also known as Windbox, or Bellows, Gorge; then, for a short distance, in a continuous line, peaks with graphic names like Hanging Monk Rock, or Upside Down Monk Rock, and Rhinoceros Looking at the Moon Rock pass by so swiftly that one can hardly keep track of them, let alone remember the multiple legends attached to each. On the left bank we were able to see, cut into the face of the rocks, remnants of recessed towpaths along which the tracker gangs used to haul sixty-ton junks upstream against the fierce and dangerous current. Isabella Bird, an intrepid Victorian traveller, whose classic narrative "The Yangtze Valley and Beyond," published in 1899, is full of vivid descriptions of her experiences going upriver by houseboat in 1896, wrote with great sympathy of the trackers who hauled her houseboat through the gorges. Of her passage through the Qutang she said, "My boat was dragged up inch by inch against a tremendous current, *clawed* up in places where there was no foothold." She regarded the work of the trackers as " 'inhuman' and brutalizing," and in another passage she describes them "climbing over the huge angular boulders of the river banks, sliding on their backs down spurs of smooth rock, climbing cliff walls on each other's shoulders, or holding on with fingers and toes, sometimes on hands and knees, sometimes on shelving precipices where only their grass sandals save them from slipping into the foaming race."

Below the Qutang Gorge, after the river widens and flows placidly for a time, lies the twenty-five-mile Wuxia, or Witches, Gorge, which we entered in midafternoon. Though the scene was swathed in mist, beams of sun shone through enough for us to count the famous twelve towering peaks, six on each side, the best known of which, Goddess Peak, or the Peak of the Numinous Woman, resembles a robed woman bent slightly forward, as if offering a benediction. One of a number of myths or legends describes how she and her eleven beautiful sisters helped drain the Chinese earth of floodwaters to make it habitable and then remained as sentinels, with the goddess, in particular, in her petrified, almost human form, guiding the rivermen safely through the dangerous passage. Here, too, as all along the upper river, we were struck by the intensive cultivation—the use of every available bit of space along the mountainsides, described by Isabella Bird as "patches of careful culture, some of them not larger than a bath towel." There were far more goats than people, and above us, soaring among the shrouded peaks, were brown kites, which now and then dived into the murky brown river after fish; they lost more than they caught. The Wuxia Gorge was once famous for thousands of wild monkeys, and some still live there, but we couldn't see them from the boat. Many poets have immortalized them, including Liu Yuxi, who wrote, "When a misty rain falls in the green Wuxia, monkeys cry in the highest branches. It breaks the heart of the lone traveller, for there is no sound that is sadder."

As we emerged from the Wuxia and were approaching the forty-seven-mile-long Xiling Gorge, I watched a solitary tracker on the bank hauling a sampan a short distance from one cluster of farmhouses to another. A bit farther on, we stopped for an hour at the busy market town of Badong, the



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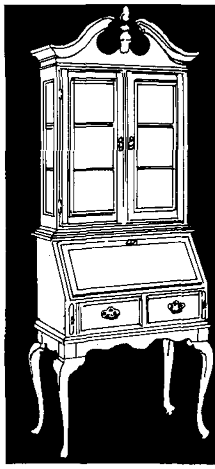

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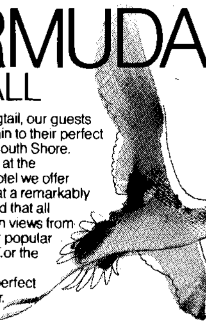

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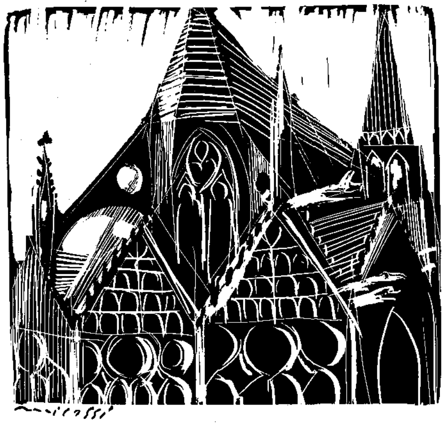
westernmost town of Hubei Province, which will be one of the places submerged if the Three Gorges dam is built. While Weijia went ashore to buy oranges and pomelos, which are grown nearby, about two hundred more passengers crowded aboard, filling the bottom two decks of the ship; they paid twenty yuan, or almost five dollars, for all-night "sitting space" to Wuhan.

It was night by the time we entered Xiling Gorge, but the mid-autumn festival moon was nearly full; standing in the prow and following the ship's searchlights as they played back and forth on the sides of the cliffs to find the red and blue buoys that mark the channel, Weijia, Jayjia, and I had a remarkably clear view of the almost dizzying zigs and zags of what was once the most dangerous of the Three Gorges. Until about 1950, when the worst passages were made more navigable by dynamiting rocks and marking the channel, Xiling was noted for its perilous shoals, rapids, and whirlpools. The White Bone Pagoda, a huge pile of bleached bones, once stood near Xintan, or New Rapid, as a grim reminder of countless trackers and crews who had been crushed to death or drowned in what was once a mile-and-a-half-long triple rapid, created by a vast rock slide in the sixteenth century. Large junks bound upriver had to unload their cargoes and passengers for portage at Xintan while as many as a hundred and thirty trackers hauled the vessels upstream. During the worst of the winter low-water season, the current ran fifteen miles an hour across a drop of twenty feet. Today, the whole course of the gorge is carefully marked by buoys and shore lights; nevertheless, special pilots are still taken aboard to guide ships through, and hydrological stations along the banks supplement the radarscopes on the ships by measuring shifts in the channel and reporting on them at regular intervals over a high-frequency radio system.

Virtually all the old-time captains and pilots on the Long River have retired by now, the process having been accelerated by the growth of modern technology, which required a whole new set of skills. Weijia and I had a talk with our ship's pilot, a tall, serious-looking thirty-four-year-old named Yang Tong, who held the rank of first mate, and who told us that he had started out as a sailor trainee in a shipping company after spending six years during the Cultural Revolution working in a Sichuan commune. "I had no family or political problems," he said. "I was just part of the mass movement to the countryside, so after graduating from high school I didn't get the chance to go to college. But after four years as a trainee and five years as a helmsman I passed the exam for third mate, and I got to be a first mate in 1984. We now have a crew of ninety on this ship. The river has become a lot safer since I started out, and especially since the Gezhouba Dam was opened and many of the rocks and shoals were submerged. But there are still more than a hundred shoals and hidden rocks, and the silt causes constant shifts in the channel. The weather is changeable. In winter, it's misty and the river is shallow upstream. Some of the old pilots I know have told me how difficult it was before the lights and markers were put up, in the fifties. You couldn't travel by night, but now it's pretty safe. I'm in favor of the new dam, because the channel would be further improved, and, with a higher water level, navigation would be easier. The dam would also help irrigation. But not all the pilots agree. We already have to wait two hours or more to get through the Gezhouba locks, and the new dam would make our waits a lot worse."

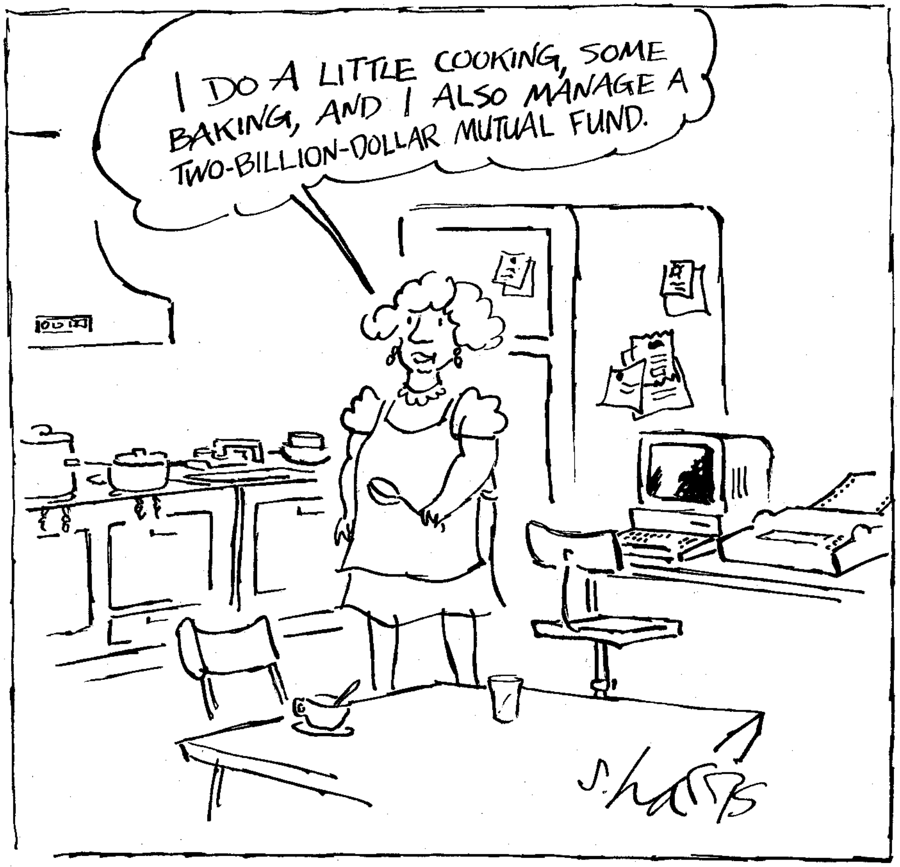
Not long after we spoke with Yang Tong, the ship dropped anchor near the entrance to the Gezhouba locks, several miles below the Xiling Gorge, where the Long River suddenly swings south and broadens from a thousand feet to seven thousand. To our left lay the city of Yichang, its southern section hazy with the smoke from factory stacks and its northern, residential section greener and more spacious. As the pilot had predicted, we had to wait two hours before we could move into one of two completed locks; a third is still under construction. Then, when the gates were closed, the water was pumped out and we dropped slowly through two levels into the wider section of the river. The spatial transformation was almost eerie, partly because it took place so silently.



Construction on the Gezhouba Dam, which is about two hundred and thirty feet high and eighty-two hundred feet long, was begun on December 26, 1970, Mao Zedong's seventy-seventh birthday. By that time, the potential site for the Three Gorges dam—Sandouping, twenty-five miles farther up the river, in the Xiling Gorge (we had passed it during the night)—had been chosen, but that project was then considered too bold in scope, mainly because the huge size of its projected power station and the consequent amount of water discharged from the reservoir would create too frequent changes in water level and would cause navigational problems downstream. So it was decided to build Gezhouba first, principally as a regulating dam; given its considerably smaller size, the engineering challenges it posed could, it was felt, be more easily handled. After four years of management problems and false starts, construction resumed in the fall of 1974, and at the end of December, 1980, the first flood gate was opened. Six months after that, the first two locks, each capable of handling ten thousand tons of shipping at a time, went into operation, and the first turbine generator began supplying electricity. By the end of 1988, twenty-one generators will be functioning, and the dam will have an annual production capacity of about fourteen billion kilowatt-hours of electricity. Most of this power will be used for industry in central and eastern China, primarily along the stretch of river between Chongqing and Shanghai. The Chinese take proper pride in having done most of the planning, construction, and installation work themselves. The dam cost a billion three hundred thousand dollars, and by the end of this year the value of the electricity produced and sold will have equalled the basic investment. Most of the earnings, however, have been and will continue to be used for maintenance and other operational needs.

In China, as in many other rapidly developing countries, environmental and ecological problems have tended to grow right along with economic development. A belated effort is being made to save the endangered China sturgeon, which is regarded as a living fossil, for it dates back a hundred and forty million years. Of the twenty-five species of sturgeon in the world, the China sturgeon is one of the largest, attaining a maximum length of ten feet and weighing as much as a thousand pounds. Many people also consider it the tastiest; in Isabella Bird's day, it was a favorite table fish. We saw several large mounted specimens and a smaller, live one at the research institute in Yichang, where the survival of the species had become a matter of concern when the construction of the Gezhouba Dam was well along. The fish originate in the Golden Sand River, upstream from Yibin; though they spend most of their lives—some live forty or fifty years—in the China and Yellow Seas, the females return upstream to spawn as often as every three years. Conservationists feared that the building of the dam would block the way to the spawning grounds, but their warnings were not heeded in time to include a fish ladder in the original construction plans. The sturgeon's eggs are the favorite food of the tong fish, and fewer than one per cent of the sturgeon hatched in the Golden Sand have lived to return to the sea even in the best of times. Now some are being hatched in the Yichang institute laboratories and held until they reach a length of about two feet, and as a result their survival rate is increasing; nearly half a million have been raised since 1984, most of them bred by artificial insemination. The ecologists hope that eventually the China sturgeon hatched in Yichang will, as they grow, adapt themselves to spawning below the Gezhouba Dam.

A DAY IN THE KITCHEN


I DO A LITTLE COOKING, SOME BAKING, AND I ALSO MANAGE A TWO-BILLION-DOLLAR MUTUAL FUND.

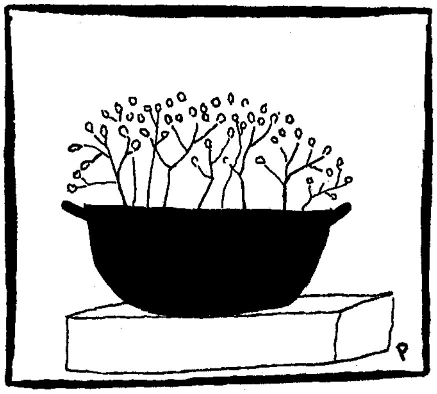
ONE of the highlights of our trip was a visit to Jayjia's ancestral village of Dongshi, a little over an hour by car from Yichang. The village, which Jayjia had never seen but which I was more curious about than she was, turned out to be a good-sized town. The population is forty thousand, and—thanks to the increasing success of the country's farmers, especially in the lush river valleys—Dongshi is prosperous. The village is in an area ordinarily closed to foreign visitors—probably because of the absence of the amenities considered necessary for them—and we had to obtain special permission to go there. We managed that with the help of Weijia and representatives of the All-China Journalists Association in Wuhan and Yichang, and once permission was granted we were welcomed with great courtesy.

"I don't remember anyone in my family going to Dongshi, except for occasional brief visits, or talking much about the village," Jayjia told me. "My paternal great-grandfather left there when he qualified for an administrative post in the Qing dynasty, by passing gruelling district, prefectural, provincial, and metropolitan civil-service examinations. He did well enough to be appointed minister of education for Hubei Province, and so left Dongshi for Wuchang, now part of greater Wuhan. He is still remembered for establishing the first school for young women in Hubei. Though our branch of the family had lived in Wuchang since the reign of Emperor Guang Xu, Dongshi is still recorded as our ancestral home. Because of that, some family members who had never set foot there were rusticated to Dongshi during the Cultural Revolution—to the chagrin of the local authorities, who not only had to house and feed them but had to provide manual labor they were capable of doing. My Aunt Carrie, for example, who was then close to seventy, was ordered by the political cadre to wash all the windows in the police station, but when the police chief saw her doing it he said, 'Go on home, Auntie.'

"My grandfather and father, in their day, had gone to the village now and then, essentially for ceremonial reasons. Father's first memory of being in Dongshi went back to 1911, when he and his cousins were sent to the countryside in a wheelbarrow in order to escape the revolutionary uprisings in Wuchang. The journey took weeks. The second time he went there was in 1928, when he made his first ritual visit to sweep the family graves and report on his education abroad, at the University of Minnesota and at Harvard. He often entertained us with stories of that trip. In those days, it involved a long journey up the river in a small steamer from Wuchang to Yichang—a journey that had to be accomplished with the help of trackers—and then a day or so back downstream on a sampan to a landing point adjacent to a footpath along the left bank of the river which had been in use since the period of the Three Kingdoms, in 220 A.D. Custom dictated that he take prescribed gifts to all his kin, which, besides foodstuffs, included lengths of machine-woven cloth, scented hard-milled soap, Turkish towels, and thermos bottles—all of them foreign luxuries, hard to obtain locally. He had to hire a number of carriers to help him haul all the presents to Dongshi—a matter of two days' walk. A brief conversation with the head carrier revealed the fact that half the carriers bore the same family name as ours—Shi—and that several belonged to generations senior to him. Those carriers had to be addressed as 'uncle' and 'great-granduncle,' and so on, and treated with extra consideration in terms of rations, wine, and tips. Furthermore, about a third of the village was also named Shi, so Father had to distribute his gifts in a rather niggardly manner for fear of running out. He always said that it was the most exhausting journey he ever made, and the most diplomatically taxing."

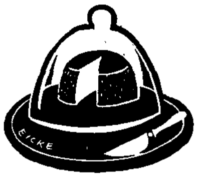
It was certainly a far cry from the one Jayjia and I made sixty years later, in a new Toyota sedan, along a paved highway from Yichang. We were accompanied on our trip by Mme. Zhang Heling, the editor-in-chief of the Yichang *Daily*. A petite and gracious but clearly tough-minded woman, dressed in a tailored gray pants suit, she was obviously a Party member of some standing, for she commanded everyone's respect. It was our guess that she had been asked to chaperon us to atone for what had occurred two years earlier, when Jayjia's sister Yen, an art historian who holds Canadian citizenship, visited Dongshi and was told by one town official, with some degree of relish, that members of the Shi family were still classified as landlords or as members of the "stinking ninth," and, what was worse, that their father had been denounced as an "American spy." This same official, a man in his sixties, was among those who greeted and entertained us. Much to our amusement, he went out of his way to be pleasant, and offered numerous effusive toasts to us at lunch. Someone must have told him that we—or, at least, Jayjia's family in Dongshi and I, as her American consort—could be considered "honorably rehabilitated." When we first arrived, however, and disembarked in front of the town hall to stretch our legs and take in the bustle and activity, we were surrounded by at least a score of local women, mostly the owners or managers of a dozen or so shops along the broad main street, which sold everything from the "three bigs"—television sets, washing machines, and tape recorders—to furniture, clothes, and an astonishing assortment of sundries. They gathered around us and first fixed me with unnerving stares, then broke into giggles and whisperings. I began to understand what Jayjia had meant by her warnings about cultural disparities, mixed marriages, and so on. But as soon as the women recognized Jayjia's fluency in the local dialect their mood changed from curiosity and uneasiness to almost raucous joviality. The mounting throng around us began questioning us, and went straight to the heart of our household economics. How much money did we make? Did we rent or own our house? Did we have a television set and the other big appliances? How much did we spend for basic foods like rice, cabbage, and lean pork? Did we own a car? Did we pay taxes? Who was going to take care of us in our old age? Within fifteen minutes our balance sheet had been added up and apparently judged quite ordinary by local standards, and we slipped gratefully into the security of the town hall. There we were officially, and much more politely, briefed on the very apparent growth and prosperity of Dongshi and the history and good fortune of Zhijiang County, in which it is situated.

We had already seen, on our way from Yichang, astonishing evidence of the local prosperity in the spaciousness and solidity of new, split-level, whitewashed farmhouses, side by side in bamboo groves with older cottages that had been freshly roofed with new tiles. Acres and acres of truck farms were planted with neat rows of cabbages, young spinach, lush squashes and gourds, and row upon row of fluffy white cotton plants about to burst open; more cotton, already harvested, was laid out on straw mats or on drying tables ready for processing in the local coöperatives. Lotus ponds, taro patches, and large private fish farms also abounded. Wuhan has become polluted as a result of its industrial development, which includes a vast steel mill, and therefore the famous flatfish, the Wuchang and the black carp, which are considered delicacies all over China, are being raised in nearby villages and towns like Dongshi, as are turtles, and the fish and turtles are sent in refrigerated trucks or by air to every part of the country. In more open areas around Yichang, cash-crop truck farms gave way to broad rice fields, in which tractors were harvesting the autumn crop and preparing the fields for sowing winter wheat. And everywhere we looked we saw new small factories—rural industries of one sort or another which groups of well-off farmers were starting, because they had both enough time and enough money to expand their activities. In Yichang that morning, Mme. Zhang had made a special point of showing us two new hotels, which, she said, local farmers were building as investments.



Dongshi, as an ancient and strategically located village dating back two thousand years, has seen its fortunes wax and wane with wars and the rise and fall of dynasties, and, until recently, with the rise and fall of the Long River's erratic waters. In 1944, the Japanese set fire to most of the village, including its shrines and temples; only ten shops were left standing, and, before the invaders withdrew, a hundred people were executed. During the big flood of 1954, from five to ten feet of water filled the streets, but the main dike was built in 1978 and the Gezhouba Dam three years later, so the town has been spared further flood damage. Prosperity has since been constant. Dongshi's main street, which before liberation was scarcely wide enough for two horse carts to pass each other, is being expanded into a broad two-lane highway and already handles six thousand vehicles a day. It was apparent that Dongshi exemplifies "the new China," with its successful reformist path, stressing the responsibility system, widespread agricultural diversification, and the growth of rural industries to match. As Jayjia pensively put it, "I began to wonder if there was anything of the old village left."

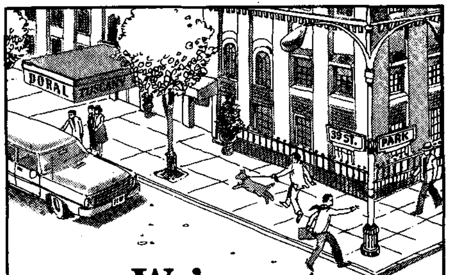
As it turned out, there was: the original Shi homestead. As Jayjia later put it: "Our hosts drove us to the top of the new dike by the Long River. The house was exactly as my father had described it. But instead of being on the riverbank, it now faced the grassy slope of the dike. A curved stone lintel over stone posts framed a thick wooden door leading into the first courtyard, which was shaded by an old cassia tree. That courtyard was always leased to the Hubei naval customs, because it was so conveniently close to the river, for collecting taxes on salt and other goods passing into and out of Sichuan. The eight other courtyards were all standing but were apparently uninhabited. There had probably been some recent cleaning up, because the property, which had served as a town coal warehouse, now showed no signs of such use. I felt little emotion when I finally saw the place. The ancestral tablets had long since been destroyed, the family graves plowed to grow food for an expanding and hungry population, the furnishings removed, the residents dispersed. At least, I felt, it still serves a useful function. I didn't ask to be shown the inside, but I wondered how much longer, given Dongshi's economic growth, the old house would stand."



We were glad to have had the chance to visit Dongshi and see the ancestral home, because we knew that in Wuhan, to which we flew the next morning (the flight took an hour), we would have less success. "I had hoped to see the house in Wuchang where I lived as a child," Jayjia said later. "I had found some pictures of us children playing in the garden, which were taken just before my father left for Moscow, and I had fond memories of the place. It was a long red brick house, with the usual tile roof, and was set in a walled garden. We heard five years ago that it was still standing, though badly in need of repair. A dozen families, including some distant cousins, had taken it over at the time of the war, but they had been thrown out after the Cultural Revolution, when the Wuhan Polytechnic Institute expanded and there were plans to build a new library on the site, which probably would have pleased my father. When my sisters were there two years ago, the house had already been torn down, and all that was left was an empty lot—all the old trees and flowering bushes had been uprooted."

Instead, we visited Wuhan University, where Jayjia's father had taught political science before he entered the diplomatic service. Most of the old buildings were still standing, their curved green tile roofs sparkling in the sun. Later, as we rode around the shore of East Lake, where Jayjia had learned to dog-paddle among the lily pads, she asked our driver if he knew of a place where we might be able to buy a painting of the lake. He took us to the Calligraphy and Painting Society of Wuhan, but its manager said that it had no such paintings. "Why would you want a painting of that lake, of so little merit?" she asked. "How about a good scroll of the Three Gorges?" We declined that offer, and were about to give up, but then the art director, a congenial man named Hu Su Hua, volunteered to paint the East Lake for us. A Wuhan native, he knew the lake area well, and, as we stood by and watched, he worked dexterously, using brushes of three different sizes. His graceful watercolor, in black and gray except for a green-roofed pavilion, and complete with tiny fishing boats, was done in forty-five minutes.

In Wuhan, we were given a lengthy briefing by half a dozen officials of the Long River Planning Office, which the Chinese call the Long Office, and which, with a staff of over twelve thousand scientists and technicians, is, at least for the moment, officially charged with "making plans for the whole river in order to mitigate the danger of floods and use its resources in the best way possible." This involves not only preparatory work for the Three Gorges dam but supervision of the operation of the dams that have already been built, of which the two biggest are the Gezhouba and, on the Han River, which flows into the Long River at Wuhan, a dam called the Danjiangkou. The Long Office is also planning and designing the construction of eight smaller dams on the Long



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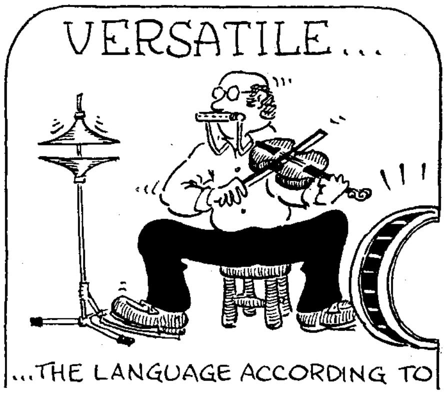

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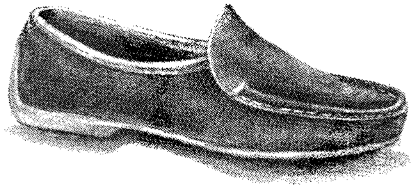

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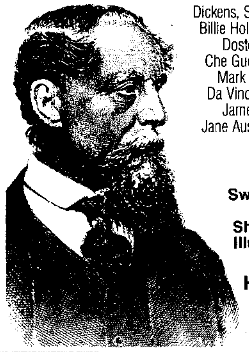

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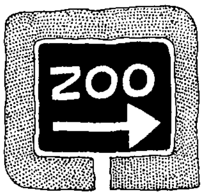
River or its tributaries above Chongqing, and plans to build perhaps ten more there eventually. One of the chief points one official made was that all these completed or projected dams are part of "an integrated and complementary scheme" that will enable the planners and engineers to gain as much experience as possible before the construction of the Three Gorges dam. Since the dam, including the installation of generators, navigation locks, reservoirs, and other water-diversion facilities, would take as long as two decades to complete, some of the experts pointed out to us, it could not, under any circumstances, play a role in quadrupling the country's gross national product by the end of the century, which is the government's goal; these critics felt that the project might simply be too bold for a nation that, by its own admission, was only in "the primary stage of Socialism." Nevertheless, after our extensive Wuhan briefings (and some additional ones later, in Nanjing) we had the feeling that, given China's positive mood—its firm belief in its own abilities—the chances are that the Three Gorges dam will be built, though perhaps not as soon as its proponents hope.

We arrived in Shanghai on a gray afternoon in mid-October, forty-two years almost to the day after I landed on the river in a Navy seaplane from the port of Tsingtao (now Qingdao), some three hundred and fifty miles to the north of Shanghai, where I had left Vice-Admiral Barbey's task force. Until mid-1947, I lived, as most of the correspondents did, in the Broadway Mansions, a large yellow brick apartment hotel (it is now known as Shanghai Mansions) on the northern bank of Suzhou Creek —a tributary of the Huangpu, which, in turn, joins the Yangzi. Shanghai, though it never recaptured its prewar reputation as a den of iniquity, and of covert and overt pursuit of both economic and political power and influence, was nevertheless a pretty exciting place; it quickly became the nerve center of the renewed struggle between the Communists and the Kuomintang (as it had been as far back as 1927) and the scene of fresh conniving by thousands of carpetbagging foreign and Chinese entrepreneurs. A fact that soon became obvious to most of the correspondents and diplomats, including members of the State Department who were later pilloried by Senator Joseph McCarthy, was that the Communists were bound to win the civil war—by default as much as by their superior strategy and tactics and their revolutionary dedication, for the Kuomintang was sealing its own doom by a combination of ill-conceived military actions, lack of political convictions, failure to develop any program of social and economic reform, and, above all perhaps, by the consuming greed and corruption of its officers and officials.

General George C. Marshall, as impressive an American as I have ever met, was in China until 1947, as President Truman's special emissary, and his presence had various rewards and benefits for us correspondents. He made it possible for us to travel all over the country. In Manchuria, for example, I covered the tripartite teams of Nationalist, Communist, and American officers who sought, without much success, to foster temporary truces. Zhou Enlai, the chief Communist negotiator —the most impressive foreign leader I have ever known—was in Nanjing or Shanghai much of the time, and we saw him regularly, either at his villa in the Shanghai French Quarter or at his "guesthouse" in Nanjing, where Chiang Kai-shek had reëstablished his shaky capital. (Jayjia and I now visited Zhou's Nanjing house, which is regarded as a national shrine and still contains much of its original furniture and old photographs.) In those days, Zhou, for all his wit and wisdom, did not hide his love of conspiracy, his pride in having played an important revolutionary role for two decades, and his pleasure in still being on center stage—where he was to remain for three dramatic decades. These qualities made his conversation far more rewarding to me than the plodding and didactic theorizing of Mao Zedong and the other Party leaders. Also, it was always fun to hear Zhou interrupt his interpreters when he felt that their English translation of his carefully devised answers to our questions was inadequate.

By the time I left Shanghai, a year and a half before the Communists occupied it, the city, like much of the rest of the country, was coming apart at the seams. Inflation had gone beyond all reasonable bounds, and people were running around town with huge bundles of freshly printed paper money, ostensibly worth millions, and then billions, and then trillions, of yuan but in reality worth little or nothing. On the surface, the extravagance and pretensions remained, but the smell of collapse and defeat were everywhere. Worse were the smells of poverty and death: beggars filled the streets, and the stories that were later told of dead babies lying in doorways at dawn were only too true—I saw several of the babies myself.



What struck me most about Shanghai after so many years (Jayjia had last been there for a few days in 1984) was its drabness. It gave the impression of being a tired and beaten-down city, long physically neglected, and the hangdog look of its dingy gray stone buildings was reflected in the dour or abstracted expressions of its citizens, who had suffered through three decades of spiritual as well as material wear and tear. But we spent a week in Shanghai, and gradually came to realize there was more to the city than that: beneath the drabness and the sense of querulous or frenetic discontent, which was heightened by a constant haze of noxious pollution, was a latent liveliness akin to what one feels in New York. An American diplomat who was born in Shanghai and had spent most of his youth there, leaving only when the Second World War broke out, and who returned three years ago, commented, "In 1939, Shanghai was the most modern city in the Orient. Now it's old and decrepit, suffering from layer upon layer of bureaucracy, like a dead weight. It faces enormous problems: the pollution, which emits an odor like melted plastic; the noise; the terrible housing; the unbelievable traffic and crowds; the need for as much as five hours of commuting a day; the poor sewage; the lack of power; the general sense one has of nothing working. And yet, despite everything, it's China's Big Apple. People still want to live here, they continue to pour in, and they're with it, no matter how much they complain and whine."

If the complaining and whining have been largely justified, and if Beijing held Shanghai's economic development back for many years by using ninety per cent of Shanghai's municipal funds to support the central government—funds that amounted to one-sixth of the total national revenue—Shanghai in some respects had only itself to blame. As has often been said, it allowed itself to become the central government's "milk cow," demonstrating little initiative and doing little experimentation, while other areas, including its provincial neighbors, far surpassed it in economic performance and growth. And it seemed to go out of its way to antagonize the rest of the country politically by flaunting its dissidence. Because it was the onetime base of the Gang of Four, the lingering effects of radical leftism and rightism, which often interacted, continued to damage its reputation long after the Gang was gone, and to arouse both suspicion and hostility; this was demonstrated as recently as last year, when, following the most open period of debate and discussion that China had experienced in a long time, new charges of "bourgeois liberalism," generated by student demonstrations, were followed by a cultural crackdown on Shanghai, among other places. Still, the crisis didn't last long. And though many problems of deterioration remain, and a thorough overhaul of the city's shoddy equipment and plant is needed, Shanghai now seems to have been swept up by the country's spirit of economic reform. With the special blessing of Party Chairman Zhao Ziyang, who for some time has supported the city's efforts to be given more autonomy and to bear less of a fiscal burden, and led by an effective reform mayor, Jiang Zemin, who when we were there had just been elected to the Politburo, Shanghai is showing signs of becoming more adaptable; in fact, there are even signs of rejuvenation and prosperity.

Most significant, the city is reorganizing and expanding its industrial and financial base to become more competitive with other major ports, in China and elsewhere in Asia. At the same time, measures are being taken to make life pleasanter for the citizens, who, it is estimated, will number thirteen million by the end of the century. The current population is twelve and a third million, and about half of these people live in the fourteen urban districts of the city proper, where the living space per person averages only six square metres. The other six million or so are being encouraged to spread out into ten surrounding coun-

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ties, including new satellite towns and industrial centers. Here the population density is considerably lower, and life is much more livable. Two million additional people move in and out of the main Shanghai area every day, however, adding to the vast congestion. I remember how crowded it was in 1945, when the streets were still full of rickshaws (they are now banned) and the numbers of cars and buses, trucks and trams seemed to be multiplying daily. Traffic today is infinitely worse, not only during the morning and evening rush hours but for the greater part of the day as well, when, though bicycles are banned on the most crowded streets at certain hours and new overhead pedestrian bypasses have been built, the crush on Nanjing Road and in the downtown area off the old Bund, now called the Waitan, makes it all but impossible to move. Pedestrians flow from the packed sidewalks into the streets, amid a solid mass of vehicles, all of which command their own right of way and somehow keep moving at a steady, if erratic, pace, like schools of fish with broken internal-radar systems. Though cars bump into each other and there is a constant din of horns and shouts, grunts and curses, few serious accidents occur. The Waitan itself, with its solid phalanx of heavy granite former colonial buildings (they have now mostly been taken over by the municipal government), looks much as it did forty years ago, except for the scant number of foreign faces. I used to say that anyone who can drive in Shanghai can drive anywhere in the world. The same now goes for walking.

Despite the hazards, despite depressing slum areas where ramshackle wooden houses and huts create hazards to both health and safety, and despite sections that are half torn down or half built up, the city is alive, and remarkably clean as well. To be sure, the large department stores and smaller shops are crowded and, for the most part, display shabby collections of clothes and other goods. (There seemed to be an overabundance of photography and record shops.) Jayjia commented on the lack of style among Shanghai women, who in the past had prided themselves on being the best-dressed women in China. When we walked across the old Garden Bridge, over Suzhou Creek, a block from the Peace Hotel, where we were staying (it was formerly the Cathay, and I stayed there for two weeks in 1945 before moving into the Broadway Mansions), the stench was overwhelming—far worse than I remembered it. But the streets themselves were clean of garbage and debris, and this was especially noticeable in the old Chinese City, not far from the hotel, where we wandered through back streets and cobblestone alleys one morning. Women were busy scrubbing clothes with water from communal faucets, using old-fashioned washboards and metal basins, and in front of the small one- and two-story houses the honeypots (for night soil) had already been emptied and washed, and stood drying in the sun. Peddlers moved about, shouting their wares, and charcoal braziers gave out a pleasant, pungent odor that blended with the smells of the soup and noodle stalls. Later, when we walked through the smarter shopping area along Huaihai Road, on what used to be the main avenue of the old French Concession, the trees and occasional, well-kept small parks were a welcome relief from the downtown bleakness. But here, as elsewhere in the city, we saw numbers of seemingly idle young men on street corners or in coffee shops. They contrasted oddly with older men and women, wearing armbands, who were busy directing traffic; these people, we were told, were "retired volunteers," and they also helped keep the city clean by brushing curbs and washing down the public lavatories and overseeing the telephone kiosks. The kiosks, which were to be found every two or three blocks, had notices posted in English as well as Chinese.

Notwithstanding the evidence of prosperity, especially in the countryside, the problem of the unemployed, and of larger numbers of underemployed, is serious not only in Shanghai but in all the bigger cities, and is partly a result of the Cultural Revolution. Men now in their late twenties and thirties, most of whom were deprived of a college education, are referred to as victims of "the ten-year catastrophe." Some of them are castigated for anti-social activity and are classified as *liumang*, a generic term that roughly means "loafer," "hoodlum," or "bum;" but other members of this lost generation are alienated intellectuals —older writers, artists, and academics whose careers were blunted or destroyed during the Cultural Revolution, the Great Leap Forward, and anti-rightist campaigns. A sizable proportion of the younger *liumang* are former Red Guards, who are mainly poorly educated high-school students or dropouts. Others, including the sons and daughters of top-level cadres—young adults who for one reason or another, chiefly their sophisticated university backgrounds, were also victimized by the upheavals of the past thirty years—are more comparable to members of the sixties generation in the United States and elsewhere; some of them, in fact, are being credited with having produced a counterculture in the past year or two, which shows signs of a new creativity in writing and the other arts. Still not wholly accepted as intellectuals, they have experienced sporadic ups and downs. During the campaign against "spiritual pollution" in 1983 and 1984, and, to a lesser extent, during the drive against "bourgeois liberalization" in 1986 and 1987, they were in trouble again; but over all, as the reformist elements have moved to the fore, these young men and women have regained respect as writers, journalists, filmmakers, painters, and sculptors. In reinterpreting socialism in their own way, many of them have mingled Marxist theories and precepts with traditionalist, though not necessarily Confucian, values; the most creative among them are using their own, often painful experiences over the past decade or two to produce new forms of expression, and these, at their best, represent fresh and often radical departures from the past. Among other things, they deal frankly with such subjects as love and sex, orthodoxy and rebellion, and the problem of alienation itself. In many ways, naturalism has supplanted romanticism both in style and in theme. The result has been one of the most challenging and provocative periods of creative writing since 1949.

Judith Shahn

It must be remembered, however, that the writers and artists who rep-

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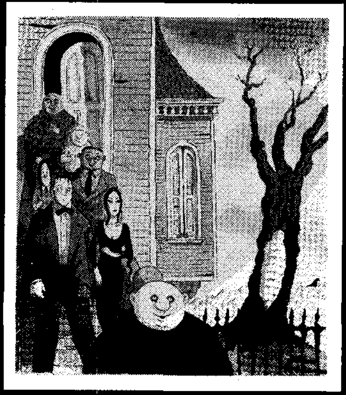

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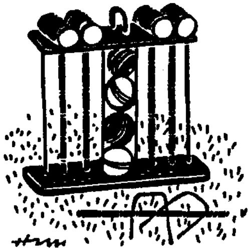
resent this new trend in Shanghai and elsewhere are a small minority. They are far outnumbered by hidebound bureaucrats, uneasy old-line Party members who will do little or nothing to encourage them, even if economic reforms and modernization take firmer hold. Meanwhile, the predominant social mood and its cultural expression show a growing tendency to copy Western ways, from dress to dancing; in some of the new hotels we visited, well-off young men and women gather once or twice a week, or even nightly, to drink and talk and to listen and dance to Western music, including jazz and rock and roll. In other gathering places, such as parks, "English corners" have become common; here young people meet to converse and exchange books and magazines. During our trip, we were approached a number of times by young students who simply wanted to exchange a few words with us in English. On the bleaker side, the presence of the *liumang* remains a threatening influence: it contributes to the get-rich-quick climate of opportunism that could, in time, provoke another serious counterattack from right-wing elements. With Jayjia's eighty-six-year-old Uncle Bear, a small, lively man, who looks more like a rambunctious mouse than the name his parents bestowed upon him as an expression of their hopes, I went one afternoon to Deda's, Shanghai's popular downtown coffee shop, whose delicious hot chocolate and French and German pastries I had remembered for forty years. We managed to fight our way, through clouds of heavy cigarette smoke, to two chairs at a long table, and were served two cups of lukewarm coffee and a pair of dry sweet rolls. Surrounding us were perhaps a dozen tables of Western-dressed young men, and Uncle Bear told me that they were wheelers and dealers of one sort or another. "They're all in the black market," he said. "They buy and sell everything from money to clothes."



Uncle Bear, who speaks fluent French and English, is a typical product of the seesaw life suffered by the older generation of intellectuals. A graduate of Beijing University, he studied at the London School of Economics before obtaining his doctorate from the Sorbonne. He was a director of the Central Bank and a deputy Treasury Minister in the Kuomintang regime, and elected to remain in China after the revolution, because the Communists assured him that his expertise was wanted. He never received a position of responsibility, however, and because he repeatedly questioned the monetary and economic policies the government was pursuing he was ultimately kept in detention during the Cultural Revolution; when he was released, he was given an honorary position as a senior fellow of the Chinese Academy of Social Sciences. Occasionally, he told us, he delivers lectures on economics, for which he receives six yuan, or about a dollar and forty cents.

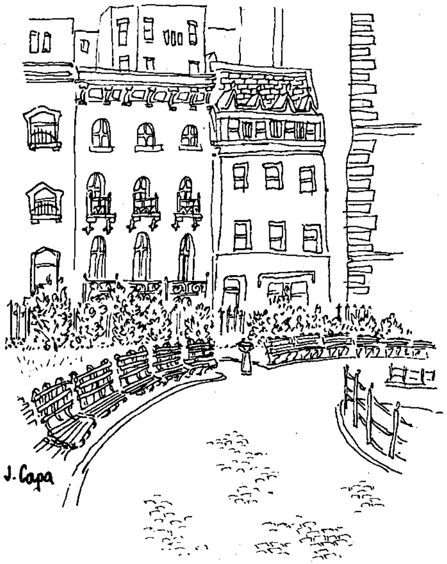
Uncle Bear felt that economic and social conditions in Shanghai were improving somewhat under the reform administration of Mayor Jiang, particularly since the city was now allowed to retain, for its own productive purposes, almost a quarter of its gross revenues, or about double the previous amount, though the central government could still lay claim to more if it chose to. But he said that living conditions—above all, housing—were still poor, and that the budget allotments for education were among the lowest in the country, and teachers were therefore insufficiently paid and trained.

According to a number of experts we interviewed, the rate of inflation for food and other key items is double the official claim of nine per cent, with the result that most people, and particularly government workers, have a hard time making ends meet. The consensus of those we spoke with—among them several veteran journalists in their seventies and eighties, who felt that they were old enough to talk freely (we found this to be the attitude of older people throughout our month in China)—was that, because of the demands that have been placed upon the city since liberation, and the consequent political turmoil, Shanghai will continue to have trouble keeping up with the thirteen other so-called "open coastal cities" and with the other autonomous regions elsewhere in the nation.

"From 1949 to 1957, the city developed fast and remained lively," Xu Zucheng, one of Shanghai's most respected journalists and writers, who is eighty, told us. "Then, from 1957 until 1977, it was dominated by leftist thinking, and development was very slow. It's only in the last two or three years that any large-scale construction has taken place, and, under a new and comprehensive development plan, the outlook is better." Xu added that culturally Shanghai had followed the same pattern. "For twenty years, I couldn't write at all," he said. "I was sent to the rural areas to do ordinary labor, so I wasted the golden years of my life. In 1978, I started to write again, about history and government. I'm really grateful for what Deng Xiaoping and the reformists have done. The past ten years have been most productive and rewarding. I'm in poor health, but I still write three thousand [Chinese] characters a day. I have been criticized for saying that younger writers are not being encouraged, that they are made to toe the line and follow instructions. Only a very few have proved their skills through hard work. Many writers were finished after the Cultural Revolution—they were spent. Freedom of expression hasn't been easy for any of us in China—it's not like England or America—but now we at least have a degree of democracy."

The turning point in Shanghai's development occurred in 1983, when Zhao Ziyang sponsored a national symposium on the city's development strategy. Doing away with such slogans as "Fully use the potential of old Shanghai," which stressed heavy industrial production for the benefit of the rest of the nation, the economic experts agreed that the city should become "open and multifunctional;" the goal was to create a balanced program that would gradually replace obsolete factories and workshops with new machinery and technology, and would improve the financial environment sufficiently to attract foreign investment, including joint ventures. In the past three or four years, nearly fifty American companies, among them such major ones as McDonnell Douglas, Xerox, W. R. Grace, Squibb, and several major hotel chains, have started joint Sino-American enterprises in and around the city. McDonnell Douglas and Volkswagen bring in parts for the production of planes and autos in plants that the two companies have helped build and manage, and the Chinese are paying back the investment costs over a period of years in accordance with a scheme known as "compensation trade." Other goals are to shift basic domestic industry from the city to nearby provinces or to new satellite suburban communities, and to introduce a form of the responsibility system of production and management into as many state-owned enterprises as possible. Factories are now permitted to accumulate more capital for self-development and to share profits on a more generous scale with both the central and local governments, and they also receive what amount to tax rebates to increase their production. New financial moves, including the reopening of the Bank of Communications and the expansion of new credit facilities by other banks are aimed at making the city once again China's major financial center. So far, about four hundred big and medium-sized factories have been brought under the new revenue-sharing formulas, and a thousand medium-sized and small factories have adopted a simpler responsibility system, based on distribution of salary increases and bonuses according to improved profits. But there is general agreement that, if Shanghai is slowly waking up, it will have to do more than simply improve the efficiency of its old factories.

As Mayor Jiang has pointed out, Shanghai is China's most important industrial base and scientific and industrial center; with only 1.2 per cent of the nation's population, it still supplies nearly ten per cent of the nation's industrial output, which is the main source of the central government's revenue. In emphasizing for so long the growth of its basic industries, he has said, the city neglected the development of its municipal plant and the services necessary to sustain its role as China's major harbor. The Long River development plans, including the completion of the Gezhouba Dam and the projected construction of the dam in the Three Gorges, will increase the city's importance not only as a port but as the key to the inland-waterway system all the way upriver from the Yangzi estuary. They will also create new demands and challenges, which Shanghai will have to meet to maintain its place as the nation's most important trade and transport center. In 1986, the port handled a hundred and twenty-six million tons of cargo, compared with seventy-nine million tons in 1978.



Whatever difficulties Shanghai still has, it gives the appearance of being perpetually awake and incessantly active. Ships of all sizes, shapes, and nationalities, from luxury cruisers to tankers, trawlers, and barges, constantly glide up and down the Huangpu, while scores of the port's patrol, pilot, and police boats, scuttling around like water bugs among the ferries and other small boats that crisscross the harbor, miraculously manage to keep order. Early one morning, after watching this riverine panorama from the balcony of the Peace Hotel, and seeing perhaps a hundred men and women gathered along the waterfront to perform their daily tai-chi exercises, we boarded one of the comfortable harbor-tour ships for the four-hour round-trip ride down the Huangpu and out to the confluence of the Yangzi and the East China Sea. We passed the White Cloud Mountain Floating Shipyard, where a number of vessels were being repaired; the Shanghai naval station, where several gunboats were berthed, with tarpaulins covering their rocket pods; and one of the big container piers, with huge orange cranes hovering over multicolored crates. Then we moved into the confluence with the muddy and swift-flowing Yangzi. Off to the left we could see the smoking stacks of the Baoshan steel mill, and to the right, in the outer harbor, at least two dozen ships lay at anchor, waiting to deliver their cargo to lighters or to be summoned to berths upstream. By the time we returned to our own dock, a hundred yards from the hotel, it was one o'clock, and the central harbor area was busier than ever. A Russian freighter had docked nearby, and we waved to a handful of crewmen on deck. A French cruise ship moved gracefully past us, and more waves were exchanged. Motorized junks and sampans bobbed in the wakes of the larger ships, and all around us the din of hoots and horns was like that of the traffic on the city's streets.

I thought back to Chongqing, where we had started our trip down the Long River, and to the picturesque river towns we had passed en route to the Three Gorges, and the gorges themselves, with their jagged granite peaks wreathed in mist, and the tracker toeholds carved into their weathered ledges. And once again I remembered my first arrival in Shanghai, and my landing by seaplane in the center of the muddy river, just about where we now slowly began warping into our pier on the Bund. More than at any time in the month we had been in China, I felt a timeless affinity with the country and its people, sympathy and respect for all they had suffered and endured, and admiration for what they were now trying to achieve. For me, if not for Jayjia, who had far deeper attachments, and who had shared the suffering, Shanghai provided a fitting climax for the return journey. Still big, crude, cruel, and sad, yet boisterous and exuberant, it existed in its own peculiar perpetuity, both part of and apart from the rest of China. Though far less artificial than Hong Kong, where I had lived for a much longer time, it was far more skilled in artifice, in subterfuge and self-mockery. On our last evening, we dropped in at the café in the hotel lobby, where an ancient jazz band I remembered from the forties was still playing. Some of its members, Chinese and Eurasians, were about my age and had probably played in the band back then; though I couldn't bring myself to ask, they at least looked and sounded as if they had. As they blared away, discordantly but bravely, it was reminiscently painful enough to listen to "Tuxedo Junction" and "Chattanooga Choo Choo," but "Sentimental Journey" was a bit too much. Jayjia turned to me and said, close to my ear, over the last reprise, "For you, it probably was a sentimental journey, but for me it was more like that China sturgeon coming back to the Long River after years at sea."

—ROBERT SHAPLEN

EDITORS' NOTE: Robert Shaplen, the author of nearly a hundred and fifty articles for this magazine, many of them dealing with Asia, died on May 15th. This was the last piece he completed.

• •

READING AN OLD POEM OF MINE

How much of what I did then was unhealthy.
Smoking when I woke up until I dropped
At day's end, fidgety and bottled up
Like something on the edge of overripeness,
Into a drowse of wanting. All was want.
Want of youth—I did not have enough
To make the lines I had not thought through yet
Pierce the surface and reverberate.
I must have formed some idea of a public.
Or the want of you: we ate and breathed the same,
Closer we could not be, even our quarrels
Bore the sly stamp of how to make them up—
But the same fire lacked in this. So we fought again,
Until the want of industry to fight
Laid us out like children on the bed,
Yawning and sodden, your profile flickered at
By the sheet lightning that used up all the air,
And still the want of oxygen, and the cigarettes,
And the summer night that had not any future,
And the powerful bodies we could use any way
Tried to get on the page, and could not. It's all there.

—MARY KINZIE

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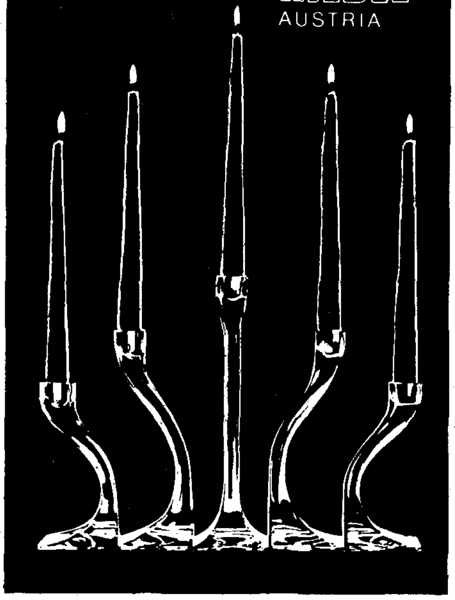

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THE THEATRE

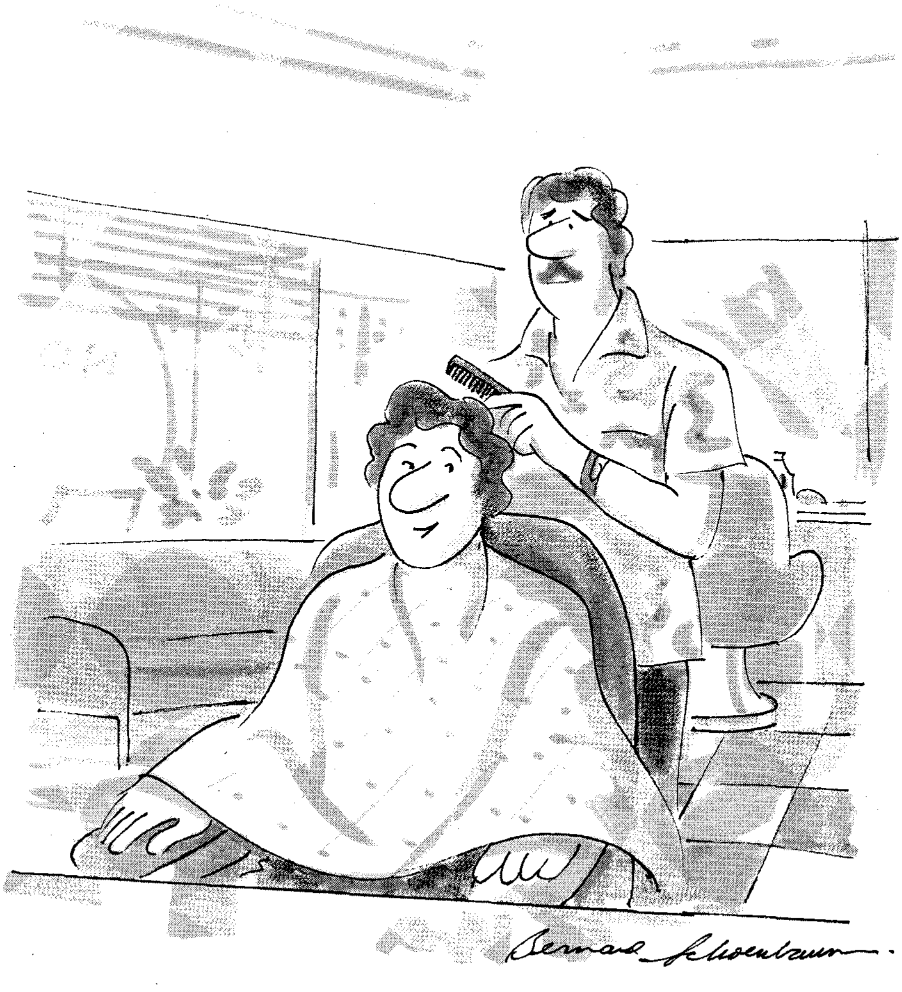
The Beloved Country

"THE FILM SOCIETY," a new play by Jon Robin Baitz, at the Second Stage, is set in a conservative prep school in South Africa. Its hero, Jonathon Balton (Nathan Lane), is a genial, mild-mannered, and vaguely idealistic teacher, himself an alumnus of Blenheim (as the school is called), who finds a refuge from its skewed and narrow spirit in Hollywood movies. Blenheim's saving graces, as far as Jonathon is concerned, are his fellow-teachers Nan and Terry Sinclair (Laila Robins and Daniel Gerroll) and an extracurricular film class he holds several times a week, which he is allowed to run with a fairly free hand. When the play opens, a provocative gesture by Terry—inviting a black priest to speak at the school's centennial celebration—has cost him his job and jeopardized his wife's (though Nan had nothing to do with it). Jonathon manages to persuade the headmaster, an old family friend, to keep Nan on. But there is a condition. Pandemonium has broken out among the parents as a result of Terry's gesture. To allay their fears about Blenheim's becoming a hotbed of radicalism, Jonathon must sacrifice the autonomy of his class, confining the activities of the Film Society to nature movies and travelogues.

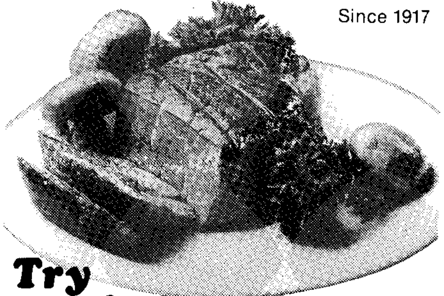
"The Film Society" takes place in 1970, ten years after the notorious Sharpeville massacre and six years before the uprising in Soweto. Not that the spectre of such events ever intrudes on the characters in Baitz's play; it's part of his strategy to keep explicit references to politics and history offstage, showing us a world utterly "clean and English," as one character describes "the Old Africa." "The Film Society" is about moral isolationism among people who have only a partial vision of the world. Accordingly, Baitz gives us a partial, antiquated picture of the world—like the map of the Empire that hangs on a chalkboard throughout the second half, meticulously pulled down only partway, so that the top edge of the globe is hidden from view. (The headmaster will later describe his body as "an old and tattered map.") Using the school as a microcosm for South Africa, Baitz explores the psychological workings of repression in a society that has to kill its conscience in order to persist in a course of action it knows enough to abhor but cannot afford to relinquish.

"The Film Society" is a hybrid. It plays like one of Simon Gray's wistful, academic comedies, particularly under John Tillinger's expert direction; but it reverberates like the best work of Athol Fugard. Baitz is clearly writing in Gray's tradition; his play is full of elements one has come to associate with "Butley," "Quartermaine's Terms," and "The Common Pursuit"—framing devices, offstage characters, the dialogue of charmingly mannered people. But Gray's characters often consist of little more than their amusing mannerisms. Baitz's characters, like real people, behave differently depending on whom they're with. And their idiosyncrasies are part of the playwright's point. The speech mannerism Jonathon has inherited from his mother (Margaret Hilton)—both substitute the word "thingy" for any noun they cannot think of at a given moment—seems endearing in him; when we hear it from Mrs. Balton, it becomes rather sinister. It's as though the playwright were asking us to take this tiny attribute, magnify it two or three thousand times, and apply it to action and moral thought.

Mr. Tillinger has assembled a cast of more than usually fine actors, all of them adept at light, British comedy. Here Baitz, whose point is that these characters are dangerous for the very qualities that lead us to embrace them, gives the actors a chance to vary and deepen their performances in stock roles (the long-suffering wife, the black-sheep roué, the teacup matriarch). Mr. Lane is at his best in confusion, trying to articulate what the Film Society means to him, or almost yield-



"Shorter, but leave some of the fun."



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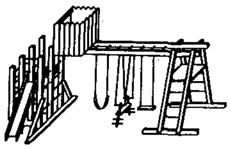

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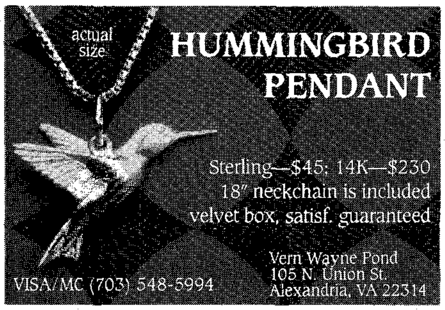

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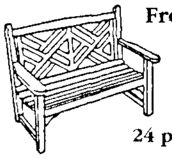

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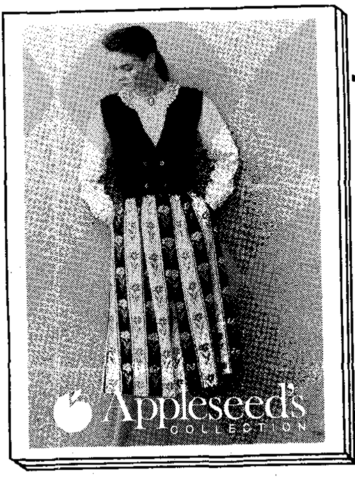
ing to the bribe of self-esteem. (His last, passionate speech about "a whispered judgment on a veranda" moved me to tears.) Mr. Gerroll makes you understand the pathetic cowardice that lies behind a certain kind of British arrogance, and Miss Robins the dull grief of complicity. Dennis Parichy's lighting expertly shuttles us back and forth between the various locales evoked by Santo Loquasto's set—a classroom, a breakfast nook in Nan and Terry's house, Mrs. Balton's sitting room, and one or two outdoor settings—but it is the playwright who makes the connection between the cane furniture in Terry's house and the stone bench where he and Jonathon sit watching farmers burning some sugarcane. It's one of many points where Baitz forces a confrontation between his characters and the outside world. At least once in every scene, in fact, someone gazes or gestures out toward the audience, in each case seeing or talking about something else (because the world outside South Africa means something different to each character). In the course of the evening, we become, successively, a movie screen; a full-length mirror; a beachfront that one of the characters hates; the members of a school club that one of them loves; what Jonathon, in a marvellous slip of the tongue, calls "a classroom full of empty boys;" a graveyard full of monstrous old men whose bodies, when they died, looked not unlike the country they had ravaged; and once, when Jonathon and Terry sit gazing toward the place where those farmers are burning the cane, "the fiery wall of mythology that separates us from the rest of the world." That's something to escape into, something to see oneself reflected in, something to hate, something to love, something in which to put one's hope for the future, something one might become, something that sets one apart. Finally, in the play's closing moment, when Jonathon throws up a handful of glittery Christmas snow, we become something to avoid looking toward at all. —MIMI KRAMER

●

It's been Brown King's lifelong mission to help others. She majored in audiology, a program to aid the hearing impaired, at Michigan State University. She is a good person, a tireless friend always willing to lend an ear to those in need.—*Kerry Eggers in the Portland Oregonian.*

No jokes, please.



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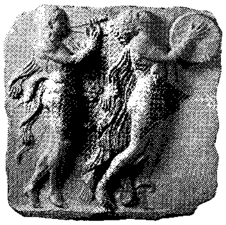

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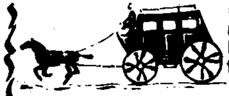

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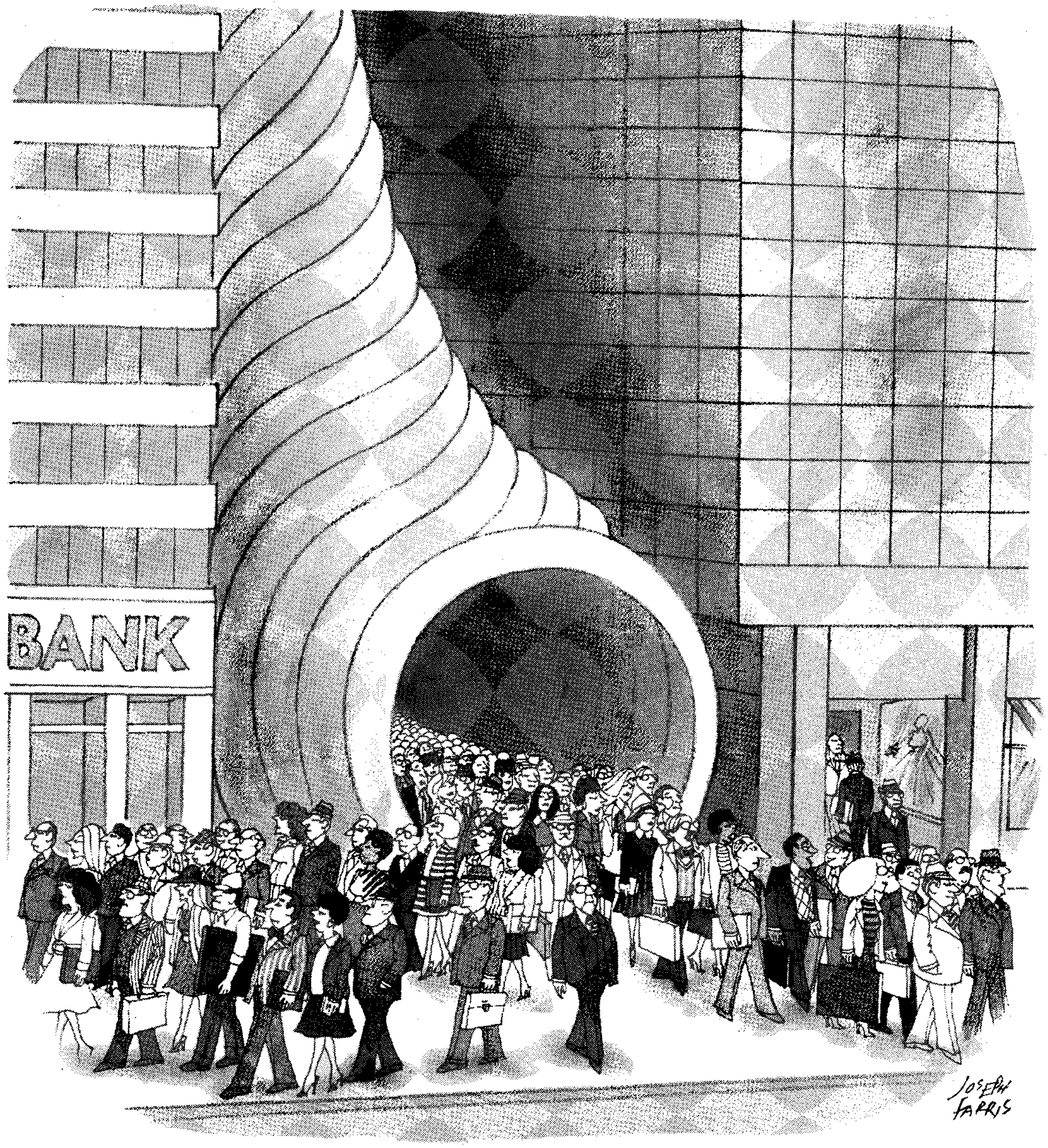
MUSICAL EVENTS

Festival Fare

PepsiCo Summerfare, which each July fills the numerous theatres on the Purchase campus of the State University of New York with international opera, dance, music, and drama, is New York's principal festival. The London Sinfonietta, on its second visit to America, spent two busy days there: mornings of open rehearsals; afternoons of talks, discussions, solo and chamber music; lunch and dinner on the festival terraces, with composers, players, and the audience in informal conversation; concerts in the evening, conducted by Paul Daniel. Of the composers whose works were played, George Benjamin, Harrison Birtwistle, Simon Holt, Nigel Osborne, and Robert Saxton were present; there were also works by Simon Bainbridge, Peter Maxwell Davies, Dominic Muldowney, and Michael Tippett. Pages of Paul Griffiths' "New Sounds, New Personalities: British Composers of the 1980s" (Faber) were brought to life. There were several gaps in the panorama of contemporary British music, but a great deal was packed into two days, most of it well worth hearing. The audience was neither large nor embarrassingly small, and was enthusiastic. A handful of American composers turned up, curious to hear what their transatlantic colleagues were up to: I spotted Elliott Carter, Richard Wilson, Matthias Kriesberg, Christopher Fulkerson, David Lang. Oliver Knussen brought over this year's clutch of young Tanglewood composers for one of the days.

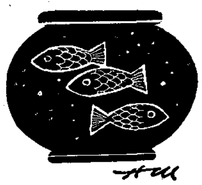
Davies was represented only by his Opus 1, the Trumpet Sonata, composed in 1954-55, when he was a student in Manchester. An arresting piece, it was brilliantly played by John Wallace, trumpet, and John Constable, piano. Birtwistle was the dominant musical personality; two of his Sinfonietta compositions, "Silbury Air" (1977) and "Carmen Arcadiae Mechanicae Perpetuum" (1978), were done. A third, "Secret Theatre" (1984), had been played by the Sinfonietta in Alice Tully Hall two days earlier. The works are not unknown here: the Chamber Music Society of Lincoln Center played "Silbury Air" in 1977; Speculum Musicae played the two others in 1987. But it was exciting to hear these performances by players for whom the works are basic repertory, repeated through the years under different conductors. "Carmen Arcadiae," with its vital ricky-tick patterns, Klee-inspired, proved as exhilarating as ever. "Silbury Air" rose as a masterpiece. But "Secret Theatre," which is probably the strongest of the three, fell prey to Tully's bleak acoustics and was hardly recognizable; Esa-Pekka Salonen, who conducted it, is not a sharp-edged interpreter. (All three works are now recorded by the Sinfonietta, conducted by Elgar Howarth, on an Etcetera CD.) Birtwistle writes music so strong, so sure, that one comes upon it as part of the existing world—like Stonehenge, like a New Mexico canyon—and with awe and delight discovers and explores it. Some campus company, I hope, is preparing his chamber opera "Yan Tan Tethera," and some adventurous grand-opera company—Boston, Santa Fe, Bloomington, Houston—contemplating a production of "The Mask of Orpheus." An hour-long film about Birtwistle, containing excerpts from "The Mask of Orpheus," was billed



for Summerfare but was cancelled.

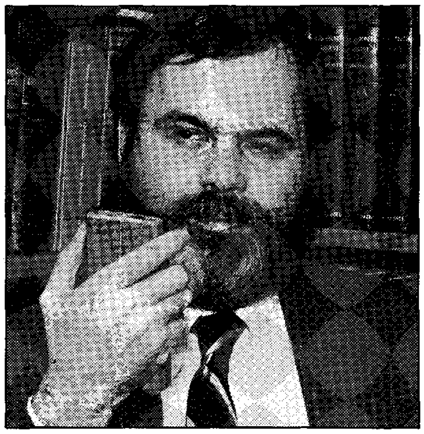
Young Benjamin, born in 1960, became the darling of the Purchase weekend, with his winning discourse, his adept playing of his own piano music, and—above all, and most important—the refinement of aural inspiration, the delicately sure instrumentation, and the structural nicety of his "At First Light," composed for the Sinfonietta four years ago. At Purchase, he conducted it himself. The music grows from rapt contemplation of a Turner painting ("Norham Castle, Sunrise," in the Tate) and recognition of the way objects—fields, cows, the castle—"appear to have melted under the intense sunlight . . . as if the paint were still wet." This is imagery apt for music, and the sounds are beautiful. Observers out to detect British traits noted the general rejection of serially determined pitch material and the frequent citation, in program notes, of inspiration from landscape, literature, and the visual arts: Silbury Hill; a Kyoto garden for Osborne's "Stone Garden;" a canto of the "Divine Comedy" for Saxton's "The Circles of Light;" Goya, Brancusi, and Lorca for the three Holt pieces that were done; Klee; Turner. But it would be rash to generalize from just a few compositions.

The newest work played was "Stone Garden" (1988), commissioned by the Sinfonietta. Osborne is the composer of "The Electrification of the Soviet Union," the Pasternak-based opera, directed by Peter Sellars, which Glyndebourne created last year, took round the country, presented on television, and revived this year. I have not heard it but have read widely divergent reviews. Osborne (born in 1948) came to prominence after I left London and has not yet been taken up in this country; "Stone Garden" was my first full encounter with his orchestral music. I responded eagerly to a mind filled with lively, romantic ideas about sonorities, rhythms, and texture-defined structure. The dry clack of real stones struck together and the shimmering of gongs, unpitched and pitched, provide two, contrasted kinds of sound from which the music steals forth and grows.



Holt baffled me, made me feel—as I felt at a London performance of his " . . . Era Madrugada" two years ago—old and unperceptive. Others admire him. Muldowney's Sinfonietta, rhythmically witty, high-spirited, at once reckless and fastidiously wrought, delighted me. Saxton's "The Circles of Light," earnest and visionary, stirred me. Bainbridge's "Concertante in Moto Perpetuo" bored me. Stephen Taylor, at a 1986 Speculum concert, and Alexa Zirbel, later that year at Tanglewood, turned its motor repetitions into oboe dazzlement, but Melinda Maxwell, the London Sinfonietta soloist, adopted a more modest, "concertante" approach.

Purchase's operatic offerings were "Le Nozze di Figaro" directed by Peter Sellars (more of that later) and the American première of John Cage's "Europeras 1 & 2," his first opera. The Cage was brought over by the Frankfurt Opera, which created it last December. It made exactly the effect—no more, no less—deducible from an account of it. Well-known arias are sung at any old pitch, and not necessarily in tempo, by singers clad in any old funny opera costumes (not related, except perhaps by chance, to the character represented by the aria). The costumes, the program note told us, "were selected by chance operations from a nineteenth-century fourteen-volume encyclopedia of world costumes." The singers stand or move about the stage in chance-determined patterns; the "action" was "derived from the reading of chance-determined pages of Webster's Unabridged Dictionary (Second Edition)." Meanwhile, the orchestra adds a dreary, unrelated, undifferentiated sound—a collage of fragments, from one to sixteen measures long, drawn from the scores of seventy operas and played by unconducted instrumentalists. (Inner parts suddenly thrown into prominence proved teasingly hard to identify.) Now and again, an electronic muddle—"Truckera," a hundred and one operatic fragments superimposed—blares its way across the show, "like a truck passing." The scenery is a series of black-and-white screens representing composers, singers, sets, or animals (or parts of them); these come in from the sides or from above, and go off again. The lighting plot, also chance-determined, proceeds independently of everything else. Props—a mechanical mynah bird, a giant bubble machine, a



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zeppelin that sailed out into the house—were also "selected by chance from Webster's dictionary." A few music-hall gags are thrown in. In our modern age, Cage did not cast the I Ching to determine all these chance elements but speeded things up by recourse to IC, a computer program that simulates the workings of the oracle.

"Europera 1" lasted ninety minutes, and "Europera 2" forty-five. (The zeppelin dauntingly advertised on its sides "Europera 3" and "Europera 4.") Spotting the tunes through all the irrelevant noises provided mild diversion for a while. Chance brought together two "Meistersinger" numbers—the "Wahn" monologue and the Prize Song—simultaneously. And I had a moment of nostalgic pleasure at discovering Anny Schlemm—whom last I heard, at Glyndebourne, thirty-four years ago, as Zerlina—still going strong.

OTHER Purchase attractions were the silent films "Ben-Hur" and "Greed" projected to the accompaniment of live music by Carl Davis. Mr. Davis's score for "Ben-Hur" was played by the Philharmonia Virtuosi, an orchestra of seventy-four, conducted by the composer, plus Purchase's mighty Flenthrop—the organ intended for but rejected by Carnegie Hall. Mr. Davis sought his musical inspiration in "Parsifal," the "Ring," Bruckner, and Gounod (the final trio of "Faust"). There were many aspiring themes in upward sequences. The chariot race prompted a rousing fugato. The score struck me as sometimes a shade insistent but very successful. And silent film was revealed as a forgotten art form: something between regular movies, opera, and a pop concert, with an audience-catching theatrical liveliness seldom encountered in today's cinemas.

THE London Sinfonietta's Tully Hall concert was one of a pair given as part of the heterogeneous First New York International Festival of the Arts—events ranging, musically, from the City Opera's revival of "The Merry Widow" to concerts by Pierre Boulez and his Ensemble Intercontemporain. The Sinfonietta programs originally proposed, Mr. Salonen told the press, were declared overbold, and were adjusted to contain familiar classics: by Janáček, Schoenberg, Berg, and Varèse. Birtwistle's "Secret Theatre" remained. Britten's Opus 1, Sinfonietta (1932), and Lutoslawski's "Chain 1" were played. And Colin Matthews' "Suns Dance" (1985), normally a buoyant piece but in this performance rather lumpy and dull.

Other Festival events were two concerts at the 92nd Street Y where the composers Krzysztof Penderecki and Andrzej Panufnik conducted the New York Chamber Symphony in their own music. (The Penderecki pieces, bag-of-tricks stuff, have not worn well; Panufnik's "Arbor Cosmica," Bassoon Concerto, and Concertino for Timpani, Percussion, and Strings were rewarding.) Also the New York première of Birtwistle's first opera, "Punch and Judy" (1968), and a recital by Electric Phoenix. The Birtwistle was given a concert performance in Merkin Hall, with members of the Brooklyn Philharmonic, conducted by Rhonda Kess. At a real festival, the piece would have been staged; perhaps it would have been played by the London Sinfonietta, which has made a fine recording of it. The Merkin performance was enthusiastic, but it was undervoiced, ill balanced, and not in hard, bright, cruel focus. Electric Phoenix, a vocal quartet plus electronics—also in Merkin—sang with its wonted virtuosity. Luciano Berio's finely spun "A-Ronne" (1974) made its wonted effect. Neely Bruce's "The Dream of Other Dreamers," which received its New York première, was a poetic and carefully wrought setting of lines from Whitman's "The Sleepers." Cage's "Solos for Voice 93-96," which received its première, was a miscellany of many phrases: "in view of the presence of total freedom," "our dishtowels!," and "Later, Ted's voice came over the water: Mushrooms!" were three of them. According to the program note, "There is no score fixing their togetherness in time. They are notated . . . as single tones, moderate, or loud, beginning, ending, or lying somewhere within an improvised vocal line." Electric Phoenix improvised some pretty sounds. —ANDREW PORTER

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ECOLOGY NOTES FROM ALL OVER

[*From the Fort Myers (Fla.) News-Press*]

A Sanibel Island property owner has filed a request to fill a wetlands area with the Army Corps of Engineers.

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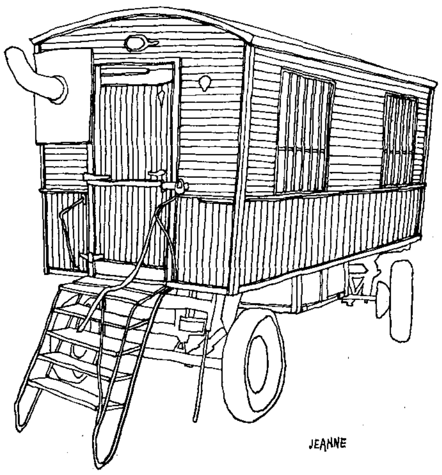
DETROIT, MICHIGAN

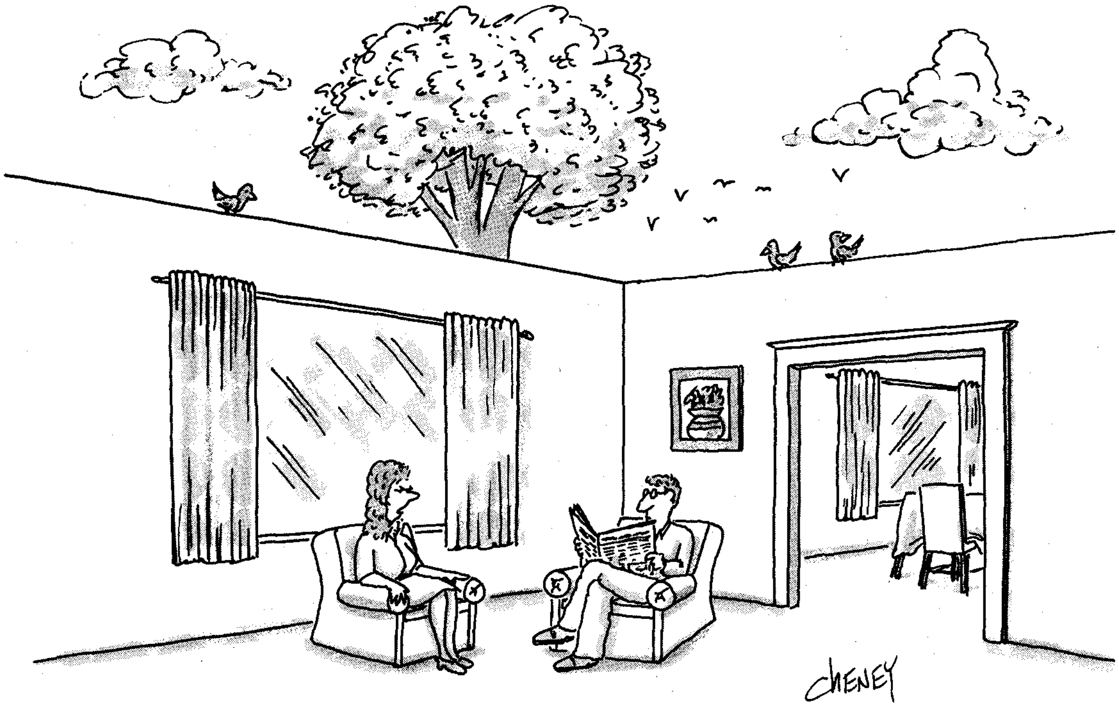
THERE are going to be close to twenty-five thousand of us milling around this accommodating city, starting early tomorrow, for three busy days, but our gathering of "senior citizens," as we are so often called, is less than one-tenth of one per cent of our total number. We are members of the American Association of Retired Persons, in joint pilgrimage ("Mature America Goes to Town," one of our myriad publications has put it) to our biennial national convention. The A.A.R.P. is one of the world's least exclusive membership organizations. To belong, you don't have to be American and you don't have to be retired; you are merely supposed to have turned fifty. To become entitled to its many perquisites, you also have to remit dues of five dollars a year, which covers your spouse, if any, too. (If you sign up for three years, it's twelve-fifty, and a ten-year membership costs thirty-five dollars.) For that outlay, you become a full-fledged part of an institution that includes more than twenty-eight million of us—my number is 65440752—and is increasing by eight thousand every single day. We have become what our leaders have described as "the largest private, nonprofit, nonpartisan membership organization in the world." Our dues give us a crack at all sorts of cut-rate opportunities: in homeowner's insurance, health insurance, auto insurance, investment programs, tax-filing advice, and a mail-order pharmacy service that is currently filling more than seven million prescriptions a year. Although our officers tend to deny it, we are probably the most influential lobby in the country.

Our national headquarters, in Washington, is on K Street, N.W., where many of the capital's major lobbyists hunker down. *Newsweek* has called us "probably the single most powerful lobbying bloc on the planet." Among our nearly thirteen hundred full-time employees—*their* average age is forty-one—are sixteen lobbyists who work exclusively on Capitol Hill, and we have others, mainly volunteers, buzzing around every state capital. There is no congressional district in which we aren't at least fifty thousand strong. One of our pamphlets about voting is bluntly and pointedly titled "You Can Select the President." It did not just happen that the President of the United States and three of the men most eager to succeed him have gone out of their way to videotape personal messages for those of us coming to Detroit. Some people around the country may not take us seriously, but politicians do. They can count.

For our three-day proceedings, we have commandeered Cobo Conference/Exhibition Center, an enclosed establishment about the size of Rhode Island, not to mention hundreds of hotel rooms along the approaches to it. One of these thoroughfares, Washington Boulevard, has been rechristened A.A.R.P. Way for the duration. Many other conventioneers are to be bused in daily from outlying points. Michigan alone has more than a million members of the A.A.R.P., which we will thank you not to abbreviate in conversation as "Arp." There is to be a kilometre-and-a-half fitness walk—sponsored by Dr. Scholl's—at seven-thirty in the morning the day after tomorrow, which a come-on says "will serve as a refreshing break for those who like to stay in shape," but after a few hours of invigorating pedestrian exploration of the arena's endless corridors I don't anticipate feeling guilty if I skip it. (Cobo Center is named after a mayor of Detroit who died in 1957, at the age of sixty-three.) I have also concluded that trying to decide which of the delectable options on our program to take in is going to be not dissimilar to trying to decide which of the concurrent competitions to attend at the Olympic Games. Tomorrow morning, for instance, I have to make a choice between, as if they were, say, archery and wrestling, Ralph Nader and Dr. Ruth Westheimer. (She is a return guest—I presume by popular demand—from our 1986 convention, in Anaheim.) There are no admission charges for Dr. Ruth or Mr. Ralph, or any other attraction. In fact, once we've paid for our room and board and transportation to the scene, the entire convention is on the house except two evening musical performances, which will cost us five dollars a throw. Before the proceedings come to a halt, the A.A.R.P. will have shelled out, to edify and entertain us, more than two million dollars. Our organization, which the Los Angeles *Times* once appraised, in terms of size and ambition, as "unique in American history," can afford it. We take in well over two hundred million dollars a year, more than twenty-seven million of that in advertising revenue for our monthly magazine, *Modern Maturity*. Members get that free, too. With a circulation of eighteen million (our twenty-eight million includes some ten million spouses), it has already passed *Reader's Digest*, and at last report *TV Guide*, the nation's perennial circulation leader, was looking nervously over its shoulder. The advertisements in *Modern Maturity* tend to play down adjustable electric beds and play up cruises. (The cover of one recent A.A.R.P. Travel Service brochure featured a smiling woman, perhaps barely on the far side of fifty, on a cruise ship, surrounded by seven beaming white-jacketed ship's stewards, each manifestly eager to dance with her all night.) A typical ad in our magazine, for a Mustang convertible, bears the tag line "Just when the kids had you all figured out." Ads concocted to entice others to buy space in *Modern Maturity* are apt to feature a grandfatherly male, who has presumably never even heard the word



"sacroiliac," giving a small girl a piggyback ride.



"Notice anything different?"

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Day One: The delegates and the alternates to the convention—I am merely other ranks—had a banquet last night, and the A.A.R.P. executive who makes the early-morning local TV news (we will surely be a big Motown story until the Ford annual stockholders' meeting gets under way, a couple of days hence) seems groggy. Or maybe I am; I'm not sure whether he is saying "Old America loves all America" or vice versa. The Detroit *News* has a front-page photo of a conventioneer dragging his luggage, with wheels on it. When I checked into my hotel, wheelless, there was no bellhop handy. Toting my own bag made me feel spry and strong and self-reliant.

Over at Cobo Center, most of the people strolling about look far older than I feel this morning, but that may be the way they feel when they look at me. Women appear to outnumber men. Women's pants suits appear to outnumber skirts. Our first formal session gets under way at eight-thirty on the dot (we seniors are bugs for promptness), with a presentation of the colors by four marines and videotaped greetings, on two large screens flanking the rostrum of a huge auditorium, from President Reagan. We are welcomed in person by Mayor Coleman Young and by Olivia Maynard, the director of Michigan's Office of Service to the Aging, who says, flatteringly, "When A.A.R.P. talks, people listen." The Mayor, who confesses to being sixty-nine, also admits that he's not yet a member; he has been under the misapprehension that you have to be retired to be eligible. The President, who is a member, refers in his "Nancy and I" message to "you," and not to "we" and "us." Somebody should have caught that. He is followed, live, by the director of the Peace Corps, Loret Miller Ruppe, delivering a keynote address in which she reveals, in an aside from her prepared text, that she has been faithfully taking her A.A.R.P.-furnished vitamins and that she's not afraid of anybody; she adds, "By the way, *he's* taking his vitamins," and—after a sly pause—"Nancy tells him when, at a very auspicious time." Mrs. Ruppe says that last year the Peace Corps had an annual budget smaller than that of America's military marching bands and that it can use us, at practically any age. Why, nothing would make her happier than to have more volunteers of the stripe of the eighty-six-year-old man who has served in six countries, including Sierra Leone, and gets around on a horse he bought at eighty-four. "Members of the A.A.R.P.," Mrs. Ruppe concludes (she does pronounce it "Arp"), "that is your challenge."

One of the speakers at this session is Horace B. Deets, who has just turned fifty. He may be the most powerful man in the United States outside government, for he is our executive director. Deets announces that in addition to the existing financial services available to us an A.A.R.P. Federal Credit Union has just been launched—"a benchmark for reasonably priced services for older Americans." Another speaker, Cyril Brickfield, one of Deets' predecessors in the position of executive director, alludes to Mrs. Ruppe's remark that the Peace Corps could accommodate more retired teachers. He says that the A.A.R.P., in response to an earlier Peace Corps appeal, furnished Mrs. Ruppe with the names of fourteen hundred members by consulting its computerized Volunteer Talent Bank. I've already heard that Deets, who joined the A.A.R.P. staff in 1975, had previously been a schoolteacher himself, in his native South Carolina, and before the day is out I hear him quote Browning's "Grow old along with me! The best is yet to be."

Now it is time for me to get off the fence between Nader and Dr. Ruth. I have, unaccountably, never seen or heard the lady, in the flesh or on the tube, so she prevails. En route to our rendezvous, I run into and pay my respects to Louise Crooks, a white-haired septuagenarian who is to be sworn in tomorrow as our new president. When a nosy reporter also stops by and asks her age, Mrs. Crooks, a retired schoolteacher from West Lafayette, Indiana, begs off, but it comes out in the newspapers anyway: seventy-six. "We're looked at as an organization that wants everything, but that isn't true," she tells me now. I've seen the advance text of her acceptance speech, in which she calls the group over which she'll be presiding for two years one that "has no exact parallel in the history of our nation."

Dr. Ruth, who is notorious for her frankness and says right away that she is sixty, begins with an anecdote about a couple celebrating their twenty-fifth wedding anniversary. The start of the yarn involves some ear-nibbling and false teeth, and then, as she gets warmed up, she becomes increasingly anatomical. Well, for younger people a heavy dose of explicit sex talk at ten-thirty in the morning might seem a bit much, but we mature folk can take it—as, though our juniors do not always seem aware of it, we have learned over the years to take just about anything at just about any hour. Indeed, a woman three rows ahead of me dozes off at the moment when the speaker has got to the interesting point of saying, "The G-spot people are very angry at me." After the good Doctor has responded to a question from a more alert woman by assuring her that it is not true that men would never get married if they could have all the sex they wanted without doing so, I resolve to give Ralph Nader at least a courtesy hearing, and I move to an auditorium across the way. "The only real aging is the aging of one's ideas," he is saying as I arrive. He goes on to allude to the A.A.R.P.'s being attacked as too powerful, and says, "Next thing, they'll call you Communists or Socialists." For whatever any future sociologist or sexologist may wish to infer from it, Nader drew more men than women, Dr. Ruth more women than men.

Abigail Van Buren is next on my arbitrary agenda. There is no secret about her age, either. Sixty-nine, she says, and when she adds that she has been married to the same man for forty-nine years she gets a big hand. She then discloses that she receives eight to ten thousand letters a week, and most of her act consists of quoting from some of them. One says, "I love a man who cheats so much I'm not even sure the baby I'm carrying is his." A woman alongside me says she didn't get that. Dear Abby's biggest laugh comes when she asks, "How many of you remember World War Two?" My seatmate almost doubles over, that's so funny. For a few moments, Abby seems to be trespassing on Dr. Ruth's turf when she brings up a letter from a man who wanted her to tell him about the rhythm method, but it turns out that that's only a setup for a further quotation from him—"because I'm learning how to dance."

I suspect that some of us will never stray far from a vast Cobo Center exhibition area, across the floor of which a hundred and forty-four organizations—from the Alexander Graham Bell Association for the Deaf and the American Podiatric Medical Association to the Census Bureau and the Mint—have spread their wares and tracts and souvenirs. The A.A.R.P. itself has nine prominently positioned booths. The Pharmacy Service's spot offers a free blood-pressure test (my doctor will be pleased that I score an acceptable 160/70), and A.A.R.P. Books is offering fifty per cent off list price on such titles as "The Inside Tract: Understanding and Preventing Digestive Disorders," "The Over Easy Foot Care Book," "The Myth of Senility," "Cataracts," and "Thesaurus of Aging Terminology," this last a hundred and forty-seven pages long. Nearby is a bowling alley, installed by the National Bowling Council. For a few minutes, I marvel at the frequency and the dexterity with which my fellow-members are knocking off strikes and spares. Then it dawns on me that instead of a conventional sixty-foot-long lane they are being challenged by one only about sixteen feet from foul line to headpin. A woman presiding over the Peace Corps booth tells me that within an hour of Mrs. Ruppe's recruiting pitch fifty-three people wrote their names and addresses on a roster. At an Arthritis Foundation outpost, a man is telling the young woman in charge that his prescribed medication is ineffective. She says, sensibly, that she won't second-guess his physician. I ask if she would care to second-guess my wife, who has fitted me out with a copper bracelet that she heard somewhere keeps arthritis at bay. No, the Foundation representative won't try that, either, but she does say, "Sometimes a placebo can do a lot of good." I have time for only a cursory exploration of the exhibits but am not concerned; I have two more days to give them their due.

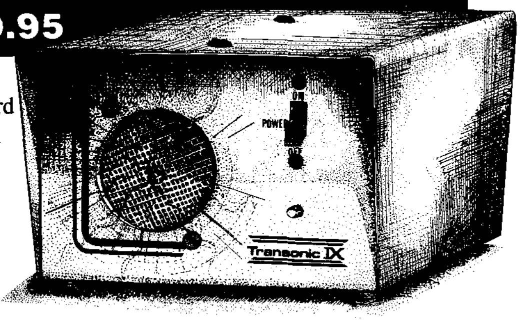
I return to my hotel to stash away some of my loot (it includes a red plastic fireman's helmet, a ragged-edged straw hat, and a Fuller brush that I am smilingly assured by its distributor will come in handy for cleaning my teeth, my vegetables, and my whitewall tires), and I grab a quick bite before taking in a Cobo concert by Sarah Vaughan and the Mills Brothers—a ticket to which has set me back five unbegrudged dollars. There seem to be only two Mills Brothers. Am I wrong in recalling that in my childhood they were four? The woman alongside me is no help when I ask if she remembers, and no wonder. She is only thirty-seven. She flashes a bona-fide A.A.R.P. membership card, and explains that she is an associate. Enough members in that youthful category and we could hit forty million tomorrow.

DAY TWO: A model house that the Hartford Insurance Group put up in the exhibition hall was such a hit yesterday that rather than wait in line to amble through it I head there first thing this morning. "We want people to be able to use their homes as long as possible, and so we've put together a house that works for you instead of against you," a gerontologist stationed there informs us early birds. Among the features she extolls are thermostats with large, raised numerals, bottle openers and can openers for people with limited hand strength, fire-retardant upholstery and bedding, an easy-to-use pill-bottle opener and a seven-day pill-taking reminder on one wall, an anti-scalding device that fits under the kitchen sink, handrails on both sides of stairwells, roundedcorner countertops, and a bathroom shower with a seat inside it and sturdy handgrips. "What about a good-grip soap?" a spoilsport behind me asks. "There's a fortune in it waiting to be made out there."

Now it is eight-fifteen, and time for a business session to begin. Our outgoing president, John Denning, a one-time public-school superintendent in North Carolina and a three-time grandfather, says the principal issues that his successor, Mrs. Crooks, will have to deal with are income security, long-term care, and health-care costs. His last word to us: "Vote!" On big television screens we now get three earnest petitioners for our vote, each responding to questions that our leaders have put to them. Jesse Jackson intends to provide social security for older Americans by using some of the hundred and fifty billion dollars he says we're squandering each year on the military security of Europe and Japan. Michael Dukakis wants us not to forget that Massachusetts has a better home-care system than any other state. George Bush says he doesn't ever want to become a burden to his ten grandchildren.

The Vice-President also wants more money than ever before allocated for research on Alzheimer's disease. That prompts me to head upstairs, where Dr. Gene Cohen, the director of the National Institute of Mental Health's Program on Aging, is holding forth on Alzheimer's. It certainly can't hurt me to listen to him, and it might help: wasn't it just the other day that I had to look up my own phone number? Dr. Cohen starts off with—what speaker does not?—a small joke. This very morning, *he* couldn't remember where he'd put the notes for his speech. He is heartening. He says that the reason people our age have a tendency to forget things like phone numbers has nothing to do with Alzheimer's; it's simply that by the time we've lived this long we have a lot of them to remember. He says there is no evidence so far that aluminum cooking utensils contribute to Alzheimer's. "Don't throw away your pots and pans" is his upbeat advice. I must try to remember to echo that back home.

Dr. Cohen is pitted against, among others, Ed Bradley, the "60 Minutes" correspondent, and when I leave the Alzheimer's session I learn that he held a press conference during which



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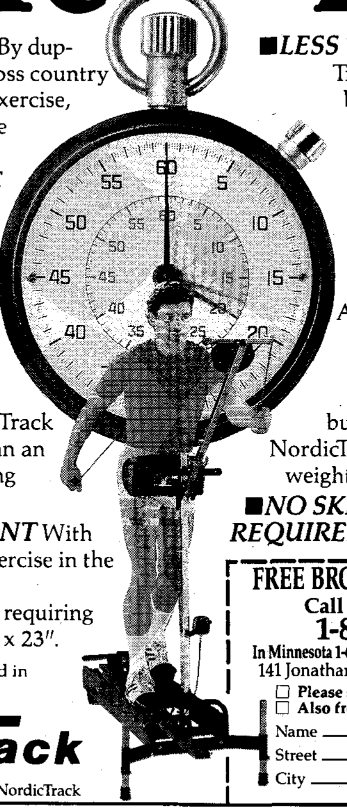

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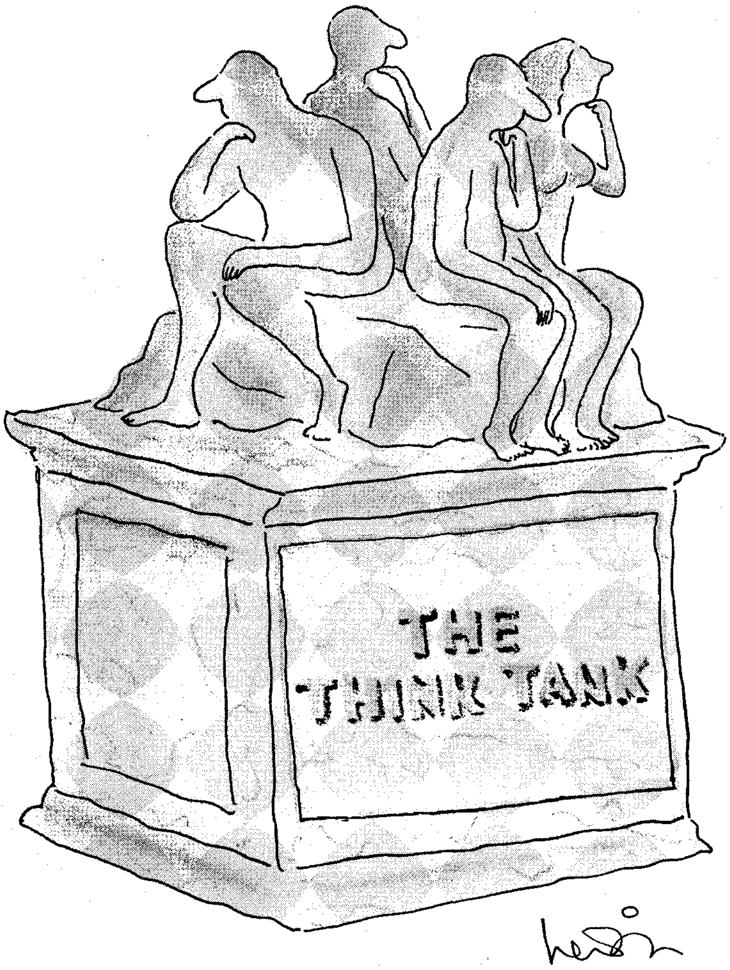
he rated Asians' respect for their elders a cut above Americans', and, by way of illustration, told of a seventy-five-year-old Korean paterfamilias who at dinner always got the biggest bowl of rice, though in fact he ate less than anyone else in the household. "We don't seem to have that," Bradley added. Coming up next is a competition for our patronage between two syndicated columnists —Jane Bryant Quinn and Art Buchwald. Another tough decision to make. I give the nod—initially, at least—to Quinn, whose alluring topic is "Are You as Well Off as You Think You Are?" She has a few jokes of her own, one being that George Bush reminds every woman of her first husband. On a more serious note, without in my hearing ever answering her titular question, she talks about the inevitability of death and urges us to get our affairs in order, because, like it or not, we all have to face up to three incontrovertible facts: "One, you own stuff. Two, you will die. Three, someone will get the stuff." I soon leave, discouraged; there seem to be so many preparatory things I should be doing and haven't done. Maybe Buchwald can cheer me up. He tries, with, among other rib-ticklers, one about how George Bush reminds every woman of her first husband.

The A.A.R.P. has thirty-six hundred chapters across the country, and in the exhibition area one enclave, Hometown, U.S.A., is intended to show the variety of their interests and activities. It has a white picket fence, and there are a bunch of interconnected cubicles, identified as Town Hall, Schoolhouse, Bank, Service Station, and so forth. I encounter a woman who is one of the few conventioneers with a complaint. "I'm a librarian back home, and they've stuck me on duty here in the Police Station," she says. A Medical Clinic has a set of scales and an eye chart. My ophthalmologist will be pleased to hear that with my bifocals I can make out the bottom line—though, to be sure (can this be akin to bowling on an abbreviated alley?), from four feet away. A woman in charge of the scales says today is bargain day; she'll allow twenty pounds for shoes. "Our husbands like to put their feet on the scales while their wives are being weighed," she confides to me. "Oh, there's a lot of humor in this crowd! You know, we should charge a penny for letting you get weighed. We could have paid for this whole convention."

Hometown, U.S.A., has a bandstand, too, and right now a five-piece combo in red-white-and-blue uniforms is belting out "If You Knew Susie, Like I Know Susie" and "Bill Bailey, Won't You Please Come Home." One woman, whose nametag identifies her as a Michigander, and who also sports a button that says "Share a Life with a Child," is telling a companion that a while back she got a postcard from a granddaughter living in California which said she was eating strawberries in God's country in midwinter. The grandmother says, "I wrote back, 'My husband and I are in God's country. We went ice fishing, and we were walking on water.' "

More business to transact this afternoon. Executive Director Deets announces that at the rate we're growing we should hit the thirty-million-member mark by the end of the year. He presents our new president, Mrs. Crooks, with a diamond pin. Her predecessor, John Denning, we are informed, is to be honored by the endowment of a scholarship, in his name, at the University of Southern California. The lucky student will be one attending U.S.C.'s Andrus School of Gerontology, named after the late Ethel Percy Andrus, the California teacher who founded the A.A.R.P., thirty years ago. We are treated to a videotape of Denning's achievements for older Americans, one of whom is shown playing tennis (singles), and, while he is at it—as if he were a character in a *Modern Maturity* ad—jumping over the net.

I return, for a more modest form of exercise, to the far reaches of the exhibition zone, where I pick up a few pounds of literature, including pamphlets describing the A.A.R.P. Money Fund, the A.A.R.P. G.N.M.A. and the U.S. Treasury Fund, the A.A.R.P. General Bond Fund, the A.A.R.P. Growth and Income Fund, the A.A.R.P. Insured Tax Free Short Term Fund, the A.A.R.P. Insured Tax Free General Bond Fund, the A.A.R.P. Capital Growth Fund, and, of course, the new A.A.R.P. Federal Credit Union. I chat with a woman from Ann Arbor, who is eager to let me know how our organization has helped her. "I live alone with a disabled twenty-six-year-old son," she says. "My husband and I were divorced. Neither of us ever remarried. Then he died. He had worked for the government. Except for the A.A.R.P. I might never have learned that there are substantial benefits for widows of federal employees, even divorced ones, and for their dependent children. That knowledge led to the doubling of my income."



The band is playing "Yes Sir, That's My Baby," and a couple who are so much younger than the rest of us that they seem almost babyish are dancing to it. I accost them and wonder if by some wild stretch of our eligibility requirements they could be members. They laugh. They are employees of a company that furnishes entertainment and other services for conventions. "This has been a fun convention to work," the young man says. "It gives you a new outlook on the older generation. They can have *fun.* It makes you happy. It makes you think." The young woman tugs at his arm, and they dance off into the twilight.

DAY THREE: "You all seem very chipper this morning" is Horace Deets' cheery greeting soon after we reassemble at eight sharp to vote on twenty-three resolutions that some hardworking committee has winnowed from two hundred and seventy. They cover such topics of special interest to us as hospital-discharge planning, retiree health benefits, geriatric training, terminal illness and life-sustaining measures, state and local pensions, and Social Security cost-of-living adjustments. People who have been around as long as we have know how to handle this kind of meaningful business. We pass all twenty-three unanimously.

"You look ten years younger," a man behind me says to the chap next to him.

You're not supposed to say that around here" is the baffling response.

Politically, we are a resolutely nonpartisan group. Our leaders like to say that we are forty per cent Republican, forty per cent Democratic, and twenty per cent independent. On my way out, I fall in with a man who says proudly that he will be eighty in October, and wonders if I saw him pictured with his girlfriend in this morning's paper. I did indeed, and I pay him and them a well-merited compliment. He's a retired truck-industry lobbyist, currently working on voter education (he has "AARP/Vote" calling cards), and he tells me, "We are going to demonstrate that our interest in these concerns is ageless. No longer can we stand by idly as grandfathers."

I would have felt irresponsible, after that, to have attended any session other than one billed as "2025—Your Grandchildren's Future." The ages of my grandchildren when that year comes around will be, I think, fifty-three, forty-seven, forty-six, forty-three, forty-two, and thirty-nine, and I hope that by then they'll be able to look out for themselves, without my assistance. The speaker, Marian Wright Edelman, the president of the Children's Defense Fund, begins with a flattering "So good to see all you young, good-looking people in the audience." She says she wants Congress to enact a major child-care bill, and urges us to urge our senators and representatives to hop to it. Then she tells us, "You must pay as much attention to your granddaughters as grandsons."

Now, for a New Yorker, I have a comparatively easy choice to make—among Michigan Senior Power Day, Stress Management, and Craig Claiborne on "Nutrition." The *Times'* newly retired food expert has had a kitchen rigged up in one Cobo chamber, and, without saying much more about nutrition than "I think you can get fatter eating bad food than eating good food," he proceeds to make some kind of cheese out of yogurt, and a Polish borscht, and a tabbouleh salad, and, for his pièce de résistance, a fancy Moroccan dessert called palmier, which combines half a pineapple, some grapefruit sections, dates, kiwi fruit, sherbet, lemon juice, and five daredevil spoonfuls of sugar: it ends up being a fairly accurate edible representation of a palm tree lying on its side.

Back in the exhibition hall (most of us regulars have become aware that the sturdiest tote bags in which to cache our freebies are those dispensed by either McDonald's or the British Tourist Authority), I head first for the Beatrice, Nebraska, outfit that doles out tasty samples of Grandma's Fruit Cake (I hope someone has told Claiborne about it), and then I push on, for a free cup of decaf, to the Sanka booth, where a woman giving a fitness demonstration is counselling a man and nine women to pretend that they are holding a walnut between their shoulder blades. Not far off, a Houston, Texas, company is promoting Gram Pals, dolls with gray hair and granny glasses in a dozen or so variations: traditional grandfather, traditional grandmother, jogger grandfather, jogger grandmother, golfer grandfather, gardener grandmother, and so on. A young man stationed at a Universal Gym Equipment sideshow, featuring

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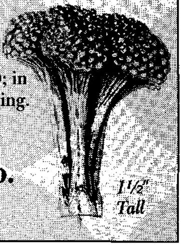

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exercise equipment for home or office, tells me, when I inquire if he has peddled any of his wares, "We sold eight machines. I'd have been happy to sell one. It certainly paid for the booth."

This evening, those of us who have laid out another five dollars get to witness the presentation of a couple of Andrus Awards—the highest honor we can bestow—to one of our founder's tutorial colleagues, Ruth Lana, and to Hugh Downs, who, predictably, wins a laugh when he says that oldness is beginning to become so attractive that a cosmetics company is about to launch a line to make young people look older. Tony Bennett is the entertainment draw of the night, and when he gets going on "As Time Goes By" a gray-haired woman in front of me wearing granny glasses gently puts a hand on her husband's shoulder. I catch up with Bennett later, and when I ask if he is one of us he says of course not, he can't be, he is still working. He thought until I straightened him out that the "Retired" in our name was a sine qua non. Once we get that settled, he says he has been concerned about demographics, and about how today's young people seem too much preoccupied with how old anybody is. "When I was a youngster, nobody thought about how old Fats Waller was," he says. I have never given much thought to how old Tony Bennett is, but he looks good and is in good voice.

When I start packing to leave, I realize I'll never have room for all my newly acquired and much appreciated headgear, whether made of plastic or straw. I'm afraid I must also jettison my gerontological thesaurus, my *Time* alarm clock, my bulky large-type edition of Louis L'Amour's "The Haunted Mesa," my McDonald's calorie counter (cheeseburger, 308; Big Mac, 562), and my copy of "America by the Throat," a book with a foreword by William F. Buckley, Jr., who says reading it will give me a pain that's salvific, whatever that means. I am keeping a sample news story about the convention which I am invited to submit to my home-town paper "for immediate release" after I've substituted my name and address for "Mr. John Doe of 1234 Fifth Street, Anytown." If I make it to Orlando for our next get-together, in 1990, I must try to remember to take along less clothing and more luggage. —E. J. KAHN, JR.

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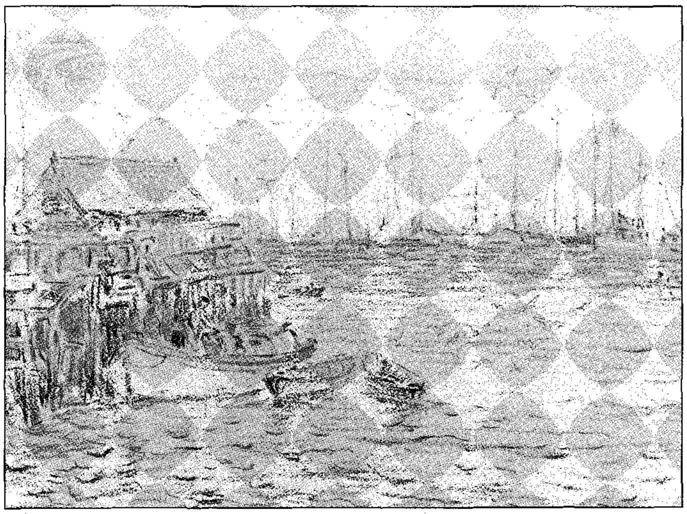

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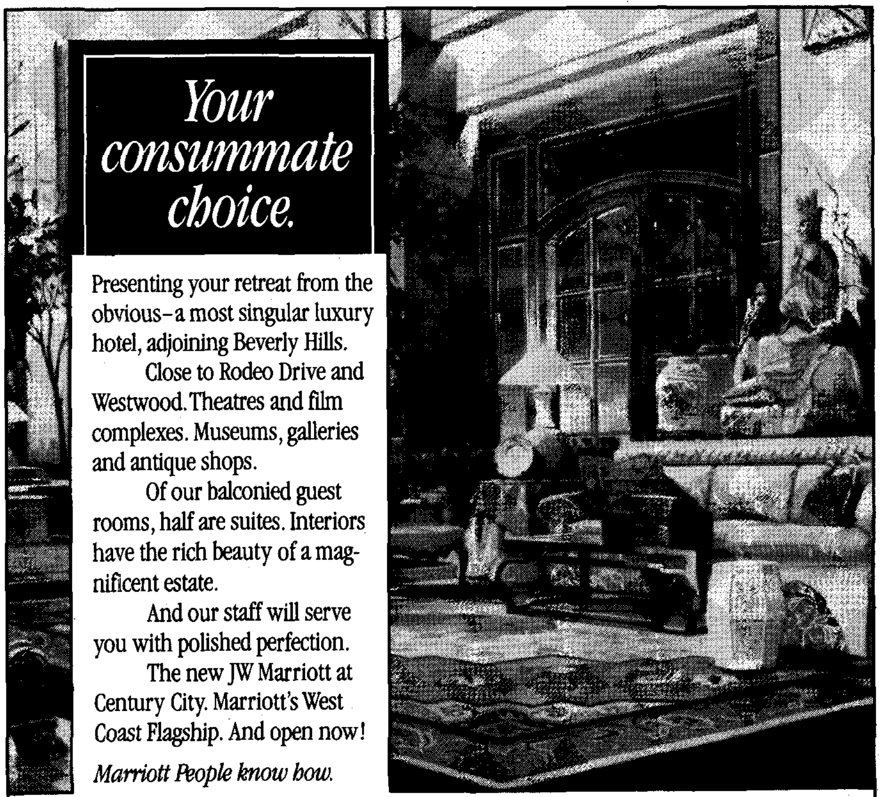

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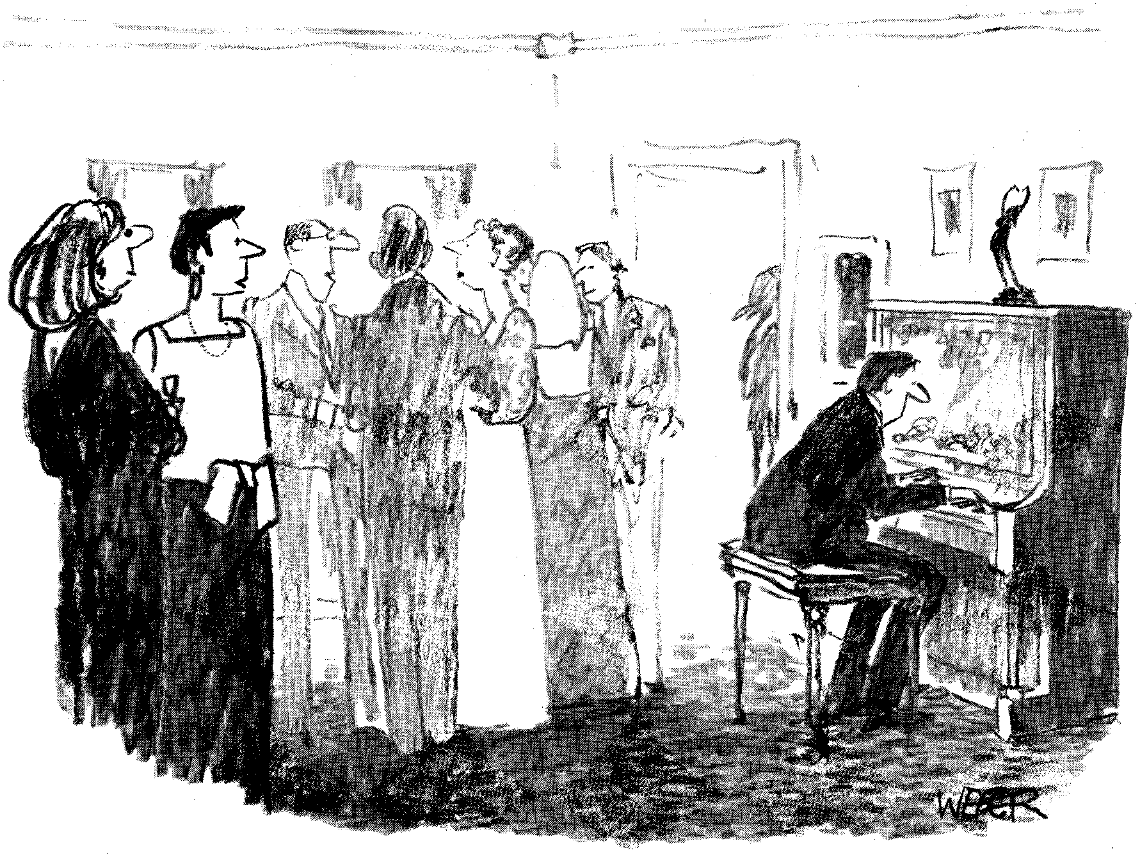
THE CURRENT CINEMA

All Sizes

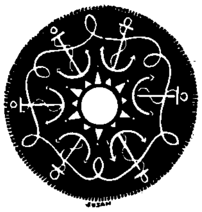
IN "Alice" the Czech animator Jan Švankmajer plays with objects the way Lewis Carroll played with words, and creates out of Carroll's Wonderland a world of more ambiguous, more unsettling nonsense. Švankmajer, who animates household items and worn-looking dolls, makes nonsense physical, palpable, and thus gives Alice's adventures in illogic an undertone of menace. Things that won't behave normally are scarier than words that won't, and when those things are the material of our ordinary lives, the stuff we manipulate happily every day, the favorite toys we surround ourselves with for comfort, the effect is chilling, claustrophobic. When objects start moving from the places we've assigned them on our shelves and in our cupboards, when they rebel against the order our minds have imposed, their freedom may at first seem magical, but it quickly turns sinister: What's to stop these newly animated things from turning on us, crowding us out completely? When the figures of our imagination "take on a life of their own," we're somehow confined—as helpless as dreamers who can't wake up or madmen backed into corners and flailing at phantoms. At the beginning of the movie, we hear a young girl's voice recite, "Now you will see a film made for children, perhaps. But you must close your eyes. Otherwise, you won't see anything." "Alice" is a film for children of a certain kind, for the quiet, solitary ones who spend hours in conversation with their dolls; who invest the smallest cast-off objects with secret significance; who on being interrupted at play react with blurred shock, flashing at the intruder the wary, glazed look of a suddenly awakened cat. It's a film for a child whose play will, over the years, perhaps turn into a lonely, obsessive craftsmanship—of the sort that animators have.

Švankmajer's Alice, played by a big-eyed little girl named Kristýna Kohoutová, begins to dream in a darkening room where she's alone with her possessions: stuffed animals, dolls in bright frocks, a tea set, playing cards, half-eaten sweets, and plenty of that mysterious, unidentifiable bric-a-brac that only a kid could find and only a kid would save. There's a strange hush in this cluttered domain, the aura of a child's fatigue in the aftermath of furious play. Everything shows the effects of hard use: the toys lie around in odd postures of exhaustion, like casualties on a battlefield. This room is evidence of the fervor and heedless energy of the girl's imagination. From the moment when her stuffed White Rabbit begins to stir, dresses himself in a red coat and hat, pulls a big pair of scissors from a coffinlike drawer in the bottom of his display case, and smashes the glass and escapes, we sense a kind of frenzy in Alice's dream images: her fantasy universe is one of violence, confinement, and obsessive repetition. Švankmajer, while following the outline of Carroll's story, mostly keeps the action indoors: his Wonderland, the landscape of Alice's imagination, is a domestic maze of doors, drawers (the "rabbit-hole" this Alice falls into is the shallow drawer of an old wooden table), stairs, hallways, cabinets, shelves, and, inside the house, smaller houses—doll houses, with their own configuration of doors and windows, their own minutely ordered rooms. And in this world—the half-familiar, half-obscure territory of the shut-in child, susceptible to the mystery of inaccessible corners, suspecting that great secrets (good or evil) are hidden in the places she can't reach—everything has a heightened, shockingly vivid physical presence. Every floorboard groans and every door creaks loudly when it's opened and every object seems to clatter resoundingly against every other. Even the puppets keep reminding us of what they're made of. When the Mad Hatter, a wooden marionette with an open back, drinks his tea, we see the liquid dribbling out of his hollow body; the White Rabbit has a pocket watch sewn



"Edwin says Cole Porter is overrated."

into his tatty fur, so whenever he checks the time (as he does frequently) sawdust spills out of him and he has to close himself up with a safety pin; the Caterpillar, a woollen sock with a pair of glass eyes and a set of chattering false teeth, delivers his message to Alice and then, alarmingly, darns over his own eyes as he settles down to sleep. These sequences are small miracles of stop-motion animation, and more than that. Švankmajer's attention to the resilient properties of these shabby, Old World materials has the effect of making Alice, the only human being in this world, look disturbingly fragile.



This Alice—who isn't at all the cheeky, common-sensical little girl we find in Carroll but simply a curious and rather apprehensive observer—actually seems sturdier when, for a few sequences, she turns into a doll. (She has, of course, drunk the liquid that makes her small.) In one particularly eerie and imaginative scene, the doll-Alice grows to full size while remaining a doll, and we can see the real Alice trapped inside, her eyes peering out through a mannequin's hollow sockets (an image that recalls Georges Franju's great lyrical horror film "Eyes Without a Face"). Alice punching her way out of this lifelike shell is perhaps the key image of the movie. The girl seems to have liberated herself, to have refused the status of an object, to have *grown* in some real way—an imago emerged from its cocoon—and she has managed it with a burst of violence, of the physical force that (rather than words) is the means by which this pent-up child expresses herself. But her actions don't release her from the dream labyrinth, this airless studio of absurdities. There are still more rooms to enter and escape from; more fierce creatures animated from dead matter; more shocks and indignities—including a mock trial in which this Czech Alice, who (unlike her English original) has found no freedom in language, is asked to read a prepared statement condemning herself while the objects clank and squeal in the jury box.

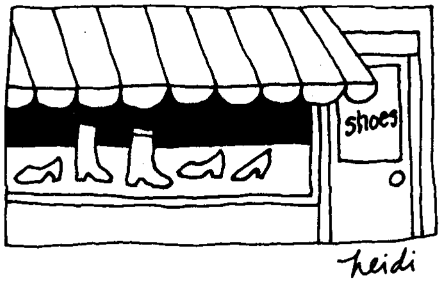
Švankmajer clearly brings a pessimistic, absurdist, Eastern European sensibility to bear on Carroll's material. A self-described "militant Surrealist," he has been making short films, mostly puppet animation, since 1964—sometimes with the financial support of his government, sometimes not. "Alice," his first feature, is a Swiss-German-English co-production. The executive producer for Britain's Film Four, Keith Griffiths, is also the producer of the Švankmajer-influenced animated films of the Brothers Quay ("Street of Crocodiles"). Švankmajer's work has a stubborn, unyielding quality that the Quays' (for instance) doesn't. All puppet animators practice their art in a kind of feverish isolation, in small rooms where tiny figures are nudged repeatedly into infinitesimal movements; such artists operate like mad children. Švankmajer, perhaps because of the added loneliness of trying to create his painstaking magic in a closed society, seems to have become a little rigid. In "Alice" he sticks to a rhythm of repeated motifs which is for the most part convincingly dreamlike but is sometimes schematic and wearying. The sparse dialogue, spoken in voice-over, is always punctuated with the same shot of the little girl's mouth intoning "said Alice" or "said the White Rabbit" or whatever, and the device is annoying. The sequences—mostly in the second half of the film—that depend on repetition to create a sense of accelerating absurdity, such as the Mad Hatter's tea party, can seem interminable. (In any event, watching animation is more exhausting than watching live action, and Švankmajer, almost defiantly, doesn't use any music, which might have helped to move us along more smoothly.) The filmmaker's obsessions, like his child heroine's, may have been locked up in his head for too long—he seems to know how easily they could escape from his control, and keeps too tight a grip on them. But this is an extraordinary piece of work: a brilliantly inventive demonstration of the animator's art and a piercing, original vision of the child's imaginative landscape—a movie that manages to be large and small at the same time.

"Die Hard" is a B-movie of gigantic proportions: a formula action picture, but with the extra-potency formula. It's the same old stuff, at maximum strength: it has the sweatiest hero, the most sinister bad guys (with the thickest foreign accents), the silliest plot twists, the loudest explosions, the most advanced weaponry, the stupidest law-enforcement officials, the most gratuitous bursts of machine-gun fire, the most shameless human-interest subplot, the fattest, most Teddy-bearish black cop congratulating the white protagonist on his guts and independence. All in 70 mm. and bowel-rumbling Dolby sound. Bruce Willis plays John McClane, a New York policeman who has come to L.A. to visit his family, from whom he has been separated for several months: his wife (Bonnie Bedelia) is an executive of the multinational Nakatomi Corporation, and her career has, to McClane's mind, ruined their marriage. Going straight from the airport to the Nakatomi office Christmas party, on the thirtieth floor of a gleaming skyscraper (actually the Fox Plaza in Century City), McClane immediately starts berating his wife for having abandoned him and—the last straw, it seems—having gone back to her maiden name. Before they get to the point of declaring their marriage over, the argument is interrupted by the arrival of a well-drilled and heavily armed gang of European terrorists, who proceed to take the entire Nakatomi staff hostage. McClane, however, has slipped away unnoticed, and he spends the rest of the movie trying to get help from the outside, to disrupt the terrorists' plans, to keep anyone from finding out who he is (so his wife won't be placed in even greater danger), and to stay alive. As he roams through the deserted office tower, lurking and darting, he shows the resourcefulness and low cunning of a guerrilla, though not the grim, focussed taciturnity. A portable C.B. unit allows him to keep up a steady stream of patter: tough-guy wisecracks when he's talking to the head terrorist, the suavely creepy Hans Gruber (Alan Rickman); manly sincerity and soul-searching when he's speaking with Sergeant Al Powell (Reginald Veljohnson), the black cop, who's the only person on the outside who seems to appreciate him.

What's wrong with this movie isn't so much the physical overkill of the production as the emotional overkill of the script (by Jeb Stuart and Steven E. de Souza, from a novel by Roderick Thorp). The action is so grandiose and relentless that it's funny. The director, John McTiernan ("Predator"), has the right style for this sort of cheerfully stupid, super-kinetic comic-book violence; the big sequences in "Die Hard" have the innocent viciousness that makes good exploitation movies rather charming. The problem here is that the movie keeps nagging us to love its hero. Under the pretext of making McClane a "human," "vulnerable" character—a hero whose bravery requires a little emotional support every now and then—the filmmakers provide him with the admiring C.B. buddy played by Veljohnson and reward him in the end with the new respect of his wife. She even goes back to using her married name; it's as if the whole ordeal had been an elaborate vindication of the stubborn machismo with which McClane alienated her in the first place. All this onscreen applause is unseemly. Since when do hardboiled action-movie heroes need to be told what great guys they are? The movie's "humanity" is narcissistic and fake, like Oscar-night sentimentality. When McClane emerges, triumphant, from the skyscraper, and blinks in the glare of dozens of police cars and television crews, he has the look of a man who has finally won the acclaim he craves, and he rushes over to thank one of those little people who made it all possible, someone who really *believed* in him, Sergeant Al Powell.

It would be fun to think of "Die Hard" as an allegory of the new Hollywood, with the smart, courageous New York cop standing for the suffering, struggling, independent-minded filmmaker negotiating a perilous course through the corridors of the Fox Plaza (owned by Twentieth Century Fox, which produced the movie). The chief villain, Gruber—who, it turns out, is motivated by old-fashioned greed, not political passion—is as ruthless and natty as a studio head of production, with a beautiful suit and a perfectly trimmed little satanic beard; he's as cold-blooded as a snake. (Rickman, a British actor, gives the character a wonderful slimy elegance.) And the corridors are full of killers eager to do his bidding. Even McClane's wife doesn't appreciate her husband's lonely integrity, much less his—gulp—sensitivity. The poor, misunderstood guy is just going to have to blast his way to some respect. The most entertaining thing about this movie is the sheer joy it takes in destruction; there's real relish in the way McTiernan and his team go about riddling corporate offices with gunfire, blowing Gruber's slick henchmen out of their European shoes, and turning large sections of the Fox Plaza into billowing fireballs. These images betray a streak of bitter humor, which gives the action some kick. But "Die Hard," finally, isn't any more subversive than its hero; it plays tough but needs to be loved. In a strange way, this picture's mixture of sentimentality and violence defines Hollywood's version of the Christmas spirit: you get a lot of expensive toys and smash them all to pieces, because you know there are a lot more where they came from. Maybe that's as good a way as any of approaching a studio blockbuster like this one. It doesn't entitle the filmmakers to medals for heroism, though.

MARTIN BREST's "Midnight Run" begins as a little movie, but, over its more than two hours of running time, it just keeps swelling until it explodes, like a balloon inflated to the bursting point. At first, it's content to be a pleasantly flaky buddy movie and to lean on the talents of its stars, Robert De Niro and Charles Grodin. De Niro's Jack Walsh, a divorced ex-cop who now makes his living tracking down bail-jumpers for a weaselly L.A. bail bondsman (Joe Pantoliano), goes to New York to retrieve a white-collar crook named Jonathan Mardukas (Grodin), an accountant who upon learning that the corporation he worked for was an organized-crime front embezzled fifteen million dollars and gave almost all of it to charity. Mardukas has managed to elude both the F.B.I. and the mob, but Walsh finds him and escorts him onto the red-eye flight back to the West Coast; Mardukas, claiming to be terrified of flying, pitches a hysterical fit in the first-class cabin and gets both himself and Walsh deposited back on the ground. So they start off across the country by land, in a succession of trains, buses, and cars, dodging federal agents, hit men, and a burly, profoundly stupid rival bounty hunter (John Ashton). This all seems no more than a serviceable frame for a series of loose, impeccably timed odd-couple routines by the classically mismatched De Niro and Grodin. De Niro, whose character is one of those honest, cynical, slightly battered tough guys, gets marvellous effects by seeming to be constantly suppressing anger and powerful physical energy: his gestures, especially the movements of his head, are hilarious, because he looks as if he were trying so hard not to make them. It's as if the actor were afraid that he'd overwhelm his slender role by using the full range of his expressive gifts. Grodin, who plays a gentle-natured businessman, concerned with health, security, and doing the right thing, is a minimalist and a miniaturist. All his acting is done with sneaky looks and minute variations in the tone of his flat, dull voice, and he creates from these poor materials a memorable comic character—a placid solid-citizen type who's much wilier and crazier than he appears to be. The two actors look as if they were genuinely enjoying each other, and "Midnight Run," for a while, looks as if it were just going to dawdle along to the amiable rhythm of their performances.



No such luck. As De Niro and Grodin get closer to L.A., Brest starts pumping up his sweetly comic road movie with large-scale action scenes: car chases, endless shootouts, plunges into the rapids, and the usual business with sniper-bearing helicopters. And the movie goes dead. Were Brest and the screenwriter, George Gallo, afraid that a pair of superlative actors doing low-key character comedy wouldn't be enough entertainment for the thrill-crazed summer moviegoer? Brest may be torn between a desire to recapture the eccentric spirit of his small early films ("Hot Tomorrows" and "Going in Style") and a fear of abandoning the slam-bang formula of his sole hit, "Beverly Hills Cop." There are some indications in the big action set pieces that the director is—perhaps—trying to make a joke out of the disparity between the bloated production values and the small-scale humor of the De Niro-Grodin relationship. But he's not a skillful enough director to give these scenes a convincingly ironic tone; he has all he can handle just keeping the action comprehensible. By the time "Midnight Run" is over, it's blown itself to bits.

—TERRENCE RAFFERTY

BOOKS

Poet in the New World

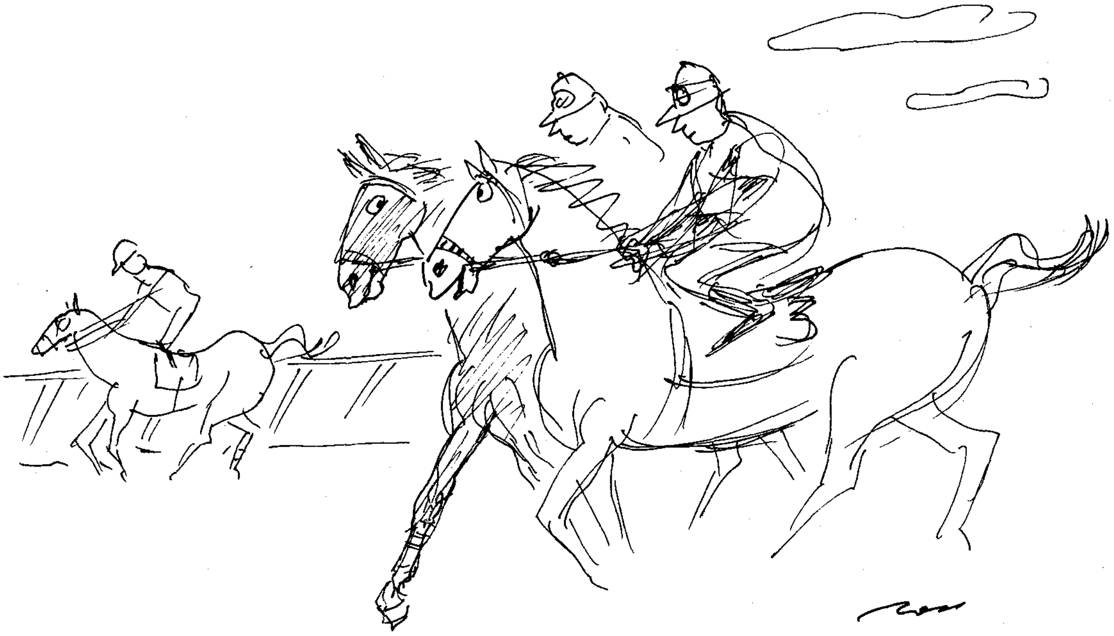
FEDERICO GARCÍA LORCA'S "Poet in New York" (the title was intended as a kind of oxymoron: Could a poet manage to live in such a city?) is one of the perplexing classics of twentieth-century poetry. It is a difficult, sometimes bewildered, often hermetic work. It is elusive and enigmatic, mysterious, tortured—a book, to borrow one of the poet's own phrases, "that can baptize in dark water all who look at it." Reading it in the convincing new translation by Greg Simon and Steven F. White (edited by Christopher Maurer; Farrar, Straus & Giroux; $25 cloth, $9.95 paper), one feels the anguished authority and the demonic force and impact of the original. For all its strangeness, Lorca's testament may well be one of the greatest books of poems ever written about New York City—second, perhaps, only to Walt Whitman's powerful embrace of the American megalopolis, and comparable in scope and ambition to Hart Crane's magnificent modernist edifice and failed epic "The Bridge." It might also be called a Spanish "Season in Hell."

Lorca arrived in New York City in June, 1929, and was soon installed in the residence halls at Columbia University, in one or another of which he lived for the next nine months. He was a desultory student of English; indeed, he never learned much of the language, and this increased his sense of being an outsider and viewing the culture through a fractured light. At thirty-one, he was already a well-known Spanish literary figure, having published three collections of poems: "Book of Poems" ("Libro de Poemas," 1921), an apprentice volume of sixty-six lyrics, inspired partly by Juan Ramón Jiménez; a book of radiant "Songs" ("Canciones," 1927), which combined a native Andalusian music with the tumultuous, metaphorical style characteristic of the avant-garde Hispanic literary movement Ultraísmo; and, finally, the supreme achievement of his early style, the book that caused him so much painful success and "stupid fame" as a so-called "gypsy poet"—his immensely popular and highly acclaimed "Gypsy Ballads" ("Romancero Gitano," 1928). Although his New York poems give the impression of a solitary figure wandering the streets alone and living in a dormitory room in complete isolation, his letters to his family reassuringly suggest that he was well tended by a small band of *lorquistas* in the Spanish-speaking intellectual community. This discrepancy between masks confirms that the narrative speaker in "Poet in New York" is as much a poetic invention as Eliot's Tiresias, who has "foresuffered all," or the grandiose self who animates "Leaves of Grass." He is not so much a fictional character as a concentrated psychological lens through which everything is filtered.

In New York, Lorca experienced an emotional and intellectual crisis. He was tormented by the end of his relationship with the Spanish sculptor Emilio Aladrén, and had come abroad partly at least to cut what his letters called the "terrible bonds" of unreciprocated love, with its "sentimental penumbra." His personal unhappiness helps to account for the theme of pure longing and thwarted homosexual love ("dark love") that runs like a vein through "Poet in New York":

But I want neither world nor dream,
divine voice,
I want my liberty, my human love
in the darkest corner of the breeze no
one wants.
My human love!

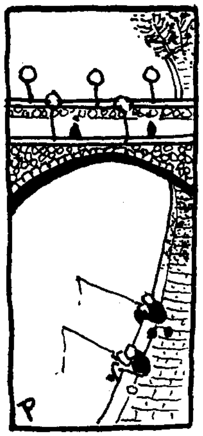
As Christopher Maurer makes clear in his excellent introduction, the sudden popular success of Lorca's "Gypsy Ballads" intensified his emotional troubles. He protested frequently in letters and interviews that "the gypsies are nothing but a theme" and "this 'gypsy' business gives me an uneducated, uncultured tone and makes me into a 'savage poet,' which . . . I am not." The gossip and rumors about his private life and homosexuality, the gap between what he was ("Sadness over the enigma that I am") and what he seemed in the popular mind to be—all this contributed to a painful loss of equilibrium. This was exacerbated by his estrangement from his friends Salvador Dalí and Luis Buñuel, who were condescending toward the traditionalism of "Gypsy Ballads" and seemed to be conspiring against him. The two filmed "Un Chien Andalou" in Paris in 1929; Lorca heard about the



"Congratulations! I understand you're everybody's favorite."

film and told a friend, "Buñuel has made a little shit of a film called 'An Andalusian Dog,' and the 'Andalusian dog' is me."

Lorca's personal history—his prolonged unhappiness and severe depression—unquestionably affected his New York poems. It set the mood and the tone. It also further explains his restless dissatisfaction with his earlier work. By the time he arrived in New York, he had made a radical break with his previous style and had embarked upon what he called "my *spiritualized* new manner." In a letter to a friend he confided, "Now I am going to create a poetry that will flow like blood when you cut your wrists, a poetry that has taken leave of reality with an emotion that reflects all my love for things and my joking about things. Love of dying and mockery of dying." That manner has often been mistakenly confused with Surrealism, though Lorca was no more a Surrealist poet than he was a folk poet or a troubadour. He explicitly rejected psychic automatism as a technique, and insisted on "the strictest self-awareness" in his creation of images, which had an emotive poetic logic rather than a disembodied rational logic. He wanted "sharp profiles and visible mystery," and his evocative, disconcerting imagery was meant as an intersecting point of contact between his own inner world and the external reality of New York. Although the city is a definite ethnographic presence in "Poet in New York" (one overhears early-morning voices on Riverside Drive, witnesses the crowds at Coney Island and Battery Place at dusk, feels the hovering presence of skyscrapers on Wall Street), everything is transformed by Lorca's phantasmagoric and highly subjective imagery of suffering (as he writes in his "Ode to Walt Whitman," "Agony, agony, dream, ferment and dream./This is the world, my friend, agony, agony"). The sadness and rage inside him found a correlative in the pessimism and despair of the city during the Great Depression, and New York itself became, in the words he used to describe his own poems, "A passional symbol. Of suffering."



When Lorca read his New York poems aloud, he often invoked the spirit of the "duende"—the word for a Spanish household trickster spirit, but he used it in the Andalusian sense, as a term for the obscure power and demonic inspiration of art. Only with the help of the duende, he felt, could audiences "succeed at the hard task of understanding metaphors" and be able "to hunt, at the speed of the voice, the rhythmic design of the poem." In his ground-breaking essay "Play and Theory of the Duende" he described it as "a mysterious power which everyone senses and no philosopher explains," a scorching "spirit of the earth" that comes only when "death is possible." Each artist fights an irrational, deadly struggle with his own duende. The idea of this force helps to explain not only the "black sounds" and cryptic imagery of "Poet in New York" but also why Lorca considered at one point calling the book "The City" and at another calling it "Introduction to Death." Death and the city are the twin inspiring presences of the finished work.

"Poet in New York" is a symphonic cycle of thirty-four poems, a consciously constructed ten-part psychological voyage that begins with an arrival and a descent ("Poems of Solitude at Columbia University") and concludes with a departure ("Flight from New York") followed by an ascent ("The Poet Arrives in Havana"). On one level the book represents—as Lorca once said in a lecture—his "lyrical reaction" to the city, its "extrahuman architecture and furious rhythm," its "geometry and anguish." He had never been abroad before this trip, and he was staggered by what he encountered and witnessed. He was very much an Andalusian in the New World, a sophisticated poet from a provincial place coming to terms with the overwhelming scale and vastness of the city. (He wrote home that "all Granada would fit into three of these buildings.") He was transfixed by what he perceived as "the skyscrapers' battle with the heavens," and the book conveys a sense of being "cut down by the sky" and a longing and nostalgia for the spacious world of childhood. New York is for him a place where during the day people are "mired in numbers

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and laws, / in mindless games, in fruitless labors” and at dusk are poured into the streets in a human flood. He is personally and culturally disoriented in the crowds, and speaks of an unimaginable sadness, of being a “poet without arms, lost/in the vomiting multitude.” There is a frenetic quality to the two sections that most consistently evoke the tireless, dehumanized character of the city (“Streets and Dreams” and “Return to the City”). Stylistically, Lorca often relies on large, incantatory free-verse rhythms and repetitions to create a sense of human unreality, of the torments of consciousness, of suffering without end:

Out in the world, no one sleeps. No one, no one.
No one sleeps.
There is a corpse in the farthest graveyard
complaining for three years
because of an arid landscape in his knee;
and a boy who was buried this morning cried so much
they had to call the dogs to quiet him.

Life is no dream. Watch out! Watch out! Watch out!
We fall down stairs and eat the moist earth,
or we climb to the snow's edge with the choir of dead dahlias.
But there is no oblivion, no dream:
raw flesh. Kisses tie mouths
in a tangle of new veins
and those who are hurt will hurt without rest
and those who are frightened by death will carry it on their shoulders.

New York becomes a prototype of the twentieth-century urban world as the poet inveighs against the alienation from nature and the anthropocentrism of city life, the terrible rootlessness of the crowds, the “painful slavery of both men and machines,” the racism, the social injustice, and the indifference to suffering which seem to permeate the very atmosphere.

LORCA was deeply empathetic with black life and announced that he “wanted to write *the* poem of the black race in North America.” His ambition is mostly felt in the book's second section, “The Blacks,” where the joys of the black aesthetic (“Standards and Paradise of the Blacks”) and the anguish of black persecution become the central subjects:

Ay, Harlem! *Ay*, Harlem! *Ay*, Harlem!
There is no anguish like that of your oppressed reds,
or your blood shuddering with rage inside the dark eclipse,
or your garnet violence, deaf and dumb in the penumbra,
or your grand king a prisoner in the uniform of a doorman.

Black life becomes an emblem of the oppression of persecuted outsiders, “the other.” The poet is tortured by the thought of the frenzied suffering around him, “a panorama of open eyes/and bitter inflamed wounds.” The blazing city is unquestionably Manhattan, but, as Maurer aptly puts it, the poem “is also the vigil of modern man in quest of the cosmic *meaning* of so much suffering.” Thus Lorca mourns the spiritual desolation of the times, a period devoid of any religious consolation. There is only “the world alone in the lonely sky.”

The three middle sections of the book compose a kind of solitary rural interlude set in Lake Eden Mills, Vermont, and in the Newburgh, New York, countryside. Lorca called the Vermont landscape “prodigious but infinitely sad,” and here, too, the quest for a universal meaning for suffering takes place under the omnipresent sign

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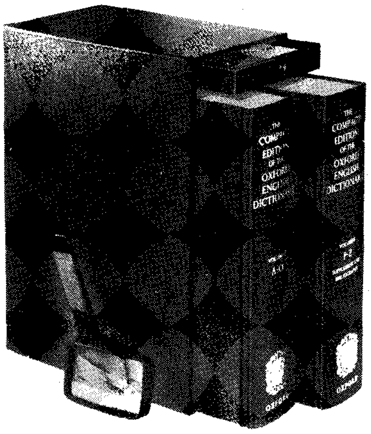

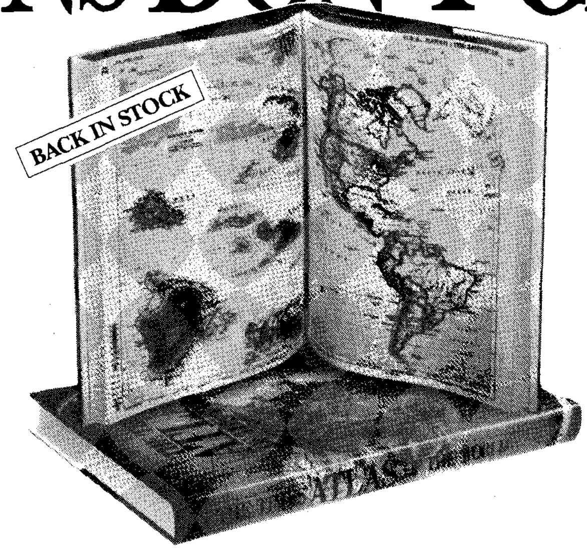

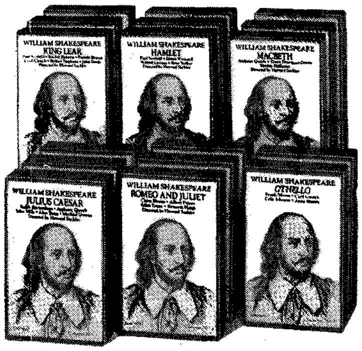

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of death, the nocturnal spaces, the void. The poet is burnished by memories, by an exalted desire for transfiguration ("And I, on the roof's edge, / what a burning angel I look for and am!"), by a dangerous, regressive loss of self:

I want to cry because I feel like it—
the way children cry in the last row of seats—
because I'm not a man, not a poet, not a leaf,
only a wounded pulse that circles the things of the other side.

The desire for transformation and change is viewed as coterminous with the life force itself, but that, also, is thwarted by the final metamorphosis. Death rules this kingdom with an unchanging and shapeless hand. The only consolation seems to be that the visit to the country has put the poet into renewed contact with the natural world. He returns to the city in a spirit of prophetic denunciation, and rages against "the conspiracy/of these deserted offices/that radiate no agony,/ that erase the forest plan." His continued spiritual anguish is a kind of psychic hell, and only in the final five poems—two odes and three dance poems—does the speaker begin to climb out of it. In the end, he finds a healing refuge in his escape to a rural world (the repeated refrain of the last poem is "I'm going to Santiago"), and he relishes the discovery of a safer, more unified territory in Cuba, the "America with roots." It is hard to resist reading the narrative arc of this journey allegorically, as a story of psychic disintegration and reconstitution, a descent into the abyss and a tentative reëmergence.

"POET IN NEW YORK" wasn't published until 1940, four years after the poet's death. A confusing textual history has cast over the book a veil of mystery. It appeared almost simultaneously in a bilingual American edition translated by Rolfe Humphries and in a Mexican edition brought out by Lorca's friend the writer and publisher José Bergamín. Both men were dealing with frustratingly bulky, incomplete manuscripts. These original typescripts are now lost, and for years scholars have argued over the many serious discrepancies between the two editions. Lorca never had a chance to make final revisions or to establish a definitive text. He was unusually resistant to seeing his poems "entombed" on the page (in general, his books had to be coaxed out of him), and thought of poetry as an essentially oral art transcribed and translated into the medium of print. Thus the English-speaking reader is twice removed from what Lorca called the "bitter, living poetry" of his New York sequence. His notoriously difficult book has never seemed to me either fiery or cohesive enough in the few previous full translations—useful and admirable but also dated and lacking in colloquial poetic force—such as the Humphries version, and Ben Belitt's 1955 edition. This new, superb translation, also a bilingual edition (with good notes, a helpful textual history, and a translation of Lorca's 1932 lecture on the book, along with the letters that he wrote home to his family), makes it possible for English readers to grapple with an agonistic, inspired work of art.

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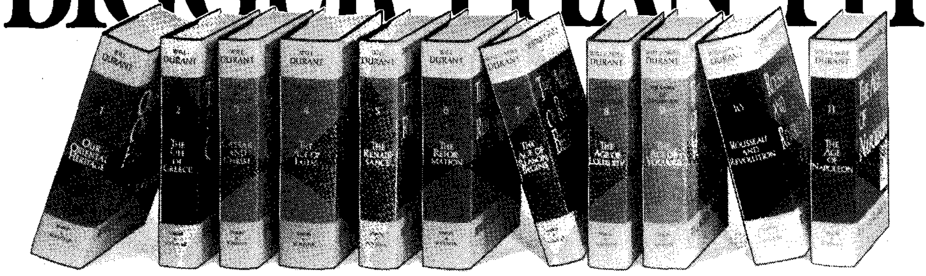

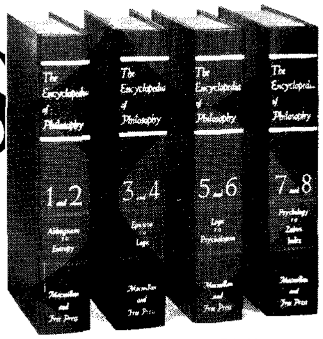

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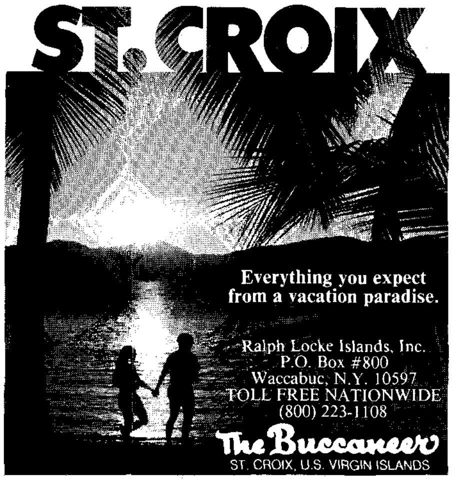

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English the various moods of the original. They capture the conversational directness and urgent tempo of Lorca's accusations:

This isn't a strange place for the dance,
I tell you.
The mask will dance among columns of
blood and numbers,
among hurricanes of gold and groans of the
unemployed,
who will howl, in the dead of night, for
your dark time.
Oh, savage, shameless North America!
Stretched out on the frontier of snow.

They manage to render faithfully his disembodied conceptual and philosophical unhappiness:

Look at the concrete shapes in search of
their void.
Lost dogs and half-eaten apples.
Look at this sad fossil world, with its
anxiety and anguish,
a world that can't find the rhythm of its
very first sob.

And they find an equivalent rhythm for Lorca's waltzing, sexy, high-strung, deathward-leaning proclamations of love:

Little waltz, little waltz, little waltz,
of itself, of death, and of brandy
that dips its tail in the sea.

I love you, I love you, I love you,
with the armchair and the book of death,
down the melancholy hallway,
in the iris's darkened garret,
in our bed that was once the moon's bed,
and in that dance the turtle dreamed of.

Ay, ay, ay, ay!
Take this broken-waisted waltz.

But, most of all, the translators capture the nervous, hallucinatory intensity of Lorca's imagery and the exclamatory spirit of warning that everywhere animates his sequence ("Wake up. Be still. Listen. Sit up in your bed"). There is a headlong, feverish quality to the verse as the poet tries to find an expressive language equal to his experience of the city—where, for example, millions of animals are slaughtered every day. In the litany of accusations which he calls "New York (Office and Denunciation)" he enumerates the daily slaughter (four million ducks, five million hogs, two thousand pigeons, and so on) and then announces:

It's better to sob while honing the blade
or kill dogs on the delirious hunts
than to resist at dawn
the endless milk trains,
the endless blood trains
and the trains of roses, manacled
by the dealers in perfume.
The ducks and the pigeons,
and the hogs and the lambs
lay their drops of blood
under the multiplications,
and the terrified bellowing of the cows
wrung dry
fills the valley with sorrow
where the Hudson gets drunk on oil.

So intense is the speaker's suffering that at the close of the poem, in a spirit of sacrificial denunciation, he offers himself up as food for the bellowing cows.

Lorca once called his trip to New York "the most useful experience of my life." When he left, he had but six years to live. We are all the more fortunate, then, that he crossed the ocean to the New World. The testament he left behind is a fierce indictment of the modern world incarnated in city life, but it is also a wildly imaginative and joyously alienated declaration of residence—an apocalyptic outcry, a dark, instructive, metaphysical howl of loneliness.

—EDWARD HIRSCH

BRIEFLY NOTED

FICTION

MOON TIGER, by Penelope Lively (Grove; $15.95). A strong, original novel that unfolds as the popular historian Claudia Hampton lies on her deathbed mentally composing a history of the world, which is mostly the story of her life. "Chronology irritates me," she tells us, and reveals, in no particular order, her incestuous love for her brother, her inability to understand her shy, conventional daughter, her stint as one of the few women journalists in Cairo during the Second World War, and her eccentric views on the Pilgrims, Hernán Cortés, and ancient Egypt. Both Claudia and Ms. Lively have exquisite control over their material; the book is as tightly wound as a mystery. The same events are narrated from different points of view, and, given the evidence, we are able to piece together the central, tragic occasion of Claudia's life. The novel is Ms. Lively's seventh, and the deserving winner of England's Booker Prize.

VANISHED, by Mary McGarry Morris (Viking; $16.95). There are few things more disturbing than the neglect and mistreatment of a child. That is the hinge of this American gothic. Little of it is unfamiliar: the simple good soul, a retarded man; the sexy, psychopathic beauty; the crude, violent ex-con, his fat wife, and their passel of whining brats; the endless highway, the motel, the carnival, the shack. And you have the blond, blue-eyed abducted baby who grows to childhood somehow kinder, smarter, better than the others; her father is a bank president, her mother a teacher, and in some Lamarckian fashion their quality sticks to her. You are in a state of suspense for her from about page 15, when she has a fever that nutty Dotty and simple Aubie ignore, through nits, filth, and unspeakable casual emotional cruelty, until young Canny is holding a gun to her real father's head. Aubie and Dotty also force you to sympathize: they're victims, too. Cheap though these materials may be, they are rendered in transparent prose that reminds you that such things happen, and makes you believe they happen in just this way; it's manipulative, utterly convincing, powerful.

Night Over Day Over Night, by Paul Watkins (Knopf; $17.95). Like many first novels, this one is an account of a young man's coming-of-age—but with a difference. The young man who tells his story here is one Sebastian Westland, 28 Panzer Grenadier Regiment, 12 S.S. Panzer Division, Hitler Jugend, and he comes of age in the Ardennes—in the last-gasp Battle of the Bulge—in December, 1944. Westland recalls his final school days, his months of training, his marching off to battle. There are no hurrahs or heroes in his story, only growing disenchantment, the escape of beer and schnapps, the certainty of defeat. This is an astonishing triumph of imagination, and the battle, as Westland sees and describes his experience of it—being half sick with fear, half starved, half deaf, and crouching behind a broken house, sprawled in a frozen ditch, running for his life through the woods, shooting and being shot at—must be ranked among the best in the genre.

Who Was Oswald Fish? and The Healing Art, by A. N. Wilson (Penguin; $6.95 each). The respective heroines of these two books make a study in contrasts: Fanny Williams is "too loud and too near forty to provide any of the conventional attractions demanded (even nowadays) of a fictional heroine," while Pamela Cowper, also in her late thirties, is allowed to provide all of them. "The Healing Art" is Wilson's rare (semi-) serious novel. Pamela, who is religious (High Church), and is friends with her grumpy confessor, is told that cancer is leaving her only a few months to live. As she thrives, however, she realizes that there's been a mixup, and that her kind and self-abnegating hospital ward-mate needs the treatments that Pamela herself refused. What makes this merely humorous rather than comic is not death and religion, which Wilson could have had a high old time with, but the fact that he allows these characters virtue. Wilson has written a "defence of Christianity;" "The Healing Art" reinforces the sense that even his most "frivolous" farces are moral lessons, satires on the purposelessness of human striving which illustrate God's irony. As one of these, "Oswald Fish" has just about everything—a vile seducer, a trendy ex-model, moldy diaries containing lurid secrets, and any number of marriages made in hell. Straight-faced or not, both novels race along with the kind of complex plotting that Nabokov, lecturing on literature, liked to chart. They are as relentless as they are swift, as brilliant as they are amusing.

Note: "Out on the Marsh," a collection of stories by David Updike, has been published by Godine ($16.95). Some of the stories originally appeared in *The New Yorker.*

GENERAL

Dealers and Dreamers: A New Look at the New Deal, by Joseph P. Lash (Doubleday; $24.95). During President Franklin D. Roosevelt's first two terms, young lawyers, economists, and political scientists put their high I.Q.s and high ideals to work for the New Deal. Drawing on the unpublished papers of a couple of New Deal wonder boys, the lawyers Benjamin Cohen and Thomas Corcoran, the late Joseph Lash attempted a collective portrait of the New Dealers. Since there were, he estimated, around three hundred and fifty of them, in assorted agencies, he did not pretend to get them all in adequately, and

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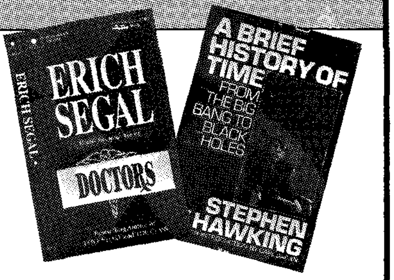

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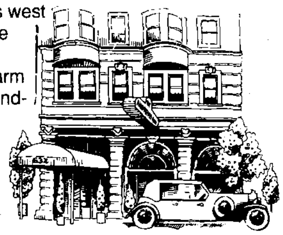

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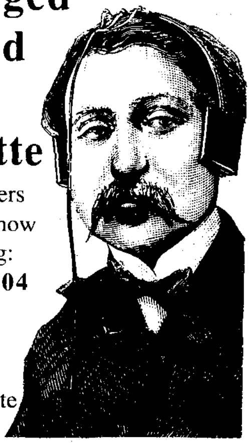

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his book sometimes seems summary when it leaves the immediate vicinity of Corcoran and Cohen. F.D.R. dominates the book, as he did the New Dealers; we get, in effect, a picture of his leadership as it looked from below and inside. He consulted a wide range of advisers, and discarded them when their advice or their public personalities no longer suited his purposes. Corcoran was among those discarded, and Lash's account of Corcoran's anguish is candid and affecting.

THE INVENTION OF MEMORY, by Israel Rosenfield (Basic Books; $18.95). Memory is one of the most elusive of the human faculties, and Dr. Rosenfield's book is one of the best general introductions to the subject. He begins in the nineteenth century, when it was believed, on the evidence of autopsies, that lesions at particular sites in the brain were correlated with the loss of specific mental abilities. This led to the notion that these abilities, including memory, were localized in the brain. But the notion became discredited as scientists realized how subtle a process memory loss is. The latter parts of Dr. Rosenfield's book deal with a new view of memory, proposed by Gerald Edelman, of the Rockefeller University: that it is not a set of fixed records but a dynamic and evolving process of linkages among different brain states. In brief, what appears to us as memory may be the connections—constantly changing—among different groups of neurons with shifting locations in the brain.

THE LANTERN-BEARERS, AND OTHER ESSAYS, by Robert Louis Stevenson (Farrar, Straus & Giroux; $30 cloth, $8.95 paper). This collection of essays, assembled, and with an introduction, by Jeremy Treglown, the editor of the *Times Literary Supplement*, presents a facet of Stevenson's talent that was much admired in his lifetime (1850-94) by the literary public, and by such fellow-writers as Joseph Conrad and Henry James, but has been overshadowed by his novels and his verses for children. These thirty-three pieces show us that Stevenson belongs, indeed, with the great essayists, and also that he was a first-rate literary critic. Some of the essays are of the "familiar" variety; there is a delightful one on how he came to write "Treasure Island," another on "The Character of Dogs." Others are more substantial, like the brilliant "John Knox and His Relations to Women," and exhibit his liberal temper, his controlled but ever-present irreverence, his humor, his humanism.

MYSTERY AND CRIME

MAIGRET ON THE RIVIERA, by Georges Simenon, translated from the French by Geoffrey Sainsbury (Harcourt Brace Jovanovich; $14.95). A reissue of a novel—first published in this country in 1940 and long out of print—that is the epitome of the cinematic visions of crime and passion which made the reputation of both M. Simenon and the inimitable Jules Maigret. Here is the Côte d'Azur in the glittering thirties, and here is Maigret, in his dark business suit and his black bowler, moving, nearly dazed by the luxury of sand and sea and sunlight, on an assignment of the utmost delicacy: the investigation of the murder of a remittance man—a man living in semi-squalor with a mistress (and her mother) at Cap d'Antibes and in a favorite seedy bar in Cannes—whose family back home in Australia is both rich and powerful.

DEATH AT THE CUT, by Douglas Kiker (Random House; $15.95). Late spring in the Cape Cod resort village of North Walpole, and the living seems to be easy for former Senator Adolphus Bridges, one of the leading candidates for the Republican Presidential nomination, who is in sporadic residence there. Easy, that is, until our old friend from Mr. Kiker's earlier "Murder on Clam Pond," the occasional reporter Mac McFarland, finds the drowned body of a young woman who was in Bridges' employ. This is a good story, well told, and especially welcome in an election year, for Mr. Kiker is a veteran political reporter, and the picture he offers of Bridges and his entourage at work and play is to be relished.

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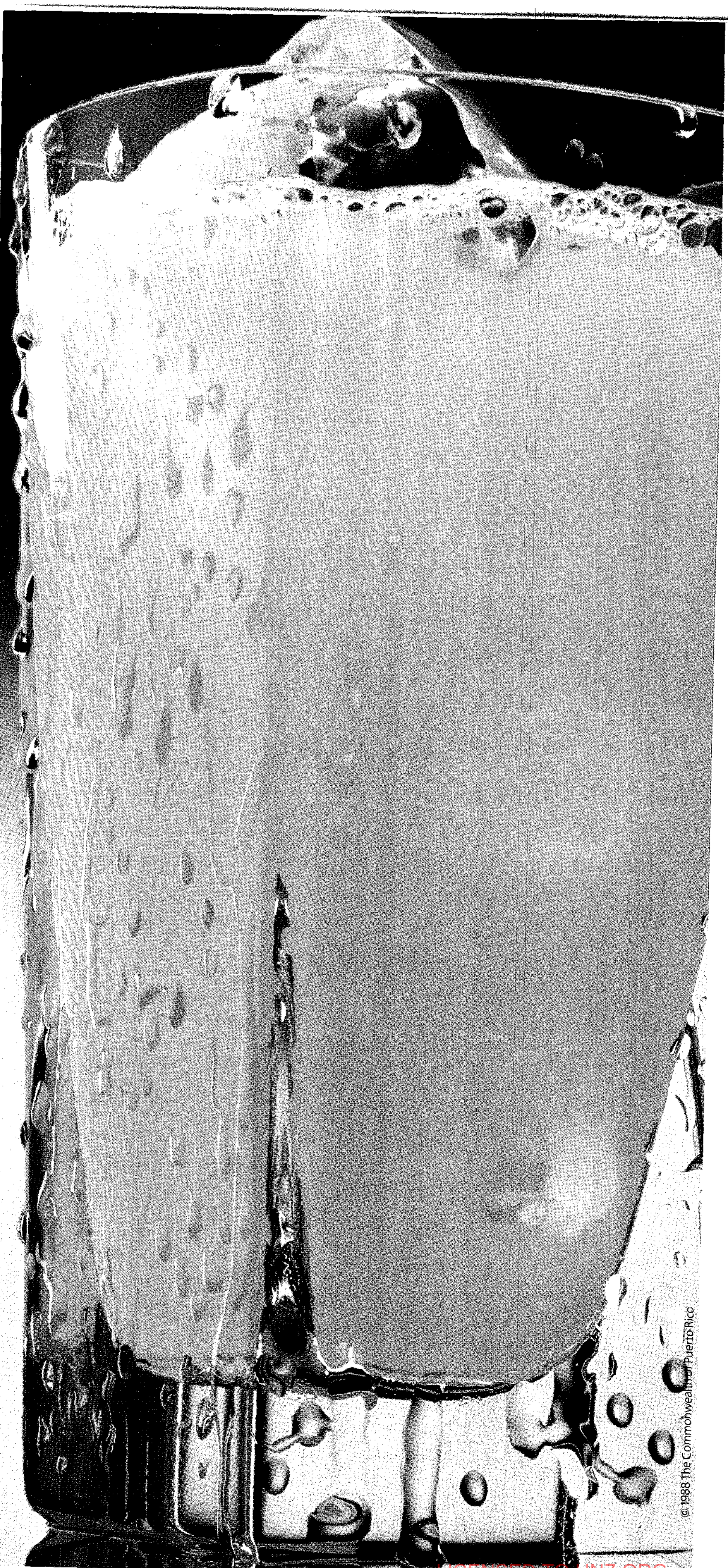
Last year, 43 women were among the 96 graduates of the Theological Institute of Uppsala University. The best of them end up in the basement, never offered for sale.—*Marietta (Ga.) Daily Journal.*

What a waste.



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Car and Driver calls it one of the ten best cars in the world.

We simply call

The experts have been saying a lot about the Ford Taurus. But then, there's a lot to be said for an automobile that offers world-class style and performance as well as world-renowned value.

It's driven *Car and Driver* magazine to name it one of the ten best cars in the world three years straight. It moved *Road & Track* to select it as the best value in the world over Honda Accord, Mazda 626, and Nissan Maxima (among sedans priced between $12,500 and $17,500, sold in the U.S.). And as *Motor Trend* simply put it: "We should all stand up and applaud."

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And with Ford's continuing dedication to design leadership, we fully expect the success of the Taurus sedan and wagon to go on and on. And so, we imagine, will the experts' praise.

Ford Taurus

Have you driven a Ford...lately? Ford

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